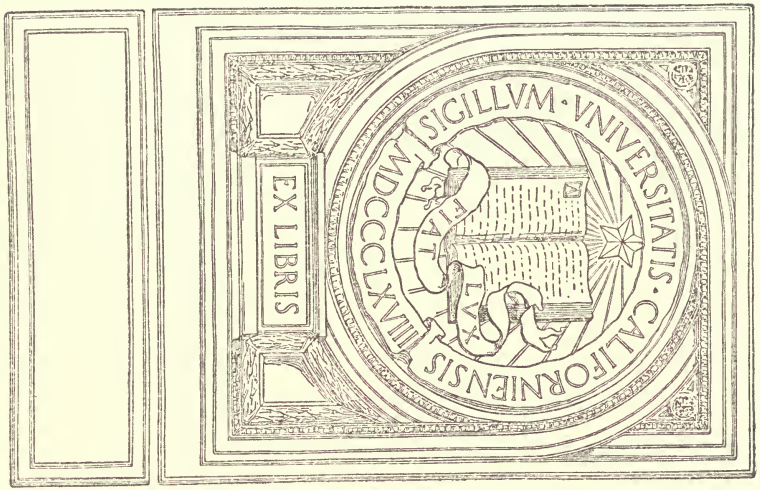
Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts



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THE TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT

MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS 1861-1866

"NEW ENGLAND GUARD REGIMENT"

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BY
ALFRED S. ROE
A VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR

["The Twenty-fourth was one of the best regiments ever recruited in Massachusetts."—ADJUTANT-GENERAL WILLIAM SCHOULER.]

Regimental Committee on History

CHARLES B. AMORY JOHN C. COOK
GEORGE HILL

PUBLISHED BY THE
TWENTY-FOURTH VETERAN ASSOCIATION
WORCESTER, MASS.
1907

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PREFACE.

For the war to preserve the Union, Massachusetts supplied forty so-called "three years" regiments. Of this large number only one, the Thirtieth, saw longer service than that of the Twenty-fourth. Whether recruited earlier or later, every regiment, except these two, was at home before the end of September, 1865, yet the Twenty-fourth and the Thirtieth lingered on till January and July respectively, 1866. Perhaps no regiment from the Bay State went through regular campaigns in so many states as did the one whose record this volume embodies. Save for brief trips into Maryland and Pennsylvania, as at Antietam and Gettysburg, the Army of the Potomac fought entirely in Virginia; the Twenty-fourth, counting its service in Boston Harbor and at Annapolis, is justified in claiming no less than six states as its several theatres of operations, for, in addition to Massachusetts and Maryland, were the Burnside Expedition to North Carolina, the long siege of Charleston in South Carolina, the winter's campaign in Florida, and the crowning trial with the Army of the James in Virginia.

The book itself is in no sense a history of the war, seldom generalizing, never moralizing nor discussing what might or what ought to have been, but always confining itself to what the officers and men of this regiment saw, said, thought and, above all, did. For many years it had been a dream of the survivors of so many years of service that their history would be written, and one of their number was long ago designated as historian, but nothing came of waiting and watching till in January, 1906, Major Charles B. Amory, John C. Cook and George Hill were appointed a committee to take the matter in hand, and to them was

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given power to act. After due consideration and interviews, they employed as the writer of their story one who had had some experience in such work. Sending out, in the month of March, 1906, circulars to all survivors, as far as they could be found, stating the purpose in hand and requesting contributions of everything that would add to the interest of the history, the work began. The answers from recipients of the circular were of the most satisfactory character, so much so that in preparing the story it has been to some extent a question of what must be left out rather than of searching for material.

Notwithstanding the excellent character of the officers and men of the regiment, very little had been put out in book or pamphlet form concerning it. The memorial volume of General Thomas G. Stevenson, printed soon after his death; "The Captured Scout," by Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull of the Tenth Connecticut, published in 1869, detailing the adventures of Henry H. Manning, Company G, together with the privately printed sketch of his own military career by Major Chas. B. Amory, originally of Company F, and his Roster of Company I, of which he was subsequently Captain, constitute the entire list of such matter till the issuing, late in 1906, of the proceedings incident to the dedication of the Stevenson bronze in the State House. Such scarcity of duly credited matter was not owing to lack of incident and collection, but rather to a widespread expectation that some other one would undertake and go ahead with the task.

The framework of the history is made from the diaries and letters of General Francis A. Osborn, who had the fortunate foresight to make regular records of the daily happenings of the several years of his service. These have proved invaluable in the compilation. Covering and ornament to this substantial skeleton structure have been found in the reports as made to the proper authorities and are now published in the Official Records of the War of the Rebel-

lion, along with the incident and anecdote as jotted down at the time by the active participants, and on request were forwarded for use in these pages. Especially valuable in this connection were the diaries of John M. Spear, Jr., of D, of George H. Howard and John Thorne of G, and the sketches of active army life furnished by H. B. McLellan of A, C. P. Chase of B, C. T. Ford of D, Wm. E. Clark, A. H. Knowles and C. G. Robinson of F, James Armstrong of I, and E. B. Lyon of K.

The thorough drill and discipline to which the regiment was subjected resulted in unusual demands upon it for officers to serve in a detached capacity, and for officers and men for promotion in other organizations. For the latter purpose the Twenty-fourth lost no less than ten commissioned officers and thirty enlisted men, very many of whom attained high rank in their new organizations. The quality of the regiment's personnel is indicated by the fact that the following names, borne on the list of brigadier-generals from Massachusetts, were at first on the rolls of the Twenty-fourth:

Thomas G. Stevenson, Colonel; Brigadier-general, December 26, 1862.

Francis A. Osborn, Colonel; Brevet Brigadier-general, March 13, 1865.

Robert H. Stevenson, Lieutenant-colonel; Brevet Brigadier-general, March 13, 1865.

Albert Ordway, Lieutenant-colonel; Brevet Brigadier-general, March 13, 1865.

John F. Anderson, Adjutant; Brevet Brigadier-general, April 2, 1865.

J. Cushing Edmands, First Sergeant Company K, Colonel Thirty-second Massachusetts; Brevet Brigadier-general, March 13, 1865.

Samuel A. Green, Surgeon, who ranked as Major during his service, was brevetted Lieutenant-colonel March 13, 1865, an honor conferred on only two other Bay State surgeons,

according to Colonel T. W. Higginson in his "Massachusetts in the Army and Navy."

In addition to these instances of preferment during the war, it should be stated that others remaining in the State military service enjoyed recognition for many a year. Thomas F. Edmands, whom many have called the beau ideal of soldiers, and who came home in 1866, commanding what was left of the regiment, was the commander of the First Corps of Cadets till within a very few weeks of his death in August, 1906. Nathaniel Wales, who was the First Sergeant of Company G, gained the position of Major in the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, and the brevet rank of Lieutenant-colonel and Colonel, becoming Brigadier-general subsequently in the State Militia. Captain John N. Partridge in 1868 entered the Twenty-third Regiment, N. Y. N. G., and, after successive promotions, became Colonel, holding the position some eight or nine years, resigning in 1894 after more than twenty-five years of service.

The rank and file that followed such officers were worthy of their leaders; confident in them and above all in themselves, they never lost a standard nor showed the white feather for an instant. They were always ready for any exaction; forlorn hopes never lacked volunteers, and when they fought side by side with other regiments, the latter had a sense of security in such proximity. The fatalities of the Twenty-fourth in the field did not reach the arbitrary number, one hundred and thirty, established by Colonel Wm. F. Fox, in compiling his famous "Three Hundred Fighting Regiments," an invaluable volume, productive, however, of more heart-burn than any other compilation of statistics extant. Yet, if the reader carefully follows the record as given by the Colonel, he may spare himself some bitter reflections, for it is distinctly stated there that many regiments not included in the list may have been better fighting organizations than some of those mentioned, for, through their careful handling or other adventitious circum-

stance, the lives of the men were spared to continue the fight on other occasions. The extreme discipline to which the Twenty-fourth was accustomed was an absolute preventive of panic or confusion of any sort, and with an array of officers possessing unusually cool heads and excellent judgment, and a most faithful and effective medical staff to repair the casualties of combat, there was no needless loss of life, hence the result, just a little under the aggregate assumed in the book as the standard of admission to the thrice one hundred, selected from the more than two thousand regiments in the Union Army during the great struggle.

At this period of time, more than forty-two years beyond Appomattox, the great majority of those who made the splendid record of the regiment are afar from earthly interests, but the minority yet this side the final camping-ground, their friends and families as well as those of the many who have ceased from this life, are desirous of seeing in book form the story of the camps, marches and battles of long ago. Fortunately the liberal and patriotic policy of the Commonwealth renders this possible, even though the day 'be far spent and the crossing is near. In sending out the result of much comparing of notes, reading of letters, diaries and contemporary written and printed matter, the compiler has had the efficient aid of Generals Osborn and Stevenson, Majors Richardson and Amory and Surgeon Green in a supervisory capacity, so that only well-proven facts should find place in the volume, and to them for their painstaking services thanks are hereby rendered. Grateful acknowledgment is also made to all those who by the lending of portraits, views and pictures of men and places rendered the illustrating of the history possible. Among the many thus helpful should be mentioned those already assisting in other ways, with Captains R. F. Clark, James Thompson, Jas. M. Barnard, J. N. Partridge, Robt. Carruthers, Wm. F. Wiley, Lieutenants P. E. Wheeler and Geo. A. Higgins,

together with Miss Louisa M., daughter of Lieutenant-colonel Chas. H. Hooper, and Adjutant-general J. C. R. Foster of Tallahassee, Florida, son of Major Davis Foster. In the same list should be included the names of Wm. H. Cundy of Gilmore's Band; Sewell S. Ingraham and J. H. Atwood of the regimental band; John C. Cook, long Secretary of the Veteran Association; E. H. Gilford and Samuel Willis of C; Thos. Fanning and C. A. Fitch of D; D. H. Cunningham and S. A. Edgerly of E; B. Pettee and F. H. Bullard of G; W. H. Austin, Peter DeLane, Wm. H. King and E. M. Tucker of I; Chas. E. Grant and A. J. Vining of K. Geo. W. Dickinson of Worcester has kindly lent data pertaining to his father and brother; Mrs. M. E. O'Brien of Boston, photograph and facts concerning her husband, the late Sheriff J. B. O'Brien; Miss Annie R. Spear, portraits and views; while outside of the regiment and immediate friends, acknowledgments are due for favors to Captain Daniel Eldredge of the Third New Hampshire Regiment, Mr. James B. Gardner, Forty-fourth Massachusetts; John Gray, Twenty-third Massachusetts, and Captain A. F. Slate of the Tenth Connecticut. C. B. Tillinghast, S. A. Green and S. S. Green, librarians respectively of the State, Massachusetts Historical, and the Worcester Public Libraries, have kindly aided in granting the use of said collections, and the uniformly kind and courteous usage in the Adjutant-general's Department at the State House is gratefully remembered.

ALFRED S. ROE.

Worcester, Massachusetts, November, 1907.

ERRATA.

Page 113. *For* steamer "Guide," *read* "Vidette."
Page 240. *For* A. J. Varney, *read* A. J. Vining.
Pages 487, 489, 493. *For* Wm. A. Couthony, *read* Wm. A. Couthony.

NEW ENGLAND GUARD AND FORT INDEPENDENCE.

In 1861 the New England Guard, a Boston military organization, was nearing its half-century mark. Organized in 1812, for almost fifty years it had been one of the best drilled companies in the Commonwealth. From the beginning its personnel consisted of the very finest material afforded by the foremost city in New England, men who were capable of appreciating and, if need be, exemplifying its motto, viz.:

"OUR NATION'S HONOR THE BOND OF UNION."

When 1861 began, the Guards, under the command of Captain Harrison Ritchie, constituted Company B of the Second Battalion of Infantry. In those days military spirit ran high, for war between North and South seemed imminent. Captain Ritchie having resigned to accept a position on the staff of Governor John A. Andrew, George H. Gordon, a graduate of West Point and an officer in the Mexican War, was made his successor. March 11 of the same year the Guards became Company A of the Fourth Battalion and a new Company B was raised, Captain Gordon being promoted Major in command. Thomas G. Stevenson, who had been First Sergeant in the old company, was elected Captain of the new one, and Francis A. Osborn, Gordon's First Lieutenant, succeeded to the command of Company A. By this time the fray had begun and volunteer regiments were forming or, at any rate, were in contemplation. The Sixth Regiment was on its way to Baltimore when Major Gordon, mindful of his military training received from the government, on the 18th of

April tendered his services to the Governor and at the same time resigned his command of the Fourth Battalion. It is claimed that this proffer of the subsequent Colonel of the Second Regiment was the very first received by Governor Andrew.

Toward the last of April, it became apparent to the authorities that Fort Independence in Boston Harbor, then guarded only by an ordnance sergeant, should not be allowed to continue in an unprotected state. The patriotism of the Fourth Battalion was appealed to in a request that it should garrison the fort without pay, being furnished rations by the State. The battalion promptly and cheerfully assented, and on the 25th of April proceeded to the fort and took charge of it. As senior officer, Captain Stevenson was in command, and on the 4th of May he was unanimously elected Major, his brother, Robert H. Stevenson, succeeding to the captaincy of Company B. This promotion, by no means sought by Major Stevenson, was accepted with reluctance, but his associates had sensed, as perhaps he did not himself, the preëminent military genius already indicated. How well he continued the excellent work begun by Captain Gordon was early shown in the proficiency exhibited by his command in all its work. Nor did the merit of R. H. Stevenson, the youthful Captain of Company B, pass unrecognized, for his followers procured for him an elegant sword, which they duly presented, but it was surmised that the gratitude of the officer was considerably alloyed by the fact that he had to make a speech of acceptance, and while he acquitted himself with credit, as he always did everywhere, his admiring friends were all agog to hear what he might have to say, as action rather than words was known to be the Captain's forte.

So far as known the unrequited services of the battalion in thus garrisoning the fort were unique, and really only such an organization as this could afford to serve for nothing, getting only its board in return. As a visitor remarked, "These young men are for the most part the sons of wealthy mer-

chants in Boston, and on this account are inclined to be sensitive, fearing that the peculiar service to which they have been called will be construed as an indication of their desire to play the gentleman soldier and an unwillingness to be called into the field, which is far from the case. * * * These soldiers at Fort Independence are by strict discipline perfecting and inuring themselves in preparation for the real hardships of war and active service into which they may soon be called." Many observers at the fort, during the single month of the battalion's stay, commented on the rare spirit of the soldiers, their evident desire to acquire all that could be given and the masterly manner in which they were taught by those who led. At the same time it would be unfair to these patriots, many of them still in school or college, to think that they were prematurely old or that they did not have their quantum of fun. This excellent story is told of a young Harvard man, in later life to adorn the bench of the U. S. Supreme Court, and whom his father was to seek, after Antietam, in "My Hunt after the Captain." It appears that his fellows were giving him a butcher-boy cut of his hair and had clipped the locks closely from one side of his head when some one sang out, "Here comes the Doctor." Whereupon the man with the shears refused to work further. The greeting of "Boy" and his merry "Dad" may be imagined by those who have read of the Holmeses, father and son. That Thomas G. Stevenson's was the master mind in this preparatory period no one ever questioned for a moment. Said a writer of these days, "He was fairly idolized by his men, and it is doubtful if any one less peculiarly fitted for the position could have maintained as strict discipline." So strict and thorough were discipline and drill and so loyal the spirit of the men that out of the one hundred and sixty-one who were on duty at Fort Independence in the spring of 1861, before the close of the year one hundred and sixteen had been commissioned and several had enlisted in the ranks. Out of the entire number, as stated by one of the members, all but fifteen went into the army.

From what stock these soldiers came appears when it is learned that on the very day that Captain George H. Gordon resigned one position and offered himself for another, Miss Hannah E. Stevenson, aunt of the subsequent Brigadier General, Thomas G. Stevenson, in behalf of three hundred Boston ladies, called on Governor Andrew and expressed their willingness to go to the front as nurses if needed. Miss Stevenson afterwards went to the front and did good service in the hospitals.

The stay at Fort Independence, though of infinite utility, was brief, for on the 25th day of May the battalion was relieved and returned to the city. At this time comes the first mention of Patrick S. Gilmore in connection with the men before so many of whom his delightful strains were to sound in coming months, since on this day was heard for the first time the "Fourth Battalion Quickstep," arranged by this prince of musicians and to whose enlivening air these men in the future were to march many a mile. Comments by the Boston press on the appearance of the returning soldiers were of the most flattering character. It was generally asserted at the time that no other military organization had made so creditable a display, and this was less than two years after the visit of Colonel Ellsworth and his inimitable Fire Zouaves from Chicago. The men could hardly have been accorded a more enthusiastic reception if they had been returning victorious from the field of battle. The streets through which they marched were lined with a dense throng, which manifested the utmost enthusiasm, applauding and cheering at every step. To the great credit of the discipline of the men it is recorded that all this excitement did not in the least shake their steadiness, nor cause any turning of the heads from side to side in recognition of friends. The Common was densely packed with crowds of people, consisting largely of friends of the men themselves, and here the enthusiasm was in no way less ardent than that accorded the battalion in the streets.

Could the thousands who applauded the return of these

embryonic soldiers have turned their sight to the future and there beheld what was in store for many of these gallant men, tears had blinded eyes that then rejoiced at the exhibition of manly excellence. The shadow of a hundred battles was over that devoted band, yet neither man nor friend beheld it. Names of combats, fierce and bloody, as yet unknown to fame, through the deeds of these and others like them will become household words for a thousand years. That ideal soldier who is the cynosure of all beholders, the leader, in so short a time will fall, star-bedecked, in the battle-whirl of Spottsylvania. Antietam, Gettysburg, Wauhatchie and Fort Wagner are also there. In the ranks is marching a college boy, on leave of absence, who, often wounded in coming years, will be in the thick of the fight at Ball's Bluff, Yorktown where he loses a leg, at Port Hudson, the Wilderness, at the Mine in front of Petersburg; always the bravest of the brave, he will come home to a few brief years of feebleness and an early death. How that great company had shouted had they foreseen all this as Wm. F. Bartlett passed! And he with characteristic frankness said this of his one month's experience at Fort Independence, "What have I gained during the last month? I have learned more military than I could have learned in a year in the Armory or from books. * * I value the knowledge acquired in the last month more highly than all the Greek and Latin I have learned in the last year. * * I look back on the past month as one of the pleasantest and most useful that I remember."

THE REGIMENT PROJECTED.

Amid such scenes and labors were evolved the plans which resulted in the Twenty-fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. A significant name for the birthplace of a regiment is Fort Independence. No sooner had the New England Guard returned to Boston than Major Stevenson,

the commander of the battalion, and Captain Osborn of Company A called upon Governor Andrew and offered their services as officers of volunteers, expressing the wish that, if he thought them worthy, he would commission them respectively as Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel of one of the Massachusetts regiments. Profiting by the experience of some of the organizations already effected, they explained to the Governor the plan by which they thought they could raise a regiment which, in point of efficiency, should be second to none that the State might send out. They represented that there were in the Fourth Battalion from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy young men of education, intelligence, ability and courage whom they had known for a long time, and whose capacity they had had a most admirable opportunity to study through the month's serious military work at Fort Independence. They were certain that from this body of gallant young men, they could pick out a select list of officers and that, in this way, they could form the *cadre* or framework of a regiment, leaving the officers thus selected to fill up their respective companies. In this manner there would be secured a homogeneous body of officers, all trained in the same school, who would be on the best of terms with each other and, for this reason, would work harmoniously together for a common purpose. Such a corps would have the further advantage of occupying a position which from the very beginning of acquaintance with their men would be one of superiority and would not be embarrassed by any previous relations of friendship or comradeship: relations which might make the officer reluctant to assume the strict attitude of command which his duty required and might lead the man to be impatient of the control to which he was bound to submit.

Governor Andrew acknowledged the superiority of the plan and said he should be very glad to commission the officers at once and give them the authority asked, but he added that

the general government was calling for troops, that Massachusetts must fill her quota with the utmost dispatch, for which reasons he could not then wait for a process so slow as the one proposed would naturally be. He did, however, offer the positions of Colonel and Lieutenant-colonel in a regiment which was nearly recruited up to the full number required by law, but this was not satisfactory to the would-be officers. The regiment designated was made up of companies which had been gathered together, one in one town, another in another, the officers having been elected by the men. It thus stood in that very relation which was thought desirable to avoid, the officers already commissioned being, for the most part, persons who had had no military training and had secured their positions, probably, from the fact of their being sons of the leading men in their respective towns. As a result of the interview, the Guardsmen retired, having thanked His Excellency for giving them the opportunity to decline commissions thus tendered, and professing their preference to wait till the time should come when they might be able to carry out the scheme, on which so much time had already been spent and in which they had so much confidence.

Governor Andrew took the declinations very kindly and was profuse in his expressions of good will and his willingness to comply with the wishes of his visitors, whenever the exigencies of the service would warrant. During the following months he received many calls from these young men with ideas; indeed one of them said, "We haunted the State House," always finding a hearty welcome from the Governor and from his staff officers, especially from Colonel Henry Lee, Jr., of Brookline, ever the truest of friends, who entered into the proposed variation in the forming of a regiment with generous enthusiasm. Then came the offers of two more regiments, rare tributes to the worth of the gentlemen themselves, but still far from realizing the ideals which they had conceived; so again and again they declined the proffers.

Their friend of the staff, Colonel Lee, recounted to them the fable of the man who, seeking a straight stick, went quite through the woods and was obliged to pick up a crooked one at last.

THE REGIMENT OUTLINED.

However, there came a day when Fortune smiled upon them. The Commonwealth had filled her quota and no longer was in such haste for troops that she must scoop them up by the handful without regard to the best system of recruiting, and had reached the time when there was no call pending which required haste, though it was evident that more troops would be required. It was August 31, 1861, that Governor Andrew gave the long-sought authority, and commissioned Major Stevenson colonel and Captain Osborn lieutenant-colonel of a possible Twenty-fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, giving them full power to select their officers, to name their positions and their respective ranks among themselves, and agreeing to commission them as they were designated. Though the day was Saturday, the news of the Governor's action spread like wildfire, and that night the Armory was crowded with members of the Guard seeking appointments. Already many of them had been mentally chosen. Accordingly they were informed of the places they were expected to fill, and were instructed to lose no time in establishing recruiting stations wherever they thought they could get the most and the best men, that the regiment might be filled at the earliest possible day.

Monday about a dozen of these officers scattered to the different points of the compass and began recruiting all over the State. It is noteworthy that after the first two commissioned officers and the Chaplain, every commission was dated September 2, thus rendering the question of priority a difficult one in ensuing years. Also, while the men will be

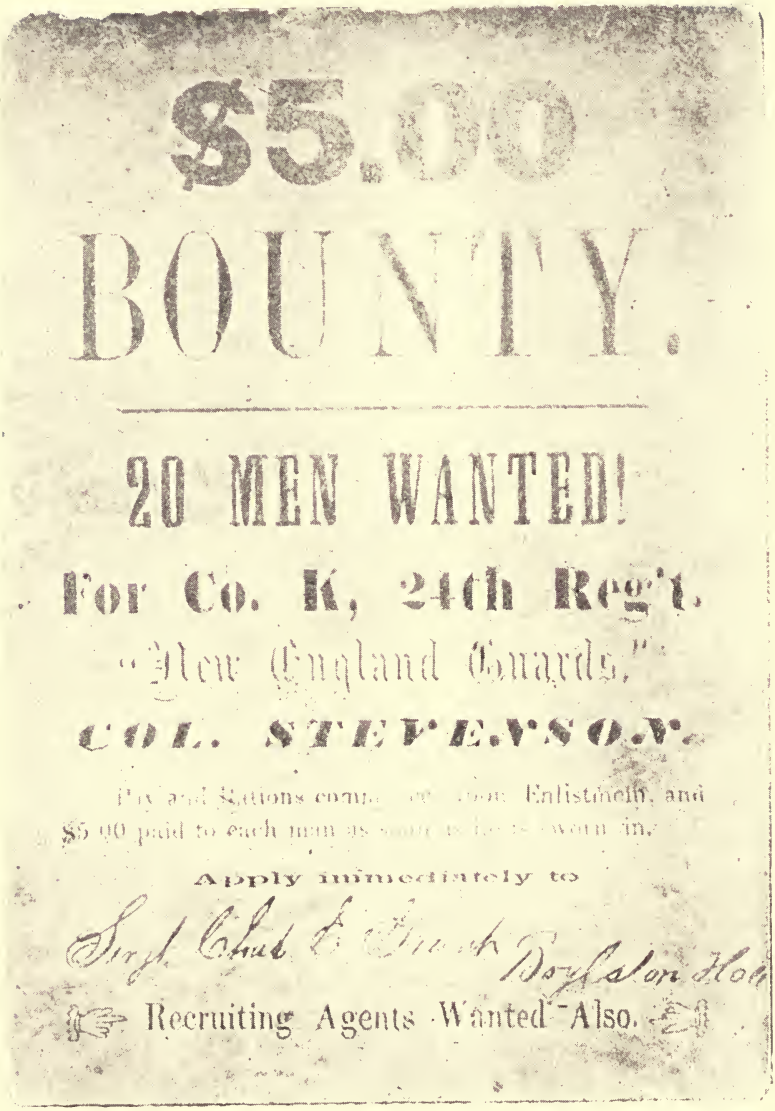
drawn from all parts of the Commonwealth, almost every officer is a Boston man. The Chaplain and the Quartermaster are from Gloucester; no other comes from any place farther from Boston than Salem. Out of thirty-eight commissioned officers twenty-eight are drawn from the ranks of the New England Guards. The original roster of the officers follows:—

(The starred names are those of former New England Guardsmen.)

Colonel, *THOMAS G. STEVENSON, Boston.
Lieut. Colonel, *FRANCIS A. OSBORN, Boston.
Major, *ROBERT H. STEVENSON, Boston.
Surgeon, SAMUEL A. GREEN, Boston.
Assistant Surgeon, *HALL CURTIS, Boston.
Chaplain, WM. R. G. MELLEN, Gloucester.
Adjutant, *JOHN F. ANDERSON, Boston.
Quartermaster, *WM. V. HUTCHINGS, Gloucester.

Company.	Captains.	First Lieutenants.	Second Lieutenants.
A,	*Wm. F. Redding, East Boston.	James H. Turner, Medford.	Horatio D. Jarves, Boston.
B,	George F. Austin, Salem.	George W. Gardner, Salem.	*Deming Jarves, Jr., Boston.
C,	*William Pratt, Boston.	*James B. Bell, Cambridge.	*Nathaniel S. Barstow, Boston.
D,	*John T. Prince, Jr., Boston.	*John N. Partridge, Boston.	*Thomas M. Sweet, Boston.
E,	*Charles H. Hooper, Boston.	*Charles A. Folsom, Boston.	*Daniel T. Sargent, Boston.
F,	*Robert F. Clark, Boston.	*Chas. B. Amory, Jamaica Plain.	*John C. Jones, Jr., Jamaica Plain.
G,	*Edw. C. Richardson, Boston.	*Albert Ordway, Boston.	*James M. Barnard, Boston.
H,	John Daland, Salem.	Jas. B. Nichols, Salem.	Chas. G. Ward, Boston.
I,	*J. Lewis Stackpole, Cambridge.	James A. Perkins, Boston.	William L. Horton, Boston.
K,	*J. Crosby Maker, Boston.	*Mason A. Rea, Boston.	*Thomas F. Edmands, Boston.

Any one at all conversant with the story of the Twenty-fourth Regiment will not escape the interesting thought, as he reads the foregoing list, that he who bore the very last name



Many times reduced.

WAR-TIME POSTER.

in the array, viz., 2d Lieut. Thos. F. Edmands, came home in command of the regiment. Every name before his had been erased through resignation, expiration of service, or death. While Scriptural truth was verified in that the last had become first, there was also a suggestion of a later theory as to the survival of the fittest, with no reflection whatever on those who had gone before him. Other thoughts also were possible, viz.: that these officers, with the exception of five, were all under thirty years of age, so many of them in their teens or early twenties, that they came near reaching the minimum average of such organizations. Again, so well acquainted were they that the bickerings and dissensions too frequently characteristic of regiments in those days were practically unknown. They constituted a happy family, each one emulous of the other's good and, in a sense, each preferring one another. Those classmates, "Bill" and "Joe," creations of Dr. Holmes's happy fancy, were not freer with each other's Christian names than were these young men, cherishing a common purpose, intent on advancing their country's cause. However exacting and punctilious they might be when on duty, in their hours of relaxation "Tom," "Frank," "Bob," "Will" and "Charlie" and other familiar appellations were far more commonly heard than the more stately terms to which their stations entitled them. When promotions came they invariably rose from the ranks of the Twenty-fourth. In only one or two instances did new men come to the regiment with commissions, and these were some time after the war ended. No dismissal, no court martial and no dishonorable act appear in the long record of these young Massachusetts men. Though they had no horoscope, the words of Private Miles O'Reilly, yet to be written, might fittingly apply:—

"Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be."

Though the officers, as indicated, were drawn almost entirely from Boston, the enlisted men represented the widest range possible. Perhaps no regiment, through the entire four years of the war, drew its membership from a wider territory than did the Twenty-fourth. Even a casual scrutiny of the rolls will show all of the counties and a very large part of the towns given as the residences of the men. From the start, the character of the officers gave the new organization a high standing in the minds of the eligible young men of the Commonwealth and, at no time in the ensuing years, was it ever shown that their confidence was misplaced. In this year of grace, 1907, it is not unusual to hear officers of other regiments associated with the Twenty-fourth in its long service remark, "It was a fine sight when that regiment came out on parade or drill; I never saw a nattier array of officers than those of the Twenty-fourth; they knew their business and every one was a gentleman."

Recruiting stations were opened in various places, but a considerable part of the enlisting was done through young men to whom was held out the inducement of non-commissioned positions in the respective companies, though Lieut. Amory of Company F went down to Augusta, in the Pine Tree State, and actually enlisted a number of men from that former Massachusetts territory. Indeed, throughout the roster, it is not unusual to find a name whose owner claimed *Dirigo* as his favorite motto. The seaboard gave up its sons in liberal numbers, and nothing in the sailing, rowing or fishing line ever lacked for help as the years advanced. Cape Cod was well represented, and jewelry-making Attleboro sent many ingenious sons, while the agricultural portions of Worcester and the western counties had an abiding interest in the fortunes of the regiment. In addition to the twenty-eight commissioned officers, there were nine other New England Guardsmen who accepted non-commissioned office in the Twenty-fourth, and nearly all afterwards attained commissions in the regiment or were discharged for promotion in

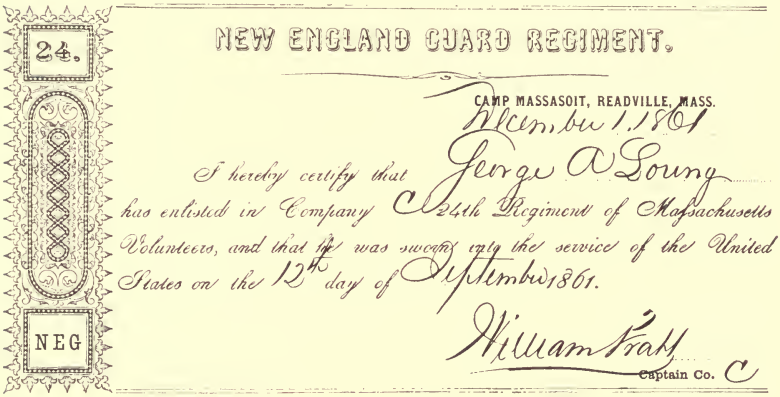
other organizations. Some of these sergeants were especially useful in the recruiting way, and did much to hasten the filling of the ranks. Nor was all the good material exhausted thus, since potential officers never wore a strap or chevron. As private soldiers they did their duty, fought, suffered and, in many cases, gave their lives, quite unknown to the public. Men were here who had left the pupil's desk for the variation of war, and Surgeon Green delights in telling of his tour of duty, through the hospital, revealing one of his boys with a Greek Testament in his hand and on the Doctor's expressing surprise, the lad said, "Why, I was in the Boston Latin School when I enlisted." Though the young man did not turn out to be a Dick Steel, yet he did make a good soldier and was one of many such who gave up their public school for that of the army.

RECRUITING AND READVILLE.

Within a few days recruits began to arrive. They were sent first to the armory of the Fourth Battalion in the Boylston Market building, then standing on the corner of Boylston and Washington Streets, and which was torn down in 1888. It had been a rendezvous for troops from the 16th of April preceding, when militia, responding to the very first call, were assembled here after the filling of Faneuil Hall. Here they were examined by the surgeon, and if passed as suitable men for the service, they were sent across the street to a bathing establishment, where they had a warm bath and were given a uniform and a complete suit of new underclothing. Their hair was cropped short, and they returned to the armory already beginning to look something like soldiers.

The old adage about everything being fair in war applies even to enlistments, for many a man, in his anxiety to get in, told untruths as to his age, those too young evening up with the old men who lied their ages down, and men with defective eyes found means of deceiving the examining officer. A cer-

tain private tells the story of his rejection, several months before, when he essayed the First Regiment, being rejected on account of his eyes. However, when the Twenty-fourth was forming he met Capt. J. T. Prince, by whom he was introduced to Surgeon Green. When it came to the eye-test, Hospital Steward McGreggor asked him to read a sign across the way from Boylston Hall, which he did readily, for as he said, "I knew all the signs in that part of the city by heart."



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ENLISTMENT CERTIFICATE.

He got in all right, and put in three years of honest and useful service. Very likely similar stories might be told of other men who by devious ways secured the privilege of serving their country.

Each night a squad was sent to the camp, which had been established at Readville, in Norfolk County, near the Boston & Providence Railroad, and to which the aboriginal name of "Massasoit" was applied. One squad of four had a lasting impression made on them through the double-quicking necessary to catch a train late in the afternoon. No sooner had they caught the train than their shoes came off, not to be replaced till they neared the camp, which they entered with the feeling that they were *raw* recruits in more senses

than one. Here the men were distributed among the various companies in which they had enlisted, and an officer in each company began to drill and to teach them the duties of a soldier. Enlistments must have been rapid, for on September 18, one of the field officers, writing to his home, remarked on the faithfulness of the officers, the respect and attention of the men with their eagerness to learn: "We have thus far by all means better men than I have seen in any regiment that has gone away, and a more orderly camp. Twenty-five new men came yesterday, and they are even better, on the average, than those already here. Yesterday I made the tour of the cook-houses of the camp with Mr. Pearson, formerly of the Revere House, who is employed by the State to superintend the *cuisine* of the soldiers and to instruct the cooks. They were making a beef soup for dinner, and in every house but one, it was as good as I should wish for my own table; in that exception, there was too much fat." Surely little fault could be found where the regimen was prescribed by a Revere House manager.

As the companies filled up and the number of men enlisted justified, the several officers of each company were mustered into the service of the United States. On October 2d, the number of men mustered-in warranting, Lieutenant Colonel Osborn was regularly mustered as the second officer of the regiment. As but few of the enlisted men had ever had any military experience, there was an abundance of labor in the way of instruction, and the officers were kept thoroughly busy in the work. In order that the drill might be uniform, Colonel Stevenson formed the commissioned officers into a squad, which he drilled daily in the manual and in the company movements, while Lieut. Colonel Osborn took the non-commissioned officers and did the same with them.

When the regiment had acquired men enough to make it possible to have a battalion drill and the men had become sufficiently familiar with company movements for that purpose, a rope drill was instituted; that is, ten ropes were taken, one

for each company, the same being about the length of a company front. The ends were held by two non-commissioned officers, the other officers taking their positions in line as if their companies were present. The drill then took place, the non-commissioned officers continuing to hold the ropes and to keep them stretched as far as practicable in the position which a company would have occupied. In this ingenious manner, both commissioned and non-commissioned officers acquired the experience and the practice they needed without having

Pencil sketch by Lieut. J. M. Barnard, Co. G.

CAMP MASSASOIT, READVILLE.

their attention distracted by the necessity of correcting the faults of their men and without fatiguing them by standing under arms while the officers were receiving the necessary instructions. After a certain number of drills of this character, the officers were found to be so familiarized with their duties that it was thought safe to have all the companies come out on the battalion line. The result was very satisfactory. The men had been thoroughly exercised in company movements, and the officers had so well learned the battalion movements that this drill, the first one of the whole regiment under arms, was a remarkably good one, surpassing all expectations. The possibilities of indifferent arms was early shown in tests of the Enfield rifle, which, at first, was the

weapon placed in the regimental hands. When, with fixed bayonet, the latter was driven into the ground, and the gun pulled over and the bayonet bent at right angles, all concerned deemed the weapon defective, and were better satisfied when rifles of Springfield make were placed in their hands.

From the outset strictest attention was paid to discipline, order and cleanliness. The first instructions that the men received on entering the camp were that they should always salute an officer when meeting him, to pay him respect at all times, and to be prompt in obeying orders. They were required every morning to black their boots and clean their clothing, so as to present a creditable appearance on drill or parade. They were expected to wash their hands before each meal and required to have a weekly wash of their underclothing. While seemingly of minor importance, all these items had great influence in developing a spirit of good order and a soldierly bearing, and they laid the foundation for that high discipline for which the regiment was noted during its entire career.

FORT WARREN.

In the last of August of this year, an attack was made upon the rebel forts at Hatteras Inlet, on the coast of North Carolina, by the troops under the command of General B. F. Butler. After a brisk fight lasting through two days, they were captured and with them about one thousand prisoners, who were sent North to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, where they were confined in the barracks. Colonel Stevenson was ordered to send to the fort four companies under the command of a field officer to garrison it. For this purpose, Lieut. Colonel Osborn was detailed and sent down, November 4th, with Companies B, C, D, and I. At the same time there were also confined in the fort quite a number of prominent citizens of the North and South who had been arrested for alleged treasonable acts.

Among those thus confined were Baltimore's famous Chief of Police, Geo. P. Kane, and Geo. W. Brown, Mayor of the same city, both of whom had achieved considerable fame at the breaking out of the war. Among Northern men were the Flanders brothers of Malone, N. Y., Robert Elliott of Maine, William H. Winders of Philadelphia, and many others.

The character and quality of the prisoners made the task of caring for them a somewhat delicate one, so much so that some correspondence took place between Boston and Washington as to the men to be selected as guards. Colonel Harrison Ritchie of the Governor's Staff said the Twenty-fourth was taken because the officers were gentlemen and would give the prisoners a good impression of the Massachusetts volunteers. Governor Andrew wrote a highly flattering letter to General Scott, complimenting the officers exceedingly, saying that they were just the men to whom such an important duty should be confided.

During this period of duty at the fort, Mason and Slidell, Confederate emissaries who had been sent abroad, were taken from the British steamer Trent, November 8, while the vessel was on the high seas. The seizure was accomplished by Captain Charles Wilkes of the U. S. sloop-of-war San Jacinto. After a brief pause in New York Harbor, the prisoners were conveyed to Fort Warren, and their stay there makes one of the most interesting incidents in the history of the fortress. Some one says of the confinement of the noted commissioners that the fat and jovial Mason and his lean and dyspeptic companion solaced themselves by unnumbered rounds of poker, and swore and spat, and spat and swore, to the great and increasing amazement of their orthodox guardsmen. As the world knows they were released by the government, and sent away in a British vessel, January 1, 1862.

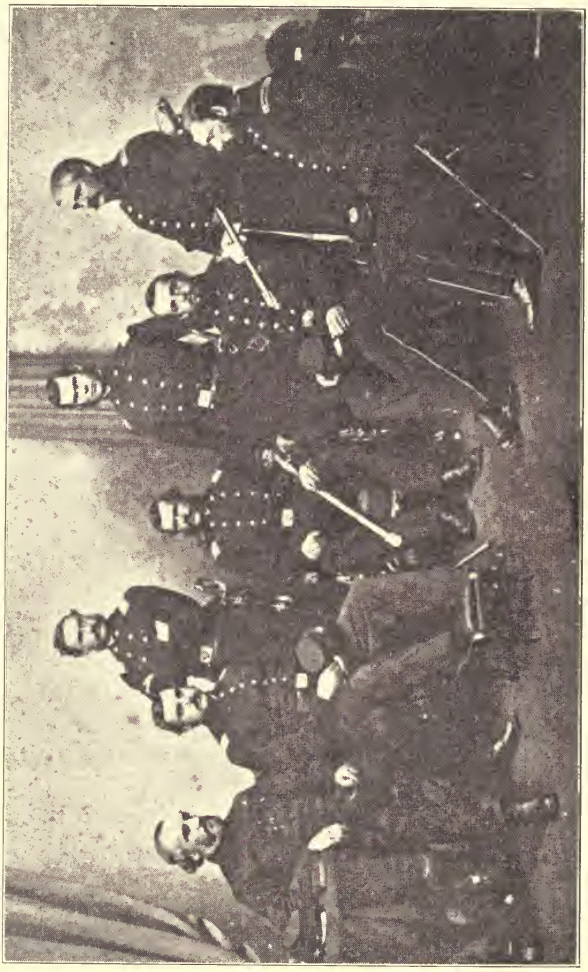
Varying versions are had of the stay of the battalion in the fort. To some it was monotonous and uneventful, the abode itself black and dreary, so that they were not at all

sorry to receive orders, on the 7th of December, to leave the fort and return to the camp at Readville. Of course, the work was not what men enlisting for active service expected, and to the officers a continued stay presented little promise of promotion. Then, too, the regiment was separated, and the accommodations at the fort were not what officers and men desired. At first, the expectation was that the stay would be for only a fortnight, or three weeks at the outside. So well, however, did they do their work that Colonel Justin Dimmick, commanding the fort, would have been glad to keep them indefinitely, but as he was unwilling to have the entire regiment there, such a disposition was out of the question. Fourteen officers were crowded into four rooms, one of which was used for eating and three for sleeping, so that privacy was out of the question, and the general clatter of conversation, jokes, stories and discussions prevented concentration of thought on the part of any one. The enlisted men found the time not without its diversions, for when did several hundred men get together without their jokers and pastimes? In spite of their being within a fort, those inclined to use the ardent had little difficulty in getting it, and one, a native of France, through his imbibing, got himself into trouble and for punishment was locked up in a casemate with only bread and water for food and drink. Of course his sympathetic comrades soon found that they could lower refreshments to him through the chimney, and Frenchy grew quite indifferent as to the continuance of his relief from duty.

READVILLE AND DEPARTURE.

While the battalion was thus disposed at Fort Warren, the remainder of the regiment was attending to regular duties in Camp Massasoit. Among the pleasant memories of this period, none is more vivid than the presentation to Colonel

Stevenson of a horse by his friends, the former commanders of the Guards. December 3d, 1861, he was addressed in the



Lieut.-Col. Osborn. Maj. Stevenson. Quartermaster Hutchings.
Chap. Mellen. Adjt. Anderson. Col. Stevenson. Surg. Green. Asst.-Surg. Curtis.
FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS, 1861.

most flattering terms by these gentlemen, who extolled his merit as a soldier, his worth as a gentleman, and begged him to accept from them as a token of their esteem and appreciа-

tion a horse* and equipments, the letter bearing the signatures of Samuel Swett, Geo. W. Lyman, Charles G. Loring, William H. Gardner, Richard Sullivan Fay, Alanson Tucker, Jr., George Tyler Bigelow, Charles Gordon, J. Putnam Bradlee, Joseph L. Henshaw and Harrison Ritchie. At a meeting of the N. E. G. Reserves, the sentiments of the letter were unanimously endorsed; signed by Charles F. Hardwick, clerk. Colonel Stevenson's reply, bearing date of December 4th, was expressed in terms of gratitude for the confidence reposed in him and for the praise lavished upon the regiment in whose morale he, too, had the sincerest belief.

Nor were the men in the ranks forgotten, since it is on record that the mother of the Colonel sent out to the camp a pair of mittens for each man, a grateful present amid the inclement frosts and snows of winter.

The time spent in the Readville camp was by no means lost. Energetic officers made it tell in the discipline and drill essential to their success. Then, too, the men were estimating their officers, the latter were discovering what they had to depend upon when the trial of battle should come and, best of all, the men were becoming acquainted with each other. Some of the intimacies formed in those early days lasted till death ended them; others are in existence to-day. "Some of the recruits as they came into camp were sized up and relegated to different places in our camp-society. As a rule our first impressions stood the test of time; how we feared that the war would end before we could get a chance at the enemy! How grotesque all this seems in the light of the fact that we were not mustered out, finally, till the 20th of January, 1866!"

*Captain James Thompson says that this horse fell lame at Annapolis while his rider, Colonel Stevenson, was drilling the regiment. Thus incapacitated for service, the Colonel gave him to the then Quartermaster Sergeant Thompson, who passed him along to Captain Vaile of the steamship Guide. The latter took him to New York for treatment at a veterinary hospital, where his record ends.

After fully three months' experience in camp for a large part of the men, the period of activity drew near. Though the regiment had no definite knowledge, yet the rank and file understood that Annapolis and the command of General Ambrose E. Burnside was to be the ultimate disposition of the regiment. With the characteristic unrest of humanity the world over, all were anxious for a change, and officer and man, notwithstanding the pangs of separation from home and friends, were ready to welcome almost anything in the way of variation. The paymaster had visited the camp on the Saturday preceding the departure, leaving many thousands of dollars in the hands of the volunteers, and the papers told the story of an early going away. December the 9th was the date set for leaving, and people interested in the regiment rose equal to the occasion. They were out in force and the soldiers' first real test was coming when the moment of separation approached.

"So he marched away to the war, one day,
To the swaying bugle's song;
So staunch and true in his suit of blue,
And sturdy and brave and strong.
'Mid the marching feet and the loud drum beat,
And the ringing of the cheers,
There was none to see such an one as she
Who could not see for tears."

It was a bright, pleasant day in early winter, with brisk air and a light fall of snow. Long train-loads from Boston had filled the parade-ground with visitors. At a little after 8 a.m. there was a dress-parade, which afforded a deal of pleasure to the beholders. Then, after wheeling into column by companies, guns were stacked, knapsacks and equipment unslung and suspended upon the stacks, while the men marched back to their quarters. There a little later, as if by magic, at the tap of drums, the tents fell at once, giving all an idea of military precision. At the morning roll-call, 1020 officers and men responded or were accounted for, thus leaving with full ranks.

In the presence of the great crowd, assembled to see the soldiers off, they march by the right flank down to the cars, keeping step to the lively strains of Gilmore's Band, of whose presence every one is justly proud, even if the same did cost the officers a pretty figure. One boy in the regiment, a Springfield lad, skulked into the last car, that he might thereby escape the eye of his father who had once kept him out of the service, and he expected the same parent was "laying" for him again, but this time, the slip was given and the boy became a soldier, only to die of fever ere a year had passed. The handshakes and kisses incident to such departure, the world over, were in evidence, but the inevitable separation came and, shortly after noon, the train moved off *en route* for Groton, near Stonington, Conn., where a transfer was quickly made to the steamer Cornelius Vanderbilt, which speedily steamed down the Sound towards New York.

NEW YORK.

It had been expected to arrive in New York at an early hour and thus to have ample time to prepare for the march through the city, but a heavy fog deranged plans so that the landing did not come till about 12 m. As the Vanderbilt made her way along her water route, after reaching the vicinity of the wharves, there were great concourses of people to applaud the soldiers, and the public institutions of New York, located on the many islands, also afforded an outlook for a large array of interested beholders. At the 23d Street wharf, the regiment was met by the Sons of Massachusetts resident in the metropolis, who had been waiting two hours, and, headed by Dodsworth's Band, became the escort as the regiment proceeded through 23d Street to Fifth Avenue, down the same to 14th Street, and thence by Broadway to City Hall Park. Gilmore's Band

led the way, giving the vast assemblage of onlookers a good idea of what real martial music was. "The fine appearance of the regiment, the complete outfit of the men and their soldierly bearing, elicited periodical roars of applause." On reaching their destination, the men stacked arms and were given a breakfast, so called, though really long after dinner hours, while the officers were taken by the Sons to the Astor House for their food and to listen to speeches. To prevent unwarranted departures from the halting place, guards were stationed over the men, much to the indignation of some of them, who compared their condition to that of sheep or hogs at Brighton. The bill of fare accorded to the men is preserved and it consisted of a stew, wherein the potatoes were indifferently cooked, though the coffee was fine, but hunger being an excellent sauce, the most of the soldiers made a hearty meal. A second repast under the same auspices served ham, bread and butter, cheese and coffee and, "by working a little stratagem we got as much as we could eat."

The parade was an excellent showing, though the day was warm for the season, and the men, being in heavy marching order, suffered from the unwonted ordeal. Some of the regiment had to remain on the dock as guards over the baggage left there, thus missing the pleasure of seeing New York in an enthusiastic mood, but there was compensation, since they were ministered to by good women, who, as one boy records, "brought mince pies which tasted good," a somewhat choicer morsel than his comrades were getting at City Hall. "A nicely dressed lady comes along with an Irish girl, carrying a basket of fruit, and she gives me two apples and two oranges." Again is the maxim verified that patient waiters are no losers. At 5 p.m. the baggage guards were relieved and went up to eat with their fellows, proclaiming the supper excellent.

The New York Express, describing the reception tendered to the regiment by the Sons of Massachusetts resident in

New York, says, "At half-past three o'clock, the officers of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment proceeded from the Park Barracks to the Astor House, where a bountiful repast awaited them. There were present a large number of ladies, who gathered in the reception parlor of the hotel, and were subsequently escorted by the "Sons" to the dining room, which was handsomely decorated. In front of the main table was a banner with the inscription:

WELCOME, SONS OF THE OLD BAY STATE.
TWENTY-FOURTH
NEW ENGLAND GUARD.

"Lieut. Colonel Howe presided, and he was supported on his right by General Reed and on his left by Colonel Stevenson. Among the guests were Colonel Ritchie of Governor Andrew's Staff; Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, Drs. Green and Curtis, surgeons of the regiment; the Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Mellen; Richard Warren, Esq., and General P. M. Wetmore. There was also present a large delegation from the Sons of Connecticut.

"While the people were yet engaged in discussing the menu, the President called them to order, saying that the early and enforced departure of their guests would require immediate attention to the second part of the programme and requested all to give their attention to the Rev. Dr. Tyng, who, as a son of Massachusetts, would welcome Colonel Stevenson and his regiment in an appropriate address. Never was the famous clergyman more eloquent than on this occasion, as he paid a glowing tribute to the Commonwealth and her sons this day on their way to uphold the right.

"At this moment General Burnside entered the room and was received with loud applause and, though evidently reluctant to do so, responded briefly to urgent calls, saying that he had come there to say nothing, that he was too much

occupied to think of anything aside from business. The soldiers had had a good example set them by the Commander-in-Chief not to speak now, but to do their duty, and when this was done, he would speak for them, no doubt.

"In behalf of the regiment, Colonel Stevenson spoke briefly but significantly, and then came another move in the scene when Mr. Charles Stetson, Jr., presented a handsome American flag to the Colonel in appropriate terms, drawing from the young leader an appreciative response. He was obliged to leave immediately thereafter to join his regiment. The occasion ended with remarks by Quartermaster General Reed and Colonel Ritchie, who lauded the action of the Sons of Massachusetts in the day's doings, and proposed their health, a sentiment which was duly honored."

Lieutenant Colonel Osborn, having in hand the preparations for departure, could not go with his fellow officers and did not reach the hotel till the tables were cleared, and had difficulty in finding anything in the food line. Next came the march of the regiment to another wharf, where, divided into right and left wings, it was again embarked. Colonel Stevenson, having the right wing, was on the steamer Eastern Queen, while the Lieutenant Colonel with the left took the Admiral, a vessel which the men were to know for many a month as the "Guide." Loading the baggage was so slow a task that it was not till late that officers and men were ready for sleep. The steamers left New York Harbor early in the morning, Wednesday, December 11, headed for Annapolis, Md. With smooth water, the voyage was a delightful one, only a few of the men being sick. Down the coast to the Chesapeake and up the same to the Severn river made a trip pleasant to the New Englanders, and it was due to end at seven o'clock in the evening of the 12th; but there are many things to be reckoned with in water-ways. The Admiral or Guide, with the left wing on board, after waiting some hours for her consort anchored, four miles from Annapolis, at eleven o'clock at

night, and in the morning of the 13th saw the Eastern Queen aground, several miles away. Accordingly the men on the Admiral were landed and marched off to their camp, while the boat went back to the relief of the Eastern Queen. In her efforts to effect a release she herself grounded, and two tugs had to be summoned from Baltimore, but even then the craft could not be moved, for the gearing of the tugs gave out, and not even throwing overboard the supply of coal sufficiently lightened the vessel. At last the men had to be transferred to lighters, and so in the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th, the right wing of the regiment made its way to the U. S. Naval Academy, which divides honors, in Annapolis, with the fact that said city is the capital of the State. Quarters were found for the belated voyagers and, barring a bit of quarreling between certain of the companies which Lieutenant Ordway quickly settled, the men had nothing to do but eat their suppers and wait for the morning.

ANNAPOLIS AND CAMP FOSTER.

Sunday, the 15th, dawned at last and, after a wash at the town pump, and a breakfast, the right wing got its belongings together and, following the usual amount of backing and filling, proceeded to the camp already established by their comrades who had gone before. This, known as Camp Foster, after General John G. Foster, commanding the brigade to which the Twenty-fourth was to be attached, was located about three miles from the city, "in a delightful spot in front of a wood and on rolling land." The camp was laid out soon after 2 p.m. of the 13th, but when the poles were sought for the tents, it was discovered that they were miles away on the Eastern Queen. But Yankees are not easily phased, so before making a trip to Annapolis for material, substitutes from the neighboring woods were tried and found to work admirably. With pine boughs for carpeting the tents were deemed very comfortable. Crotched sticks were driven into the ground,

and with longer ones crossing them, with fires beneath suspended utensils, supper was prepared and the left wing got a lesson in real camp life, while their other half was yet lingering on the shoals of the Severn. Near by were camped the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts; the Tenth and Eleventh Connecticut, the D'Epineuil Zouaves (53d), New York and the First Massachusetts Cavalry. On the coming up of the right wing, the regiment was together again and with the highest of spirits was ready for work.

The camp itself was on high land overlooking the city where in the preceding year clover had been sown. The men understood that the camp-ground and the neighboring woods were the property of a rebel who had left his possessions for a place in the Confederate army, so they were not at all particular as to economy in the use of what he had left. A guard was maintained over the spring whence came the water for drinking and cooking; no citizens were allowed in camp and pickets were stationed regularly, though no organized hostile force was anywhere near. As soon as the regiment was united, men went into the woods with axes and soon made the trees disappear as they felled them and cut them into proper lengths for cook houses, stables, etc. Laying them up in cob-piles, after frontier fashion, they stopped the crevices with mud and thus made very serviceable quarters. Each company has a log house for a kitchen and the officers, one forty feet long for a stable. Many of the tents have evergreen surroundings, adding to their picturesqueness, if not to their utility. The camp is laid out in streets with great precision, each company having five Sibley tents; no floors, the ground being sufficient; each man had a bed-sack when he left Readville, but few brought them along, on account of their weight. Those who did retain them went to the woods and found excellent filling in the leaves abounding there. Every tent has a stove and, with an abundance of wood, no one need

suffer from the cold. While all get enough to eat, since two cooks are detailed from each company, the boys think the officers live high and provide themselves with all the delicacies of the season. One careful chronicler in the ranks says

Com. Sergt. Wheeler. Q. M. Sergt. Thompson.
Sergt. Maj. Loring.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

their breakfast was bread, cold meat and coffee, without milk; dinner practically the same except that the meat is warm; supper brings tea instead of coffee with other items as before. Mothers' boys, however, miss the cakes and goodies which

formerly they had enjoyed. The colored people of the vicinity try to turn an honest penny by bringing in "snacks," which include pies, cakes, apples, oysters, roasted chickens at twenty-five cents each, and find ready market as long as there is money in sight. The sutler arrived December 20 with an array of wares calculated to wheedle the last cent from the soldier's pocket, and he too often succeeded. The writer, however, was not the only one who strongly resolved that he would not get much of his, the private's money.

Notwithstanding all the work incident to the laying out of the camp, drill was had every day, lots of it. The scheme for the day was as follows: roll-call, 6 a.m.; breakfast, 6.30; drill, 9 o'clock, and 10; dinner, 12; drill, 2 p.m.; parade, 5.30; supper, 6; evening roll-call, 9 o'clock; taps, 9.15, with all lights out. Considering its origin and work heretofore, much is expected of the regiment and in no respect has the organization failed thus far. Naturally, the officers are jealous of the reputation of the Twenty-fourth and listen anxiously for any criticism which may reflect upon them, but they hear only the best of reports about it. As early as the 18th of the month, the regimental band, under the direction of Colonel Stevenson and certain of his staff officers, went down to the city to give a serenade to Governor Hicks, who had rendered conspicuous aid to the Union cause. Owing to pleasant weather and care, in every respect, the men enjoy a high degree of health. The first death was that of John Irwin, of Company I, who died December 18, after a short illness from congestion of the lungs. With the usual escort his body was taken to the station and, after a volley over the coffin, it was sent home to Boston, where it was received with military honors. Christmas eve, a colored servant of one of the officers was accidentally shot in Annapolis with no blame, save that of carelessness, attaching to any one.

Christmas in camp was a favorite theme with the correspondent and artist in the days of war. In the Twenty-fourth,

there were camp duties as usual, and many of the boys had boxes from home whose contents they made go as far as possible among the numerous occupants of the tent. It had to be a pretty large receptacle to make much of an impression on the more than twenty comrades who sometimes crowded the shelter. Christmas puddings, mince pies, pickles, wine-sauce, and other tid-bits are recorded, but the general verdict was that camp was not home by any means. The field and staff officers, however, made the day conspicuous in their annals by giving a dinner to a large number of distinguished guests, viz.: General Ambrose E. Burnside, General Jesse L. Reno, commanding the Second Brigade: Colonel Scott and Sweitzer of McClellan's staff; Colonel Lee of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts; Colonel Kurtz of the Twenty-third and Capt. Messenger of General Foster's Staff. General Foster himself was invited, but his necessary presence in Baltimore prevented his acceptance. The bill of fare would have satisfied the veriest epicure, and there is little wonder that General Burnside proclaimed it the best dinner he ever ate in camp.

1862.

The year 1862 opens with the regiment's taking its part in a brigade drill under the command of General Foster, who put the men through a thorough course, as some of the participants said, and at the same time many were impressed with the sight of five thousand men acting under one guiding mind and all acquiring the precision that would serve them well in coming days. One careful writer puts down the menu for New Year's and says he had four hard-tacks, a slice of cold meat and coffee for breakfast; soft bread and cold fresh beef for dinner; boiled rice, molasses, soft bread and tea for supper; this food with a share from a friend's home-box containing cake, mince pie and pudding, enabled the young man to get through the day comfortably. Friends also send books and papers and the chaplain lends many to

those who wish. Target practice is popular and some of the soldiers for the first time in their lives fire a gun. The mark is discreetly set up at the foot of a hill, yet so wild is some of the shooting that the officer in charge remarks that he hopes no one lives on the other side of the hill. It is recorded that in this practice one man, accidentally or otherwise, shot a pig and that he and comrades enjoyed roast pork as a consequence. With such opportunities, the exercise should have been popular. Of the stay in Annapolis, some recall the most important event, as the drumming out of camp of a woman who had brought in twenty-five cans of whiskey; quite likely the beholders had varying emotions. In startling contrast with the decorum and quiet of the Massachusetts regiments is the riot in a neighboring body from the Empire State, where the men in three companies rebelled, seized, gagged and placed in the guard house their officers, who were rescued by the men from another regiment who came to their help, all because the men had not been paid, a fault for which the officers were in no way responsible.

January 3d brought pay-day and many of the men sent the major part of their receipts home to those who needed it there. One man, who got only $11.26, sent ten dollars of the amount to his wife and child, and in the accompanying letter remarks that many of the men are fooling away money which should go home to their families. Indeed, there is the record of several sneaking over the lines and securing a quantity of liquors, by means of which they and some others fetched up in the guard-house, as a rule the terminal of those who had much to do with strong drink. Men get passes to the city, and with money burning in their pockets do their best to clean out the stores, and several thousand men in an old, sedate town like Annapolis came pretty near succeeding, though some of the soldiers complained at the prevalence of the Provost Marshal and the frequency with which they were obliged to show their passes. Some of the cheaper luxuries which the black people bring to the camp, our Bay State boys

are learning to like, and they sing the praises of hoecake, the size of pies, which seems to fit their stomachs admirably.

It was in Camp Foster that a certain lad had his first experience at standing guard, and he remembers the day yet. Having his instructions, as he thought, he paced his beat most regularly. Ere long two officers approached and passed him and, as he had been told to allow officers to pass, he made no objection. The officers came back and still no recognition on the part of the sentinel. Then both of the officers came up to him and asked what his instructions were. Being told as above, he was asked if nothing was said about saluting officers. "Not a word," was the reply. Colonel T. G. Stevenson, for he was the leading one, his brother, the Major, the other, took the private's weapon and gave him his first lesson in the art of military decorum, a lesson whose refrain is still ringing in the ears of the soldier.

By the 5th of the month everybody is astir over the prospect of immediate departure. While all know that they are a part of Burnside's Expedition, of its ultimate destination not even officers high in rank have the slightest inkling, and some of them in their home letters made prophecies which proved to be very far wide of the mark. Never was Pope's aphorism as to Heaven's hiding from all creatures, the book of Fate, better exemplified than in this case. There was a vast array of vessels, and a large army of men, who were to fill those same crafts, which are to sail away some day, somewhere, but who can tell where they are to land these same warriors? It was on the 6th, while having a battalion drill, and men were firing blank cartridges, that the orders came to pack up and march to the city in quick time. This was at 2 p.m., and at 5 o'clock, tents had been struck, baggage packed and the regiment was in Annapolis. In striking tents, etc., everything was done at the tap of the drum, and the men left the ruins of cook and store houses and stables, which were burned. Seven of the companies went on board the Admiral, now the Guide, at once, leaving the other three

companies, A, C and F, in the dock-yard waiting. There was snow on the ground, the air was icy and the men were suffering from the cold. Lieutenant Colonel Osborn, who had this detachment in charge, seized a load of wood, which he found near, and had fires built for the comfort and health of his men. Here all had to wait till 10.30 p.m., when a barge was secured to take the soldiers aboard the Vidette, which was found after a long, cold search in the darkness, and where all at last were placed at midnight, and glad they were for the shelter afforded. The men are quartered in better shape than the officers, who are not so well off as those who took the Guide. For the Twenty-fourth Regiment, it may be safe to call the beginning of the Burnside Expedition this 6th day of January, when the ships were boarded.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

Even on shipboard, officers are still querying as to where they are to go, and still are guessing wildly. As the regiment is divided, the Guide and Vidette will have to be considered separately. It is one thing to embark and quite another affair to start. The Guide had more companies than in the trip from New York, besides the band with Colonel Stevenson and Staff. During the next two days the time is given to storing the baggage and waiting for other organizations. At last on the 9th, at 8 a.m. the anchor was hoisted and, at a given signal, in three squadrons, the vessels started down the Chesapeake, a magnificent sight. The weather is heavy and, on account of the fog, the vessel came to anchor at 11 o'clock that night. The next day, or the 10th, the steamer proceeded to Fortress Monroe, where the vessels in waiting accorded the new comers a hearty welcome, and at night General Burnside came aboard. The Vidette had towed, all the way down, a canal boat (by courtesy, a "gunboat"), whose captain on arriving at the Fortress declared his unwillingness to go any further. He was put in irons and the crew, consisting of

four men, was taken off. She was laden with hay and grain, and, if taken to her destination at all, must be towed, having no means of propulsion of her own.

January 6th the commanding officers on board transports received orders to the effect that a guard should be placed over the water, and that it should be used for cooking and drinking only, every one being expected to use salt water for washing purposes. A guard also must be placed over the galley to enforce orders and to see that the companies take their proper turn in cooking. "A guard, under the orders of the captain of the vessel, shall be placed over the magazine." No lights are to be allowed between decks except by special order of the commanding officer and the captain of the vessel, and there shall be a general police guard under a commissioned officer for the preservation of order and discipline aboard. Commanding officers also received sealed orders, not to be opened till after leaving Old Point Comfort.

The Vidette was slow in loading, and the Lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-fourth had many a weary hour in his efforts to get everything shipshape. According to orders, issued on the 8th, the Vidette was to close the line of departing vessels in the brigade. Lieutenant Colonel Osborn comments that patience is as necessary a virtue in a soldier as bravery, and it is much oftener tried. "It is no small job to embark 16,000 men, and we have met no more obstacles than I expected. We are now lying in Annapolis Harbor, right abreast the Naval Academy, and are surrounded by steamers and sailing vessels belonging to the expedition." In general men and officers of whatever rank are not averse to leaving the capital of Maryland, which they proclaim a tumble-down old place, very aristocratic in its way, having no energy, enterprise nor signs of life save those imparted by the soldiers. "One of the shop-keepers told me that the army had made Annapolis, and my only difficulty in believing him arose from my wondering in what a condition of wretched-

ness it must have been before 'it was made.'" * * "Slavery has brought its curse here and the beautiful land is blighted by its presence." The Vidette reached the fortress at 1 a.m. of the 11th, and took her place in the line of waiters for the final departure. Colonels Stevenson and Osborn improved the opportunity to inspect the grim old fortification, and then the Lieutenant Colonel with Major Stevenson and Assistant Surgeon Curtis visited the frigate Minnesota, and remained to dine.

At 11 p.m., under sealed orders, the fleet proceeds to sea, on the 11th day of January, still wondering what chapter of history is to be written by the men thus borne away from their homes. After the leaving of the pilot, it is proper to open and read the orders, till now unknown. The officers then learned what all the world has known for the last nearly forty-five years, that the destination is Hatteras Inlet, that on arrival a pilot is to be summoned and, on entering, the vessel is to be anchored as far from the channel as possible. The versatile character of the Union soldiers appeared in the fact that many of those who manned the vessels were enlisted men of the Twenty-fourth Regiment. It was a motley array of seagoing craft that sailed out between the capes on that January night, perhaps till then the most considerable armada that America had ever seen. There were more than one hundred vessels of all descriptions, including steam and sailing crafts, canal boats, ferry boats, coasting schooners and some passenger steamers. Few of them were in seaworthy condition, yet they were starting out to encounter the storms of Hatteras, the most trying portion of the American coast. Then, too, it was that time of the year when the worst storms might be expected, and they came. Many columns have been written descriptive of those trying hours between Capes Henry and Hatteras, but no description was ever able to do justice to the tribulation through which the cooped-up soldiers on board those creaking vessels had to pass. How the steamers were obliged to part from the crafts in tow, how

some of the vessels put out to sea for safety, and how others tried to ride out the storms while at anchor,—all this has been told many a time; and if officers and men had concluded that Neptune himself had made a hard and fast contract with the Confederacy to do all in his power to render useless the efforts of General Burnside and his followers, it would seem that there was reason in their thoughts. Vessels were destroyed, cargoes lost, collisions crippled many ships, and the landing did not prove to be the simple affair that many had pictured it.

Among the many incidents of the trip men of Company B recall with pride the fact that when it was proposed to cut adrift the oats-laden tow of the Guide and the men on board, hand over hand, along the hawser, had reached the deck of the transport, they volunteered to go back and try to keep her in line during the night. This they did, and it is said that Burnside gave them $25 apiece for their deed; they were Privates Bly, Oldham and Perry.

From the 13th to the 17th of January there was little doing save trying to find room for anchorage, and to supply the men with the necessaries of life. As one writer puts it, "there are three times as many vessels in this harbor as ever ought to be," but the difficulty in getting heavy draft ships over the "Swash" delayed the massing in Pamlico Sound. General Burnside was as nearly ubiquitous as any one at sea could be. On the little gunboat, the Picket, the smallest in the fleet, he was off and away constantly doing his best to bring order out of chaos. It was the sincere solicitude of the Commander, as manifested in a thousand ways to help all in distress, that made "Burnside" a name to conjure with among all those who participated in this expedition. In three days, the ships of the navy were safely over the Swash, but much more time was required to bring all of the transports into the waters of Pamlico. By the time that the storm finally broke, or the 25th of January, nearly all the vessels

that had out-ridden the tempest were over the bar and ready for the real business before them.

Meanwhile life on the Guide might be taken as a sample of what was passing on other transports, except that men of the Twenty-fourth were possibly a little better off than those on some other boats. General Burnside had chosen this as his flag-ship, and his wife was here, as was the General himself, when not cruising around the waters on his swift little "Picket." The prospect ashore is not attractive, only vast areas of desert sand-wastes with the two small forts, Hatteras and Clarke, captured by General Butler and men in the preceding August. Guard-duty is kept up and, as far as possible, the formalities of camp life are maintained. Guard-mount is at 9 a.m. There are three reliefs, each of which has two hours on and four off. Long tarrying on shipboard does not make the men like it any better, and they are anxious to set foot on the earth even if it be shifting sand. In spite of the apparent desolation there are people on the shore, and of them, a writer says, "Queer folks in this region! Several hundred are scattered along the bar, who get their living by fishing, gathering oysters, wrecking and piloting. Most of them were born here, never saw any other locality and all are happy. There are women here who never wore shoes. The people seldom see money, indeed they have no use for it." For the first time in their lives, the men are conscious of the paramount value of fresh water. They are not stinted on drinking water, but they have to steal it for washing if they get it at all. The water-guard is kept at his station and is faithful. After all, the liquid is a distilled product and is almost nauseating to many. The capacity of the machinery of the Guide is 3000 gallons daily and she has to supply other vessels as well. They are out of range of fresh meat, and boys who never ate fat salt pork at home have to eat it here or cease to be carnivors. Hardtack is palatable, though soft bread is not refused if General Burnside's cook hands out a bit.

The fact that the Guide had to furnish water for other vessels rendered the ship itself in some respects an uncomfortable place for those quartered there. The main tank for the reception of the distilled product was in the gentlemen's cabin, and the steam incident to the process so filled the room that it was impossible at times to see across the cabin. The ration for each man per day was one quart, but this quantity was increased occasionally, through the services of a boy whose bunk was near the tank and who, by skillfully using his dipper, could fill canteens which were held over the sides of the steamer, to be cooled off in the waters of the sea. Some of the men were detected in stealing sugar and coffee from the quartermaster's boat, which lay alongside the Guide, and, as a penalty, were sentenced to go without coffee for two weeks; but again the boy with the dipper and the boiling water in the tank came in, enabling the delinquents to get their coffee without the services of the cook. All readers may not know that schooners sent down from Fortress Monroe laden with fresh water had been kept back by the storm.

The Vidette undertook the trip across the Swash, Sunday, the 19th, and expected to go over easy, since she drew half a foot less water than the stipulated eight feet, having thrown overboard a large part of her coal, but she was soon caught like the rest and lay there all day. In the evening, with a high tide, she got off and was nearly over when she grounded again. In the morning another trial was made and she finally pulled through, anchoring in Pamlico Sound, Monday forenoon. The Guide was a larger vessel and did not fare so well, though to lighten her she had thrown overboard all of her coal, drawn the water from her boilers, and her men had been sent on shore. She lay on the bar two days and did not reach her consort till the 26th. Had not the enemy been stupid or blind, they might have rendered their defenses at Roanoke during this delay quite impregnable. Though the wind was not tempered to the shorn Union lamb, it seemed to blow no good to the Confederate foe, for in due time it appeared the

enemy had in no way profited by the mishaps of the fleet off Hatteras and within.

Following the divergent experiences of the two vessels, it should be stated that the passengers of the Guide landed, Jan. 21, and their adventures were novel enough to merit a special story. Naturally when the men were off the ship they improved the chance to pretty thoroughly inspect the sand barrens and the forts which had formed the objective point of Butler in August preceding. They found the fortifications small affairs, in charge of a small detachment of regular soldiers, but the shells upon the beach were more lovely than any the men had seen before. One admirer wished he might pick up a ton of them, but he realized how impracticable shell gathering was to a soldier with a knapsack. Tents were duly pitched, but these soldiers were doomed to dampness, for, in the night, they were awakened to find themselves lying in the water, which was constantly rising, the hay and grass they had collected as beds affording them no protection. Again they were compelled to move after erecting their tents. The wind was blowing a gale, and getting tents up was no trifling matter. The wind forced the water still higher, so that at last, with water to their knees, the men marched into Fort Clarke in a half-drowned condition, and found refuge in an old shanty there.

It was in these troublous days that, notwithstanding strict rules concerning foraging, certain hungry men, under the lead of their Orderly Sergeant, went out after food and succeeded in finding some starveling sheep which they killed and brought in. Others captured some geese. When Colonel Stevenson heard of the event, he hastened over to the scene and reproached the offenders for their violation of orders, but his gravity was quite upset and his censure rendered futile by one of the men saying, "Colonel Stevenson, it was not wrong for us to kill this animal." "How is that?" replied the officer. "Why," answers the wag, "he was so poor we had to kill him to save his life." On the 27th there was

an inspection of the men ashore and three of the companies, under Captain Richardson, were drilled as a battalion. The subsidence of the water had left in a hollow of the sand twenty fish, which the men readily caught, and thus had a new kind of food. On Sunday, the 25th, there was a movement toward the first landing-place. On the 28th the band went up to escort the remoter companies down to a union with the other men of the Guide, some of whom had already gone on board, and this day, by means of the Pilot Boy, the Guide received again her complement of passengers. The remaining days of January were spent on shipboard with such drills, inspections and other routine as the nature of the case admitted. The weather having moderated, and supplies from Fortress Monroe having begun to appear, life was more endurable.

During that week on the barrens of Hatteras one of the most serious discomforts arose from the presence of sand in whatever the men had to eat or drink. Everybody expects to eat his peck of dirt before he dies, but no one thinks to get it all in one short sennight, but all went on board the Guide with the thought that they ought to be exempt from any more suffering in this direction. The cooks, when they made coffee for the companies, would find two or three inches of sand in the bottom of their kettles, blown there while the water was boiling. Baked beans could not be chewed, they were swallowed as they entered the mouth, too gritty for chewing. Even the much prized mutton, slain "to save its life," proved to be only another method of inflicting sand on the stomachs of the consumers. No one of that battalion ever thought himself lacking in "sand" after that week of Hatteras experience.

Possibly no better picture, in brief, of the trip can be had than that given by one of the officers in a letter to his home: "Sunday, the 12th, was a pleasant day and we amused ourselves by watching the barren shores of North Carolina, and striving to discover some signs of life, but without success. Nothing but a view of a waste of sand, relieved occasionally

by a background of pine barrens, with now and then a tumble-down, deserted house or cattle-shed, rewarded our efforts. Towards night, the wind became more fresh and the sea grew rougher. The captain did not dare to pass Cape Hatteras, which is always a dangerous point in the night, so he came

NORTH CAROLINA'S THEATRE OF WAR.

to anchor. At daylight, we got under way again. In crossing Diamond Shoal, which lies off Hatteras Inlet, the wind blew a gale and the sea was so rough that I found my berth was my only refuge from sea-sickness. At first we thought it blew so hard we would not run into the inlet, but by following a tug that was placed there to pilot us, we (Vidette) reached in and anchored off the fort at one o'clock. This was Monday, the 15th. Other vessels arrived in rapid succession till the little harbor was thoroughly choked up. That would have done no harm had there been no wind and no tide, but the wind was a gale and the tide a mill-sluice. Accordingly when the tide turned and began to run in with the same velocity, all the vessels swung round with it and collided in all directions. We were near the steamer New York, nearly twice our size, which at every turn of the tide threshed against us as if to beat us to pieces, and succeeded in twisting its chain cable so completely around ours that it baffled all our efforts to clear them for two days, until the weather moderated. At one time, when the New York was beating us on one side, a gunboat of about our own size came into us on the other and when at last she managed to haul away, another promptly took her place until we believed that we were destined to be crushed flat before they were done with us. * * * *

"In the meantime, our water began to run low, and I was obliged to put everybody on short allowance, which produced much discomfort and some grumbling among the men; quite natural this when it is remembered that the food of the same consisted chiefly of salt beef, salt pork, hard bread, potatoes, rice and hominy, all calculated to excite thirst. However, the securing of distilled water from the Guide and the getting of some fresh beef from a newly arrived steamer did much toward restoring good humor. The quarters for the officers are ridiculously cramped, so small are they that at the onset no one thought it possible to get along in them, but under the prompting of necessity they have been found passable and even comfortable. Before leaving the fortress, a goodly

stock of provisions was laid in by the officers, consisting of bread, butter, chickens, eggs, pickles, tea, etc., but the hard weather ran them down to short commons with the men. At one time butter gave out, and they were near despair till the timely arrival of a sutler's boat saved them from complete collapse. Subsequent months taught them how many seeming necessities could be dispensed with easily. * * We have been obliged to wash in salt water all the time, except when we could get from the engineer a little fresh, condensed in the cocks of his boiler, and, as we had no salt-water soap, we might as well have used sand. I should be sorry to present myself with the hands I am carrying about with me all the time.. Only severe thirst forces us to drink the distilled water. Chess and whist serve to while away many otherwise tedious hours."

On the 29th General Foster issued a general order containing minute directions as to the equipment and care of the row-boats with reference to landing; as to the armament and attitudes of the men themselves; as to the signals and their import and, finally, as to the prompt obedience every man was to render. The men were to carry three days' cooked rations and their canteens were to be filled with fresh water. On the morning of February 1, Companies A, C and F on board the Vidette reported present ten commissioned officers with 228 non-commissioned officers and men. One officer and fifty-four men were absent. Of those reported present and ready for duty, twenty-four were serving under Colonel Howard of the Marine Artillery for the manning of his boat and Mountain howitzers.

February 3d come orders from General Burnside to the effect that on landing, care must be taken that loyal citizens are not annoyed, that their property shall be protected, that wounded soldiers of the enemy and prisoners shall receive every care and attention, and that all the laws and usages of civilized warfare shall be strictly observed. The fleet is lying at anchor about thirty miles from Roanoke Island, the object

of their first attack, and all are anxiously expecting the signal for an advance. Only a few days before a schooner, loaded with wood and manned by seven men, came down from Washington, N. C., and gave herself up to one of the gunboats. They report arduous efforts on the part of the people of the mainland to fill their military organization. One of the men had been in the army under Burnside when he was a lieutenant of artillery. The General recognized him and appeared to believe his story. On the 3d, a sailboat was discovered, evidently trying to reconnoitre the fleet. A gunboat started for the stranger, which at once made off in all haste, but was finally captured.

February 4th comes General Order No. 4 from General Foster, with directions as to the time of starting of the fleet, viz., 8 a.m. of the 5th, and the vessels of the First Brigade are to move in line, the Guide to be No. 4, and the Vidette seventh and last, a somewhat absurd location for a vidette. Extended directions are given as to the order of vessels after reaching Croatan Sound, the observance of signals, the anchorage of vessels and the landing of the men, the formation after reaching land and injunctions against throwing away any part of arms or equipments.

ROANOKE.

In the earlier days of the war, when Union victories were none too numerous, the name of this North Carolina island was a pleasant sound to Northern ears. It had associations with early American history, for every school boy knows that on this island, in 1587 was born Virginia Dare, the first child of English parentage born in America, but in these troublous days of February, '62, Yankee boys were intent not so much on studying history as in making it, and the results of their two days' efforts became choice reading to their friends at home. They had waited long, and with more or less patience, for the command which should send them against this fortified portion of the Confederacy. Its importance to the

enemy, and thereby its value to the Union cause, is well expressed in the following extract from John S. Wise's "End of an Era:"

The island commanded the passage by water through Hatteras Inlet and Pamlico Sound to Albemarle and Currituck sounds. It was a most important strategic point, for a force of Union troops, passing it, had at their mercy several towns upon the North Carolina coast, could cut off the supplies and railroad and canal communications of Norfolk, and were in position to attack that city in rear.

The writer proceeds to state that his father, Henry A. Wise, former Governor of Virginia, had been assigned to the command and defense of the island. The commander of the department, embracing the island, was Benj. Huger, a West Pointer of many years before (classmate, 1825, of Maj. Robert Anderson), one whom Wise characterizes as a sort of barnacle on the Confederacy, being far more a hindrance than a help in the progress of events. The Ex-governor and General, Wise, had done his best to render the island strong against the impending attack, but all his efforts were unavailing in overcoming the indifference of the Richmond authorities, who evidently took their cue from the ancient Huger. Through his arduous labors and exposures incident to his position, General Wise was, at the time of the attack, confined to his bed at Nag's Head, suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia. No better description of the island itself can be found than that also given by John S. Wise:—

Roanoke Island is shaped something like an hour-glass. Its northernmost half is higher ground than its southernmost, and the waters and wet marshes almost intersect it at its middle part. The engineers who planned its defenses placed all its fortifications upon the upper half, bearing upon the channel of Croatan Sound to the westward. Not a work was erected to prevent a debarkation upon its lower portion. An attacking force, landing there, was absolutely safe from the water batteries, both while landing and afterwards. At the narrow neck of land which connected the upper and lower

half of the island was a fortification, not one hundred feet in length and only four and a half feet high, mounting three field pieces. This captured, every other artillery defense of the island was at the mercy of the enemy, who by that manœuvre were in their rear—so emphatically in their rear that the vessels attacking the water batteries could not fire after the Union forces assaulted the redoubt, for their shot would have fallen into the ranks of their own troops. * * The command of the troops devolved upon Colonel A. M. Shaw* of the Eighth North Carolina, although my father continued to give general directions from his sick-bed.

Such was the object of attack and such were the interests at stake in the movement now reaching a culminating moment. Many times has the story of Roanoke been told by officer and man. No two men saw the battle and its incidents in just the same manner. To each description there should be added the garnishing of the individual, but naturally an officer high in command, writing for his own men, would be likely to set the event forth in proper light. This appears in the recital of Lieutenant-colonel Osborn in a home letter written soon after the stirring days themselves:

"On Wednesday, February 5, we sailed at 9 a.m. and proceeded slowly northward, the fleet in regular order, the first brigade leading the way. Just before sunset we anchored. At that time Roanoke Island could be dimly discerned on the horizon, about ten miles distant. The next morning we got under way again and moved up to within a few miles of Croatan Sound, which lies between the island and the mainland, and anchored again. Here General Foster came with orders for me to leave one company on board the Vidette and to go with the other two on board the Guide to join the rest of the regiment (Company C was left). After that was done the Vidette went on ahead two or three miles with the gunboats. In this position we lay all night. Friday morning, the 7th, the gunboats went into Croatan Sound and engaged a battery called Pork Point Battery, or Fort Bartow. At the same

*Colonel Shaw was killed February 1st, '64, at Bachelder's Creek, N. C.

time we received orders to lead off the rest of the fleet, following the gunboats. We accordingly started, but as we had a schooner and a large raft in tow, we could not manage the vessel and soon got aground. All efforts to get her off being unavailing, we had the mortification of seeing the entire fleet pass us and go into the sound and anchor at a safe distance from the battery. We lay in that place all day watching the bombardment through our glasses with the utmost anxiety, but we were so far off that we could only see the flash of the guns and the explosion of the shells, without being able to judge of the damage inflicted on either side."

War was a new game to these northern boys, and when, on one of the vessels, they saw an old man-of-war's man, scattering sawdust plentifully about the deck during the bombardment, anon adding a portion of tobacco-laden saliva to the ocean, they made bold to ask him what he was throwing that stuff around for. With a contemptuous glance at the questioners and an extra roll to his quid, he grunted out, "Some 'er you fellers 'll be gettin' yer bloomin' heads knocked off an'

we don't wanter be slippin' 'round in the blood.'" His grewsome reply satisfied even Yankee curiosity.

Again, the Lieutenant-colonel: "In the afternoon our impatience became unbearable, for we could see the troops landing in boats covered by the fire of our gunboats. A tug-boat came down to us just then and the Colonel sent me up to the fleet to obtain means of transportation for our regiment to the shore. Lieutenant John Anderson, adjutant of the Twenty-fourth, though a member of General Foster's staff, accompanied me to aid my efforts. This brought me much nearer the bombardment and would have given me an excellent view of it, but unfortunately it had grown dark and both sides ceased firing. We procured two boats to go down in the morning, and Anderson and I slept on board of one of them. Early in the morning of the 8th, we started, went to the Guide, put seven companies on board one of the boats with the Colonel, while I took the remaining two on the other. The Colonel's boat being of light draft, proceeded up through the inlet and directly to the shore. My boat could approach no nearer than two miles to the shore, but anchored and waited for the other to take us in.

"The regiment, as I will call the Colonel's portion, was met at the landing by an aide and ordered to advance immediately. They marched on, hearing volleys of musketry and cheering before them as they advanced, but before they arrived at the battle-ground, they were ordered to halt and remain in reserve. Immediately they were ordered to advance again, and soon heard the cheers of our men, and came in sight of a battery across the road which had just been taken. They passed through this and halted some distance beyond. It was then supposed that there were more batteries beyond, and General Foster ordered the Twenty-fourth, as the men were fresh, to move forward and take those batteries. They advanced some three miles through a thickly wooded country, expecting every moment to meet the enemy, especially as there were half a dozen places where they might have made

a decided stand. But the foe was thoroughly frightened and completely demoralized and ran for their lives, throwing away their arms, equipment and clothing as they went. At last the regiment began to receive prisoners, who came in and gave themselves up, saying that their regiments were entirely scattered. Hearing that many were escaping from the island in boats, across Roanoke Sound, the Colonel sent two companies down to different parts of the beach to head them off.

"They found a great many boats at some distance from the shore, rowing for dear life, and brought them back by firing a few rifle shots, and secured 150 prisoners. While they were away a flag of truce met our advancing column, asking for a suspension of hostilities for the night. General Foster replied that he would listen to no terms but an unconditional surrender, and a speedy one, and called for me to go to the rebel camp and receive the answer. As I was not there, Major R. H. Stevenson was sent in my place. He was absent a long time, and General Foster at last said to Colonel Stevenson, 'He is gone too long; move your column forward.' When the Major returned announcing the surrender, Colonel Stevenson marched the remaining companies into the rebel camp and took possession of it, with about two thousand prisoners, their arms and ammunition. Although our regiment was not under fire, it is entitled to no less credit, for it marched forward at least two miles in advance of the rest of the army, expecting at every turn of the road to come upon the rebels in full force, and behind batteries which General Foster had been told they had built, and though no such batteries existed, it does not lessen the merit of our men in going to the intended attack.

"Had the rebels chosen to dispute our passage up the island, they would have been conquered ultimately, it is true, but with a proper display of courage and military skill, they would have caused us a fearful loss and made us pay dearly for our victory, crippling us completely for future action, till we could receive reinforcements from the North. But to

return to my own movements! The same boat which took the Colonel and his part of the regiment to the shore landed me and mine afterwards. The landing place was very swampy and we were obliged to march about two hundred yards, through mud and water, at times up to the knees before getting to dry ground. Just then General Burnside came along and told me to take my companies back to the landing and get boxes of ammunition to be carried to the head of the column, then about two miles off. This was a grievous disappointment to me, for I could hear volleys of musketry and cheers, and I thought that the Twenty-fourth was, or soon would be engaged, and I could not bear the idea that the regiment should get into action in my absence. We were delayed two hours before rebeginning the march and, in the meantime, the troops had taken the battery and gone forward. We marched slowly, as the boxes were very heavy, and we were a long time in getting to the battery, which was found filled with our troops and the killed and wounded of the enemy. We were told here that our regiment had pressed forward to take more batteries which were beyond, and we followed on, hearing of them constantly from stragglers on the road and hoping to overtake them at every turn. But they were marching rapidly, and our progress was necessarily slow, so that we never caught them."

Ammunition carrying on that day at Roanoke will never flee the memory of those who had a part in it. One veteran of E, after all these days, says the energy absorbed in his nine miles' carry he still laments. "Just think of a box with 1000 rounds, 100 pounds for two of us to tote, suspended by our gun straps and from the guns themselves, one bearer walking before the other, we trudged along, the load growing heavier every step. Then, too, we let go by us a negro boy and his cow which we might have used to bear the burden and have eaten her for supper had we not been appalled by the order read off in our hearing threatening those who even looked at live stock in the enemy's possession, but we got better of that after a while. When we reached the lines the rebels had sur-

rendered and the cartridges were not needed after all. Private Harrison Currier, Company F, never over strong, was so weakened by this day's work that he never recovered and, though he kept about for a time, when the start for Newbern was made, he was put aboard the Vidette, not to leave her in life, for when the attack began on the fortifications, his spirit passed.

Lieut.-colonel Osborn continues: "Towards night we met General Foster returning, who told us that the rebels had surrendered and that the island is ours. This was glorious news, and we welcomed it with rousing cheers. My party by this time had straggled badly, and when we reached the camp long after dark, I had only a few with me. Some came in afterwards, but most got quarters on the road, and came in the next day. We were fearfully tired from the march, having been on shipboard without exercise for the five preceding weeks, and we were not sustained by the excitement which animated those who expected to meet the enemy. Our men were found in possession of very good wooden barracks, built by the Secesh, and making themselves as comfortable as possible. The Twenty-fourth was on guard, as the others had been up all the preceding night while ours were on shipboard. Besides the prisoners we had taken, the Second Brigade under General Reno had taken some shore batteries in the rear and a thousand men, making, on an accurate count, 2800 men, including 180 commissioned officers. This will be enough in an exchange to release all that the enemy have taken and hold of our men, including Colonel William R. Lee, and the other officers of the Twentieth Massachusetts captured at Ball's Bluff. Thus we have realized one of our dearest wishes that the Twenty-fourth might be instrumental in releasing our own friends."

REPORT OF COLONEL STEVENSON ON THE ROANOKE ENGAGEMENT.

The steamer Admiral, with the Twenty-fourth Regiment on board, having got aground on the afternoon of February

7, the regiment was not landed till the morning of the 8th. At 7 o'clock in the morning, the steamers Union and Eagle came alongside the Admiral and took the troops on board. Two companies, A, Captain Reeding, and E, Captain Hooper, were put on board the Eagle, under command of Lieutenant-colonel Osborn, and seven companies on the Union under command of myself. Company C, Captain Pratt, had been detailed for service on the gunboat Vidette, where it remained during the action. The Union landed the troops on board at the same place the troops had been landed the night previous, and about two miles below where the action was taking place. After landing I was ordered by General Burnside to advance as rapidly as possible. I accordingly marched the regiment forward, but unfortunately arrived after the battery had been carried. On arriving at the captured fort, I reported to General Foster, who ordered us to the front to follow up the enemy.

After marching some distance, we met the Fifty-first New York and continued with them, till we were halted at the sand hills. From this point we were ordered forward alone to take what prisoners we could, as many were reported to be leaving in small boats. We were accompanied by General Foster. After marching about three miles we were met by a flag of truce from the enemy, proposing a suspension of hostilities till the following morning. The reply was given by General Foster, "Unconditional surrender," and time enough given to return to their camp and send back an answer. Major Stevenson* of the Twenty-fourth was ordered to return

*After Major Stevenson's interview with Colonel Shaw, the commander, he started on his return, passing through a company of Confederate officers who were standing near Shaw's quarters. One of them, Major George Williamson of the 8th N. C., asked Major S. to take his horse to ride back. This he did and after the formal surrender, the Confederate was looked up and his steed returned, but the officer said he could not keep him, under the circumstances, and requested Major Stevenson to retain him, as he was a well-bred animal, one of his own rearing and he would like to feel that he was well treated. At first the Major was uncertain as to the propriety of his accepting such a gift and bore the matter to General Burnside, who assured him that as the proffer was, in effect, made before the surrender, there could be no fault in his accepting the gift. Thus acquired, the horse was used by the officer till the end of his service, and when the war was over, he thought it would be a proper thing for him to look up his Confederate friend and offer the animal back again. Through the Governor of North Carolina the address of the Major was secured and the proffer made. Very soon there came back a letter from the southern gentleman indicating his gratitude for the generous

with the flag and to bring back the reply. After some time he returned with the reply that they surrendered. I was then ordered by General Foster to advance and take possession of their camp. On the way, Company H, Captain Daland, and Company B, Captain Austin, were detached and ordered to proceed along the shore and to stop any boats that might be leaving with rebels. The remaining five companies, numbering about 300 men, entered their camp, where Colonel Shaw, commanding, delivered up his sword to General Foster, who ordered me to take command. I then ordered the prisoners to be mustered and their arms to be taken possession of. All the muskets were placed in the quartermaster's building and a guard put over them. While this was being done, Private Sanborn, Company K, was wounded in the arm by the accidental discharge of one of the muskets. The officers were allowed to retain their sidearms by order of General Foster. The prisoners were then placed in quarters and a large guard placed over them.

Company B returned from their scouting, having fired upon and brought to, a boat containing ten rebels, including three officers. Company H also returned, having captured two boats containing nine men and two officers. They also brought in about 150 prisoners captured in the woods and on the shore. The regiment was joined during the evening by the two companies under Lieutenant-colonel Osborn. They had been employed in bringing ammunition forward from the landing. (R. R. Vol. IX, p. 94.)

Such were the impressions and observations of men who had the responsibility of command. It is equally interesting to turn to the words of those who followed or went as they were bidden. Happily some of the letters have also been preserved, and from those of Private Edgar B. Lyon of Company K, the following passages are taken; the first letter, addressed to father and mother, bears date February 12:—

proposition, but saying that the war had ruined him and he was too poor to maintain the horse, much as he valued him. He suggested that the steed be sold and the proceeds sent to him. In his letter he expressed a wish that he might publish Major Stevenson's letter as a means to sooner bring about the peaceful sentiment which he desired between North and South. Our northern officer acted on the suggestion of the southern and remitted to him the sum resulting from the sale of the horse. Need the world wonder that the bloody chasm twixt North and South was at last healed when such acts of kindness were possible?

I suppose you have heard of our great success, and are anxious to hear from me. All the men left their knapsacks aboard the boat and my paper is in my knapsack, or I should have written you a long letter. I borrowed this paper and thought I would write you a few lines, that you might know that I am alive and well. I haven't time to write all the particulars, and it would take three or four sheets of paper. We have captured more prisoners with less fighting than any engagement yet. * * * When we got within one half mile of the rebel camp we were met by a flag of truce asking for terms of surrender. Our Colonel Stevenson would hear to nothing but unconditional surrender or fight, and the rebel Colonel Shaw wisely consented to the former. There were from 2500 to 3000 prisoners, with all their arms and ammunition, and two large camps with a large amount of provisions, and the whole island with all its forts, surrendered to the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers without the loss of a single life from our regiment. Was not that a big thing? * * * The mail is expected to go aboard the steamer any minute, so I will close to make sure that this goes by the first mail. From your affectionate son.

On Sunday, February 16th, Private Lyon, filially inclined, again writes to the folks at home, giving more particulars:—

I have just returned from services, and as I have no better business, I thought I could do no better than write to you the particulars of what the Burnside Expedition has done and why we did it, etc. * * * I have got my knapsack from the boat, so I have paper enough to write all about our adventures. We are pleasantly situated in one of the rebel camps; there are two near each other, the Twenty-third and the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts are in the same camp with us. There are about fifty buildings, in all, in this camp, including officers' quarters, barracks, stables, cookhouses, etc. The other camp is about as large with 800 prisoners in it. We have in our camp 3000 prisoners. There are about 200 families on the island, but most of the men folks are taken prisoners; most of the prisoners are North Carolina men. There is one company of McCulloch Rangers and another of Richmond Blues, that are well uniformed; the others wear all sorts of clothes. It doesn't seem as though they were prisoners, for they are around amongst us and we among them, talking to-

gether and entering into different kinds of amusements, such as leap-frog, boxing, wrestling, etc., just as though we were all one. They are very sociable, and say we are a different people from what they thought we were. Thy had an idea that we were a set of cut throats and robbers, and they expected to be treated very badly, but they now say they are used better than they were before they were taken. They have the same fare that we do. The Virginia soldiers talk hard of the North and would go to fighting again if exchanged, but the North Carolina men are as contented as they could wish. They are now signing a parole, agreeing not to take up arms against the government unless exchanged. They are glad that they are going home and a number told me to-day they should not fight again. Most of the rebs were armed to the teeth with dirks, revolvers, everything else that could injure a person. Many of them threw away these weapons or buried them, but we have found a large quantity of them. I found an old dirk, not good for much, but I keep it as a rebel trophy. The rebs had been encamped here about six months, and they had everything complete in the shape of cooking utensils, so we boys got a lot of spiders, pans, plates, pails, etc. I think I am getting fat. While the rebel provisions lasted, we lived on griddle-cakes and flour bread, salt pork, boiled rice with plenty of sugar.

Continuing the same letter on the 19th, Private Lyon says:

"Yesterday about noon, our regiment was ordered to fall in to escort the rest of the prisoners down to the landing, to go aboard the boat. It was about four miles and very hard walking. We had to wait all the afternoon for the boat, so we did not get back to camp till about 6 o'clock. There was much shaking of hands and many goodbys and 'take care of yourself' between us and the prisoners, just as if they were another Massachusetts regiment." Concerning the part taken by the Twenty-fourth in the battle the narrator says, "The place where we landed was all swampy, so we had to walk in mud and water up to our knees. We were a muddy set when we were brought up in line on dry land. Our Colonel hurried us as fast as he could, but we had to march through such swamps that we had to hold up our cartridge boxes to keep them dry.

* * * * Then we traveled on without any rest till we were met by a rebel officer (Lieutenant-Colonel Poore, North Carolina) with a flag of truce within half a mile of the rebel camp.

On the 20th, describing other regiments in the fray, Private Lyon continues:

"Our regiment had a howitzer that we brought off the boat. The men had managed to draw it part way, when they came across a mule, which the rebels had left behind all harnessed, so our boys hitched it on. You would have laughed to see it. The mule was not much larger than the gun, and looked curious enough. The boys have picked up a lot of queer things on the march. I got an old flintlock musket, but I could not carry it, for I was about tuckered out. The most of our regiment have just been down swimming, but the water was too cold and muddy for me. * * * * We had a dress-parade on the 13th, and an order from General Burnside was read complimenting the officers and men for their coolness and bravery during the engagement."

Before the result of the fight was known at Fort Huger, a schooner from Elizabeth City had brought over to the island and landed near Wier's Point 500 men belonging to the Second North Carolina Battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Wharton J. Green, and the Captain, learning of the Confederate defeat, departed without giving his late passengers a chance to go back with him. Having no other recourse, the newcomers surrendered also, and Company D of the Twenty-fourth was sent with them to get their baggage that had been left on the shore. Returning at 7 p.m., the boys thought it rather hard to have to go on guard after all their travels, but such is the variety of a soldier's life. It was amusing to hear the officers call out to their respective commands, 'Fall in, Wise Legion, fall in, Ben McCulloch Rangers; fall in, Johnson's Sharpshooters, Hilton Guards, Richmond Blues,' etc. The long, heavy knives that many of them had carried bore the words stamped on the blade, 'Yankee Slayer.'

Our men went out foraging early and brought back pigs, chickens and many other things. Each one of the three regiments has to be on guard every third day. We suffer from the cold at night, as our blankets are on the boat. We wonder at the way the fort was built, for all the guns are mounted to repel attacks from an entirely different direction from that in which we came. The rebs say they had to furnish their own clothing, hence its lack of uniformity. They can't drill a little bit. With our fine discipline, drill, uniform and band we made their eyes stick out a foot. In the main, they were very ignorant and had little idea of what the war was about."

Another particularly observing man in G Company found time to go about the new location and, behind the officers' quarters, he saw a bottle standing on a window-sill. Having a mind to be sociable, he appropriated the flask and went among the Texas Rangers and, holding up the bottle, asked them what was in it. "Red eye" was the immediate and general response. "Take it, drink and pass around," is the comment of the generous Yankee. It was a good introduction and what he didn't know about those same Confeds. before he had finished the interview was not worth knowing. They said they carried their big cutlasses or knives for the purpose of carving up Yanks, "But you've got us, and we cain't," is the plaintive remark. "We was goin' to pay you 'uns back for the way you cut up the Black Hoss Cavalry at Bull Run, but when the Blue Coats come in on us we 'uns had to right smart git." One of the murderous weapons, carried by the rebels, was taken from the body of a dead foeman, fully six feet tall, belonging to the "Mississippi Wildcats," by A. J. Vining, a diminutive drummer boy of K, scarely more than five feet in stature. He still retains it, in his San Francisco home, as a priceless war-relic.

For the sake of readers not members of the Twenty-fourth, it should be stated that the Massachusetts regiments, viz., the 23d, 24th, 25th and 27th, were all in the First Brigade, and with them was the Tenth Connecticut,

with which organization the men of the Twenty-fourth were specially intimate; the Second and Third Brigades had five and six regiments respectively. The naval force had twenty vessels of varying size all under the command of Flag Officer L. M. Goldsborough, and on the 7th, when the attack began, he paraphrased the famous signal of Nelson with, "Our country expects every man to do his duty." Opposed to them upon the water was only an insignificant array of seven tugs and river steamers by some one dubbed "mosquito fleet," under Commander Lynch, but really of so little consequence that the Federal commander gave it very little attention. The forces of Burnside are said to have been piloted to Hammond's or Ashby's landing by a negro, and the thousands of Union soldiers who, through water and mud, waded in and pressed their way up the island towards the enemy's fortifications were filled with a disposition to make ample amends for the long delays they had suffered. At the cost of many killed and wounded men, the island was won and the first act in the expedition was ended.

Where so many generous souls went out into the infinite it might be deemed unfair to make special mention of individuals, but the case of Lieut.-Col. Vignier de Monteil of the Fifty-third New York or the d'Epineuil Zouaves should be stated. His own regiment had been sent back to Annapolis because of the excessive draft of the vessel carrying it, but for some reason the officer found himself, as it were, stranded on Hatteras. He was every inch a soldier, and when there was a fight in progress he wished to have a part. He asked the privilege of serving in the ranks, and with a carbine in hand he advanced along with and a little to the right of the Ninth or Hawkins' Zouaves of New York. He had done effective service when, well along in the second day, whether by a sharpshooter or not, may never be known, the gallant officer fell. A brave and heroic life went out when he died. Among the Confederate dead, the loss of no one man gave rise to more regret and remark than that of

Capt. O. Jennings Wise, captain of the Richmond Blues, the crack company of that city, and then known as Company A of the Forty-sixth Virginia. To him, his older brother, John S. Wise ascribed qualities rivaling those of the admirable Crichton, and, without doubt, he was entitled to a deal of praise for the gallant manner in which he discharged all the duties laid upon him. He was, however, mortally wounded before he undertook the trip across the sound to Nag's Head, and his friends realized that war "ever plants its fangs in the bravest and tenderest hearts."*

Nearly forty years after the engagement at Roanoke the publication of "North Carolina Troops, 1861-1865," enables those who desire to learn somewhat the estimate of the fight by those who were beaten. That same Lieut.-Col. Wharton J. Green, who came on the field too late for any considerable part in the fray, in his report to Col. H. M. Shaw, who was in command, says he landed on the island at 10 a.m. of the 8th, but it was 12 o'clock before he could get under way. On his march towards the Union lines he met many stragglers who assured him that it was all up, yet he persisted in advancing. His men did meet the Twenty-first Massachusetts and had a brief tilt, resulting in the death of three of his men and the wounding of five, and he was ready to continue the struggle, but was assured that he would do so at his peril. In his story of the Second Battalion the Lieutenant-Colonel enlarges on his admiration for General Burnside, who merited "the grand

*In the spring of '65, while the 24th was doing guard duty in Richmond, a member of Co. B was sitting in Capitol Square, when a man, evidently along in years, came and sat down by the soldier and at once began a conversation. He proved to be Henry A. Wise, ex-governor, and the father of Capt. O. Jennings Wise. He spoke of his personal loss at Roanoke. He was himself an excellent story-teller and was more than interested in the words of the Yankee who conveyed to him the language of the dying son, who, as he was lifted from the boat, was said to have expressed a wish that he might put his hand under the Island and have the strength to turn it over as he would a flapjack, thus like Samson of old destroying all his enemies in his own death.

old name of gentleman.'' Before this the Confederate had disclosed the queer weapons with which his command was armed. His men had been promised Enfield rifles, but these went elsewhere. However, the soldiers were ''ready to take the best tools they could get and there was no grumbling.'' Some of them started off with squirrel rifles and double-barreled shot-guns. ''Fortunately, our uncouth armament was supplemented by some 350 old flintlock muskets, which Governor Letcher of Virginia generously turned over to us because his folks would not touch such tools. After being percussioned by the government they made very respectable killing implements, especially when each double-barreled man carried, beside, a two-foot carving knife of the heft of a meat axe in lieu of a bayonet.'' Chroniclers of the Thirty-first North Carolina Regiment, in Vol. II of the aforesaid publication, say, p. 509. ''The entire military force stationed on the island prior to and at the time of the engagement consisted of the Eighth Regiment, North Carolina State Troops, under command of Col. H. M. Shaw, a most gifted and gallant officer; the Thirty-first Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers, commanded by Col. J. V. Jordan, known as a faithful officer and a fine disciplinarian, also three companies of the Seventeenth Regiment, North Carolina Troops, under the command of Major G. H. Hill. After manning the forts we had only about 800 effective men for duty. * * * The Confederate loss in killed, wounded and missing was 285. We were paroled by the enemy. The term of our enlistments expired about September, 1862, and about this time we were exchanged.''

In the same work it may be read that the remainder of the Seventeenth Regiment had been captured in the preceding August by General Butler, when he made the first raid on Hatteras. Also, in another part of the compilation, occurs this statement concerning the Thirty-first: ''From a combination of circumstances that could not be overcome at the time, this regiment was the worst armed that the State sent to the front.

The State did not have the arms to furnish and the Confederate States refused to furnish any more arms to twelve months' regiments."

Following the battle the Union forces found themselves in possession of a large number of prisoners, and the next question was what should be done with them. While a trip north might have been an educational measure for many of them, it was deemed best to parole them till an exchange could be effected, and the part borne by the Twenty-fourth in this arrangemnt is told in the report of Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn made to Capt. Lewis Richmond, A. A. General of Flag of Truce and Exchange of Prisoners, dated Roanoke Island, Feb. 23, 1862:

In obedience to an order from General Foster, received in the afternoon of Sunday, Feb. 16, 1862, I reported myself to General Burnside for special service at 4 o'clock. I was furnished by him with dispatches for General Benjamin Huger in relation to an exchange of prisoners of war, and directed to proceed with a flag of truce to Elizabeth City, and place the dispatches in the hands of the first responsible Confederate officer whom I could find, unless I could get permission to proceed to Norfolk and present them in person and thereby gain time.

The tug-boat Champion being placed at my disposal, I went immediately on board, and obtaining a pilot from the flagship Philadelphia, proceeded to Elizabeth City. I arrived at the gunboat Louisiana [about a mile from the town] at 2 a.m., and, seeing Captain Murray, learned that he had no means of putting me in communication with the forces of the enemy that night. At daybreak, I went in the tug to the town and found it almost entirely deserted, with no troops to be seen. Learning that the nearest commanding officer was Major Lee of the Third Georgia Volunteers, whose headquarters were about three miles distant, I procured a conveyance and reached the place at about 9 o'clock. Major Lee, who was absent at the time, soon arrived and I asked to be forwarded to Norfolk. He replied that dispatches could be sent forward immediately, but that it would be necessary to obtain the permission of an officer at some distance from here before he could allow me to go any farther, and intimated that it would prob-

ably not be permitted at all. Finding that I should lose much time by urging the point, I gave him the dispatches, to which, he assured me, I should have an answer by the next morning. I then returned to the Louisiana. At 4 p.m. on Tuesday, the 18th, Major Lee brought dispatches from General Huger with the announcement that Major Allston would arrive from Norfolk in the morning to communicate with me in relation to the matter with which I was charged. At 11 a.m. the next day I met Major Allston and found that he had no authority to make any arrangement in addition to the proposition of General Huger.

I then returned to Roanoke Island with the dispatches and reported to General Burnside at 5 p.m. Feb. 19. On the 20th, I was ordered by General Burnside to take charge of the transports Guide, Spaulding, Cossack, Geo. Peabody and New York containing the prisoners of war captured on Roanoke Island, and proceed with them to Elizabeth City, and deliver the prisoners to Major Allston, taking a receipt therefor. I reached Elizabeth City at 6 p.m., and anchored the transports off the town, went on shore with the tug Champion, which had accompanied the fleet, and arranged with Major Allston to commence the delivery of the prisoners at 7 the next morning. At the appointed time, the steamers Spaulding and the Geo. Peabody were at the wharf, the officers landed and the rolls verified in my presence, then the wounded, and afterwards the rank and file from the other transports, one company at a time. This continued without interruption until 5 p.m., when all were delivered. Various doubts of the rank of some of the prisoners arising from a difference in their own statements and that of the rolls were made the subject of a document signed by Major Allston and myself, referring the matter to the competent authorities for settlement by reference to the records. Thirty prisoners, whose names were on the rolls could not be found. * * * Early on Saturday morning, I left with the fleet for Roanoke Island, and on arriving gave you the receipt of Major Allston with above corrections. (The corrections are omitted here.)

Lieutenant-colonel Osborn thus accounted for about 2580 men, yet Colonel Shaw, the rebel commander, says his entire force did not exceed 1400. Where the prisoners came from has ever been a wonder to those who took them. The great

majority of the prisoners went away happy with hearty hand-shakes and the best of good wishes, but one observer records an exception: "While the rebs were going down to the landing, one of them, a mere boy, was carried on a stretcher, being badly wounded, and he was damning the Yanks up hill and down. He was a professor of cuss words too."

There was not much variety in the further stay of the Union forces on Roanoke. It might be interesting to know how many brier-wood pipes were fashioned by ingenious hands, either for friends at home or for personal use. Rumors having been started by some of the colored people that treasures had been buried by the residents, there followed some digging on the part of the Yankees, but with indifferent success, in one case the remains of a deceased rebel being the net returns. Some of the men wondered at the seeming poverty of the people, there being instances where attempts to secure supplies from them ending in giving food and necessities to the enemy. One man remarked on the statement that there were 600 families on the island, that he couldn't see where they could be, for his observation indicated very sparse settlements. It is claimed that only one vote for secession was cast on the Island. To those who recalled their history, there was a charm in standing where the brave pioneers of Sir Walter Raleigh may have been and in living over, in mind, the days of early English occupancy.* There were attempts at bathing, but the gen-

*The years since 1862 have marked many changes in Roanoke. The population is more than twice that of the war period, Manteo itself having nearly 1000 people. Named for the first Indian baptized in the Christian faith, it is on the east side of the Island about one mile from the scene of the hardest part of the fighting. It is the shire town for Dare County, erected since the war, and the county includes the Island, the bar of sand separating Roanoke Sound from the ocean, and some parts of the mainland to the westward of Croatan Sound. The name of the county commemorates that of the first white child of English parents born in America. In 1896 people interested in historical matters,

eral verdict was that the water was not up to the desired temperature for that diversion. In the Twenty-fourth, Colonel Stevenson would not permit any great amount of time to pass without the inevitable drill. To him there was nothing like occupation to keep men out of mischief, so very few days passed without its drill, company and battalion, and usually a parade. The regiment had acquired an enviable reputation and he did not intend that it should lose any part of it.

Of course there were constant rumors as to the next move from Roanoke, and in fancy the soldiers were capturing all of the places on the mainland, but few of the dreams materialized. However irksome the stay may have been to the men, it must have been infinitely more so to the officers in high command, whose military future depended on the accomplishment of the expedition. More than a month of precious time was lost in this inactivity with little to relieve the monotony. Of course there were letters from home, and a deal of time was devoted to telling the dear ones there how the battle went, of the escapes and the fatalities. Thousands of letters came down from northern homes to cheer the hearts of the "Boys in Blue," and that home army was hardly conscious of the good thus done to the army at the front. Days when mail was expected were intervals of intensest anxiety. Happy the boy who got his letter, happier still the lad with more than one; but who shall picture the looks of the man, when the last name had been called, and his was not heard? After these many days, it is not amiss to recall some of those communications which put fervor into the hearts of the recipients. While individually received and

dedicated a handsome monument on the site of old Fort Raleigh, near the extreme northern end of the Island. The same commemorates the first English settlement as well as the birth of Virginia Dare. The house occupied by Burnside is still standing, and is to-day known as Burnside's Headquarters. Where the expedition landed is now the dock of the Old Dominion Steamship Company. (The writer is obliged to B. G. Crisp, Esq., of Manteo, N. C., for items of information.)

read they were general in their application. In her letter of February 13th, the mother was in the greatest anxiety, not having heard from her son since the battle; in the second, that of the 24th, she has heard that her boy is safe, but the motherly heart still refuses to be satisfied:—

With what strange and mingled emotions of hope and dread do I now address you. We have received accounts of the capture of Roanoke Island, and this glorious victory of Burnside, but this is all; we have yet to learn at what sacrifice of precious lives this success is purchased. O God, grant me resignation to Thy divine will. I have prayed for strength to yield implicit obedience to God's will and I have prayed for God's protection of you, my dear son, in that fearful struggle of human life. * * * I thought I would send you a few lines to assure you, if it is necessary, of my untiring love and interest in you, and to tell you how constantly I think of you and pray for you. * * * I feel, this morning, comparatively calm to what I have done and, although I am still very anxious to know the details of the struggle, yet I feel more resigned to God's will, for I know "that all things work together for good to those who love God. This is the experience of all God's children and I have ever found it so."—February 13, 1862.

No less than three letters are before me from you. On Saturday I received yours of the 12th, this morning one from you of the 10th, proving the irregularity of the mails. I cannot tell you with how much pleasure and satisfaction I received these pencil-written sketches, my dear son, and I appreciate your attention in writing at such a time and under such circumstances. If you knew how anxiously my heart has been beating for you, and how often my fervent prayers have been offered for you, I think you would feel fully repaid for writing these penciled lines, more precious to me than many a fairer written page. Of course, I felt relieved from anxiety about you long before your letter reached me, because I had read the accounts in the papers, which soon gave us the particulars of the taking of Roanoke Island. * * * Our cause is marching on, and God grant that our flag may soon be waving over every rebellious state and the Union forever firmly established. Alas! I tremble to think at what a

sacrifice of precious lives this must be effected; may God in His mercy spare mine. Amen. * * * After mentioning an entertainment, the letter continues: I could not go, for it was about the time I was feeling so anxious about you, and although I was assured of your safety, yet I could feel no interest in anything of the kind, and did not wish to go where I should meet so many people. * * * God ever bless you, my dear son.—Feb. 24, 1864.

February 28th, Lieut.-Col. Osborn records: "We were going to Plymouth Monday, but that expedition was given up and we are still here, much elated at the glorious victories of Forts Henry and Donelson and the rout of Price's army." March 10th the same officer narrates the incidents of a trip made on the Vidette with three companies of the 24th, A, C and F, up the Scuppernong River to Columbia, for the purpose of seizing some 600 militia, who, it was understood, were to be drafted and mustered there. He had also with him the Pilot Boy, the Pickett, the Alice Price, and the Virginia, carrying six companies of the Sixth New Hampshire under Lieutenant-Colonel Griffin, and three pieces of artillery, under Colonel Howard of the Marine Artillery. As usual, on reaching the mouth of the river, it was found that the Vidette and the Virginia could not enter on account of their draft, so the men were taken on by the "Pilot Boy," which, with the Alice Price, carried the troops and went on up the stream. General Foster, commanding, placed Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn next in command, and the latter threw out an advanced guard of twenty men under Lieut. H. D. Jarves, and marched about three-quarters of a mile, where they halted for the General to come up. Near this place they seized a stupid countryman, bearing the name of Brickhouse, to whom they administered the oath of allegiance, because of his claiming to be a Union man. He proved to be a veritable Mrs. Malaprop in his use of words, and stated that the mustering of militia had been "contrabanded" by the Governor because he was afraid the Yankees would get them. He said

he had been in Columbia that day and there were no troops there, and he "resumed" there were none in the neighborhood. When accused of a purpose to escape, he said he had no such "resign." On the arrival of the General it was decided to move forward, which was done rapidly. It was a lovely, moonlit night, perfectly still save for the sounds made by those marching. On reaching the town, it was found almost deserted, except for the blacks. The battalion of the Twenty-fourth was quartered at the Court House, and the artillery placed so as to command the streets. Even here was found the well-nigh ubiquitous liquor shop, which the Lieutenant-Colonel shut up, threatening to destroy the liquor and burn the building if any more business was done. The night passed quietly, and in the morning, after breaking open the jail to get at some old arms stored there, and tearing down the whipping-post and stocks, all went on board the steamers again and returned to the fleet, having had a fine time, though no special harm was done the Confederacy.

In the service of the Episcopal Church we may read: "In the midst of life we are in death," a truth early apparent to the victors at Roanoke, and for the reception of the bodies of the deceased soldiers a burial place was necessary. Surgeon Green of the Twenty-fourth, alive to this need, was prompt to select and devote a plot of land for such purpose. A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing March 3d, has, in substance, the following: "A short distance in the rear of the hospital of the First Brigade, Surgeon Green selected a pretty grove of evergreen, and on a pleasant Sunday, two weeks ago, had it dedicated as Roanoke Cemetery with appropriate religious ceremonies. * * * The services of dedication were interesting and solemn, and comprised a brief introductory speech by Dr. Green, followed by Chaplain Horace James of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, with appropriate readings from the Scriptures. Prayer was next offered by the Rev. J. B. Clark, chaplain of the Twenty-third, and Chaplain Mellen of the Twenty-fourth followed with an

address, the exercise concluding with a benediction by Chaplain Geo. S. Ball of the Twenty-first. During the hour or more thus devoted, sacred music was rendered by Gilmore's famous band."

On the 10th and 12th of March come orders of a similar nature to those preceding Roanoke, in regard to the moving of the fleet and the landing. Once more the regiment is embarked upon the Vidette and the Guide, and the prows of the vessels are turned toward a new enterprise. More than a month has been given to Roanoke Island, and now the men say "Good-by" to their first battlefield and move on to

NEWBERN.

This city, the capital of Craven County, is situated at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent Rivers, the former constituting its eastern and the latter its southern boundary. It derives its name from the fact that a colony of Swiss, under the care of the Baron de Graffenreid, near the beginning of the eighteenth century, had settled on the banks of the Neuse and had brought with them the name of their home capital. Settings more dissimilar than those of Berne on the Aar, and New Berne on the Neuse could hardly be imagined, but the name itself, by its mere repetition, may have relieved some of the early settlers' pangs of nostalgia. In the provincial days Newbern was the capital of what was to be the Old North State. At the breaking out of the Rebellion the city was next to the largest seaport in the State, and having a population rising 5,500, was an important factor in the well-being of the Confederacy. Once in the possession of the Union forces, Newbern would be useful as a base of supplies, and as a starting place of expeditions against other parts of the rebellious South. Situated twenty-eight miles from the ocean, it enjoyed a mild and equable temperature both summer and winter.

Sailing from Roanoke on the 11th, in the forenoon, the fleet anchored near Hatteras Inlet, its station after making its

entrance in January. The contrast between the weather then and that of March was marked, and northern men were glad to know that water in the vicinity of Hatteras could be smooth. There the army had the pleasure of receiving a mail, a sure source of inspiration for the severe work awaiting it. Here, too, was received the glorious tidings of the punishment inflicted on the Merrimack by the little Monitor, making every one all the more determined to do his best. Wednesday, the 12th, the advance began, it being about 2 o'clock when the estuary of the Neuse was entered, there and for several leagues nearly twelve miles wide. It was an inspiring sight for those participating, however the rebel observers on the land may have regarded it. At intervals fires on the shore, sending up great volumes of smoke, evidently were signals announcing the Union movement to the Confederates. At sundown, when about eighteen miles from Newbern, the fleet came to anchor, waiting for the light of another day. The vessels were off Slocum's Creek, where the next day a landing was to be effected. A good night's rest was excellent preparation for the trials of the 13th, which soon arrived. At 8 o'clock the signal was set to embark the men in boats and row to the stern of some of the light draft steamers, which were to act as tugs in getting the men ashore. When the tows were all arranged, the steamers started for the land, about a mile and a half away. The starry banner waved in the morning breeze, the gun barrels glistened in the bright sunlight, and, with the cheers of the men, he must have had a stony heart who did not exult at having a part in such a magnificent scene. Meanwhile, the guns of the navy were shelling the shore, on which a landing was to be made. When the ships had gone as far as was practicable, small boats were cast off and the men began to use their oars in trying to reach the shore, and soon ran aground. On General Foster's shouting, "Wade ashore," officers and men leaped into the water, about three feet deep, and pushed for the shore, fifty feet off. Colonel Stevenson, sword in hand and near to the regimental colors, was the first

to spring from his boat, followed close by Lieutenant Horton, and Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn led the men from his particular craft. Among the "boys" who made the watery leap for the shore was Willie Canning, the fourteen-year-old drummer boy of Company D, whom Lieutenant Partridge had told not to go ashore with his company. Said his comrade, Charles T. Ford, "After we had gone about five miles through the rain and mud, some one pulled my coat-sleeve, and in looking around I found Canning somewhat out of breath, and when I asked why he did not obey the Lieutenant, he said he did, for he came off with another company and had had a hard time catching up. Once up with us, he stayed up, and in the fight did as much firing as any of us." He died the following September in Washington. The report had spread abroad that the organization landing first should lead in the attack, and each regiment, athirst for glory, was striving to gain renown. The "Come on, men," of their Colonel was a prompting to the men of the Twenty-fourth to do their utmost and there were few laggards in the scurry for the landing. The men of the Twenty-fourth claim that to them are due the honors of first reaching the shore with their flag and a supporting array of soldiers, though the color-bearer of the Fifty-first New York did get his standard first ashore, but he was alone.

"Light marching order" was the command, but its execution consisted principally in leaving the knapsacks on the vessels, for each man had forty rounds of ammunition, two days' rations in his haversack, his canteen filled with water, overcoat on and blanket rolled about his neck, and, with gun besides, the command seemed just a bit wide of the mark. If the exercise of landing were violent, the waist-deep wading through the Neuse was cooling. After allowing the water to run out of boots and shoes, lines were formed and, following the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, acting as skirmishers, the advance began. Participants in that march through the marshy and bushy woods had their eyes open to their strange

surroundings, noting specially the hanging moss, so common in southern forests, and also the results of the shelling the shores had received earlier in the day from the navy, many a pine tree having been badly splintered. About two miles from the landing some cavalry barracks of the enemy were reached, their late occupants having left them in a hurry. However, an ancient colored mammy appeared, who expressed her pleasure at seeing the Yankees, and praying the blessing of God upon them. When asked how many rebels there had been and where they were, she replied, "Dar' was a right smart heap ob' 'em, but when you uns trew dem rotten shells into de woods, dey right smart git and dey's a right smart chance of a ways off now." The screeching of a peacock strutting hard by almost brought a fusilade from the men who heard it, they not knowing what could be responsible for such unearthly yelling.

Though the landing was effected in the sunshine, ere long clouds gathered and rain soon commenced and continued during a large part of the day. After a considerable distance, a county road was reached, where the marching was easier. Soon a railroad (Goldsboro & Beaufort) was attained, after crossing which the regiment filed into a field of rice and rested a half hour and lunch was eaten. On setting out again Foster's, or the First Brigade, with the Twenty-fourth in advance, took the highway, while Reno's, the Second Brigade, followed the railroad; Parke, with the Third Brigade, came afterwards as a reserve. Company E, Captain Hooper, was thrown forward as an advance guard, and Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn, finding the marching with this detachment agreeable, remained with it through the day. The roads, under the continuous rain, were becoming very heavy, and the soil, of a clayey nature, stuck to the marching feet most tenaciously, some of the men declaring that each step lifted a possible brick. Just before reaching the railroad there was passed a line of earthworks which the enemy had deserted that morning. As they were high and strong, their desertion

saved the Union forces a deal of hard work. Whatever armament the enemy may have possessed had also been removed. As the officers in command had expected a strong resistance here, they felt much relieved at not having to force them. Towards night the news came that Manassas had been occupied by General McClellan's men, and the plodding lines along the Neuse were greatly cheered. There was little of incident during the day save the occasional appearance of colored people, who possibly were able to give the leaders some information. There had been the halt for dinner, which was taken from the haversacks, and one lucky Yankee having acquired a very small pony, much to the delight of his comrades, proceeded to relieve the tedium of the march by riding him, though the combination was most ridiculous.

At nightfall, having filed into the woods by the roadside, arms were stacked and campfires built, two for each company, great care being taken lest the forest catch fire. There had been some falling out on this the first real march of the regiment, a few of the men being unable to stand the strain, and one poor fellow, going into a spasm, was carried into an old house and the surgeon was summoned to his relief. Otherwise the men came into their camp feeling that they were nearer the enemy than in the morning, and that the day of battle was at hand. The march of about ten miles had been extremely wearisome, owing to the heavy burdens carried and the character of the roads, and rest, even though it was found in the mud, was very grateful. But each regiment had to send out a picket line and, fresh or weary, the lot had to fall on some one. "It was a miserable night;" the best that could be said of it was that there was no disturbance from without, and such sleep as men could get, under the circumstances, they had. Some said they slept little, if any, even though they wrapped themselves up in their blankets. What those did who had thrown theirs away has not been told. All night the rain fell, and the soldiers accommodated themselves to the situation according to their dispositions and circumstances.

All sorts of tribulation befell the boys during that wet night. A pair of them undertook to sleep with a rubber and woolen blanket under them, and the same over, finding, as they thought, a good place. Ere long one of them shouts, "Charlie, you have got all the covering over you, for I am wet through to the skin." "So am I, too," was the reply, when they began to investigate, only to find that they had placed their couch in the bed of a stream by the roadside, and the water was actually running by them. A standup for the remainder of the night was their portion. Fortunately, the enemy was just as uncomfortable as the Union army, and kept carefully aloof from the Yankees in bivouac. The following parody may have been in the minds of many, both Johnny and Yank, though possibly unexpressed, as the two armies reposed in the mud and addressed themselves to sleep:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
In mud that's many fathoms deep;
If I'm not here when you awake,
Just hunt me up with an oyster rake."

Sunrise came a little after 6 o'clock, and the camp was early astir. Whatever eating the men did was done without concert, each one doing his best for himself. It was not long after daylight that musketry firing was heard on the left, and the regiment immediately fell into line and started on, still holding the advance. Though rain had ceased falling, there was a thick fog and roads were as heavy as ever. It seems that the camp had been pitched very near the enemy's works, for the advance guard had gone only a short distance when earthworks were discovered across the road a few hundred yards away. Halting, officers and men were sent forward to reconnoitre, who soon returned, stating that the fortification seemed to be long and strong with artillery and filled with infantry and cavalry. It appeared that here the enemy had decided to make the principal fight for the continued possession of the city. The earthwork extended from the Neuse, near Fort Thompson, a mile and a half to a nominally impen-

etrable swamp extending southward in the direction of Morehead City. There were a battery of thirteen guns next the river, several redoubts, all of them well mounted, three batteries of field artillery, and eight regiments of infantry, numbering about 8000 troops, under the command of General Lawrence O'B. Branch, who, a graduate of Princeton, had been from December, '55, to March 3d, '61, a member of Congress. He was to fall at Antietam in the following September. In the river had been placed a variety of obstructions, more or less ingenius, but all of them proved utterly useless so far as stopping the progress of the Union fleet, under the command of Capt. S. C. Rowan, who had succeeded Flag Officer Goldsborough, was concerned.

At General Foster's command, Colonel Stevenson led the Twenty-fourth into a field at the right of the road, and formed line parallel to the Confederate breastworks and in the edge of a wood. The Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, passing behind the Twenty-fourth, formed on its right, with four companies nearest the river refused to protect the flank. This position proving untenable, on account of the nearness of Fort Thompson and the danger from our own gunboats, Colonel Upton moved the Twenty-fifth to the left of the road and the Twenty-fourth, thus leaving the latter on the extreme right. As originally placed, the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts was on the left of the road and supporting a battery; the latter position of the Twenty-fifth must have crowded the Twenty-seventh somewhat; next towards the left was the Twenty-third Massachusetts and then the Tenth Connecticut, which completed the First Brigade; later in the day the Eleventh and the Eighth Connecticut of the Third Brigade moved in on either side of the Twenty-third, the latter retiring for lack of ammunition. General Parke's, or the Third Brigade, formed on the left of the First, and Reno's, or the Second, held the extreme Union left. Opposed to these troops, over behind the frowning breastworks, in front of which was a wide and deep ditch, were North Carolina regi-

ments in the following order, beginning at the rebel left or at the River Neuse, viz.: 27th, 37th, 7th, 35th, 26th and 33d. The 28th reached the field just in time to witness the withdrawal of the Confederates and to assist in protecting the rear. Between the 35th and the 26th, rebel writers mention a battalion of militia, whose early giving way was one of the sources of failure to hold the works. The Confederate batteries from their left to right were the guns of Fort Thompson, then Whitford's, Leecraft's, Herring's, Evans's, all between the river and the road; between the road and the railroad were those of Latham, Mayo and Brem. The artillery of Burnside's men was conspicuous by its absence, consisting only in a few howitzers from the fleet, and even these the boys who had helped draw them through the mud thought quite too many.

Our concern is chiefly with the doings of the Twenty-fourth Regiment on this day, and the words of one who was there may tell the story. Halting fifty yards from the open, within the edge of the woods, and 250 yards from the enemy's lines, there appeared to be many obstructions filling the interval, intended to make the crossing as difficult as possible, consisting largely of fallen trees. Company E was sent forward to ascertain the exact situation resulting in the locating of certain Confederate batteries. Soon after comes an order from General Foster for the regiment to advance to the edge of the woods and to commence firing. The order was obeyed at once, and on reaching the open the men were saluted with a volley from the enemy which proved harmless. The reply was immediate, and at last men who had been so anxious to use their guns against the foe were having their opportunity. The field officers as well as the line were afoot, and the command being to lie down the firing was from that position, each man taking as careful aim as possible. Fortunately, the range of the rebels was too high and comparatively few of their shots were effective. Not alone were the missiles from the infantry, but the artillery shot and shell were coming fast

and furious, though the enemy's firing by volleys gave the Union troops chances to dodge. Again, the aim of the rebels was so high that they cut off more trees than men. A Virginia rail fence in the immediate front had been taken down by the sappers and miners, men having been stationed at each angle, and, on the word, had lifted the whole section and leveled it. At first many of the guns were not in working order on account of the wetting received the night before when they were in stack, and the charges had to be withdrawn before they were useful. When a Company G boy got a serious wound in his shoulder, he dropped his gun, but was able to shout, "Give it to the ————! Where's my gun?" He was helped back a little ways and the fight went on without him. Confederate officers could be seen trying to get their men up to the works and to make a more forceful fight. One officer in his zeal even climbed upon the breastwork itself, and ran along the same, as though trying to show his men the absence of danger, but he was soon picked off, a clear refutation of his apparent illustration. Another, who rode a white horse, was seen doing his best to drive the men into more strenuous action, and he, too, became a special target and so went down, his body being found after the rout completely riddled with bullets. There were lulls in the firing, and one man of Company D records that he would have fired more had he been able to see anything to shoot at, so dense was the pall of smoke. "I was holding my fire when Lieutenant Sweet of my company came along and wanted to know why I wasn't firing. I told him I didn't wish to waste my ammunition." "Oh, blaze away," was the reply. "You'll make a noise if you don't do anything else." Once in the heat of the fight a force of what seemed to be Union soldiers was seen entering the fort in the rear of the enemy, and our men accordingly ceased firing and rose to their feet with cheers, only to find that their supposed friends were really reinforcements, and the shooting was at once resumed. Though the action raged through three long hours it was only

toward the last that the enemy got the range of the Federal position sufficiently to do any considerable execution. During all this time the Twenty-fourth was endangered by an enfilading fire on its right, coming from the Union gunboats, which were pounding away at the water battery near the river, while fully a mile to the left the forces of General Reno were fighting the rebels in front of them. When the action was hottest, word was brought to Colonel Stevenson that his brother, the Major, was wounded, but would not leave the field. As the Colonel left his place in the rear of the center of the regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn succeeded him. While the Colonel was absent, and the second officer began to wonder at his stay, there came a shout from the men in front, for evidently something was happening down towards the left. It was because a portion of the Twenty-first Massachusetts had gained the battery in their front and were struggling for its possession that there came the cheering from our part of the line. Colonel Stevenson came running up with the order to charge and, helter skelter, went the men over the intervening space, under, over, and through all sorts of obstacles till the ditch was reached and the breastwork mounted, only to be found deserted, for, firing a parting volley and sending a final round of grape, the rebels had precipitately fled. Some of the men, in their anxiety to keep out of the water, on reaching the fosse, threw across the trunks of trees and so walked over dry, while others made flying leaps and some went into the mud plump, whence they were helped by their fellows, sights to behold. One man who made the leap complete, when, several days later, he saw what he had done, could hardly credit his own sight, though he ascribed his agility to the spur of excitement. The Union flag soon replaced the rebel banner, and the fight for the possession of the city on the other side of the Trent was over.

Meanwhile, the gunboats, quite ignorant of the turn in the affairs on the shore, were still sending their compliments in the shape of iron missiles, so that men of the Twenty-fourth

were ordered to mount the parapets of Fort Thompson, and by the show of flags indicate the change of possessors. The forces on the river at once discovered the situation and quickly substituted cheers for shot and shell. First Sergeant Nat. Wales of Company G, discovering a beautiful horse tied to a tree, proceeded to appropriate him, but passed him along to the Colonel, who had been on foot all day. The steed had been wounded in the neck, thus accounting for his having been left. There were still forts along the river's side between Thompson and the Trent, but these were quickly put out of business by the gunboats, a well-directed shot from one of them blowing up the magazine of one battery. Generals Foster and Burnside speedily appeared on the scene, and both were profuse in their praise of the men and happy in the successful outcome of the day. Said the latter, "Well, boys, I gave you something to do this time, didn't I?" To which remark the men responded with the jolliest of cheers. So hurriedly had the defenders of the works departed they had not time to eat nor take with them the food which had been brought out to them. All along the line were iron pails or pots of stewed gray beans with pork, and there was johnny-cake in plenty. This show of provisions was not entirely lost, since many of the victorious soldiers had fought on empty stomachs and were not in the least averse to sampling the deserted rations.

It was a scene of desolation that the Union soldiers beheld as they looked about the place whence so recently had come the hostile shot. It looked as though every horse used with the artillery had been killed, for the number of dead animals was great. They were lying with their harnesses on, and, in some cases, with them off. Some were attached to carts, which evidently were for ambulance purposes. Knapsacks, clothing of every description, ammunition, along with dead bodies of the enemy, all attested the fury of the battle and the suddenness of the flight. A train of cars, apparently held for an emergency, had afforded an avenue of escape for many of the

retreating rebels. However, the city, the principal object of the battle, was still several miles away, and the order of Burnside was to leave a company in Fort Thompson and push on towards Newbern. Colonel Stevenson complied by ordering Company B into the fort and the remainder of the regiment started onward. Three miles farther the crossing of the river by the railroad was reached, and the bridge was found to be on fire and flames were rising from the city itself. The enemy, in their anger and despair over the loss of their defenses, had determined to give the victors a taste of what Napoleon experienced at Moscow.

Turning into a field near the destroyed bridge, the regiment secured needed rest. Meanwhile, troops were thrown across the river, who, with the help of the colored people, managed to put out the fire and so save the town. However, till this most fortunate result was reached, there was a vast pall of smoke overhanging the city, so dense at times that only the steeples of the churches were visible. The loss in the regiment was ten killed and about sixty wounded, including Major Stevenson and Lieutenants Nichols [H], Sargent [E], and Horton [I], who was acting Adjutant, the latter seriously. After a wait of about three hours in the field the men were marched down to the river, and, by means of improvised ferries, were taken over to the city, in one of whose rebel camps the victors found quarters. Previously to going over General Foster had found opportunity to tell the officers of the Twenty-fourth his admiration for the spirit of their men and his opinion of the battle itself, which he characterized as a well-fought field. It is noteworthy that quite all of those contesting the Union advance were North Carolina troops, with the possible exception of some of the batteries; a large part of those who thus advanced were from the Bay State. How the battle was regarded by the North Carolinians may be seen in the stories of the several regiments engaged. That of the Thirty-fifth North Carolina says:

General Branch formed his line of defense at right angles

with the river, beginning at Fort Thompson on the Neuse, and extending it across the country to near Brice's Creek. His troops consisted of seven regiments, including the militia. The batteries of Latham and Brem, six guns each, supported this line. About midway the line was intersected by the railroad* from Newbern to Morehead City. At this point of intersection there was a brickyard. Burnside attacked early on the morning of March 14, '62. After the battle had progressed for some time in a manner encouraging to the Confederate commander, the enemy, perceiving the weakness of the Confederate line at the brickyard, made a spirited attack at this point. The militia broke and fled. This demoralized the troops on their left, and the enemy seizing the opportunity advanced through this break in the Confederate lines.

The enemy now rushed his troops through the abandoned works, and enfilading the Confederates on either side, forced them to retire, but not without a stubborn resistance by the men of the Thirty-seventh [N. C.] Regiment, sent to replace the fled militia; from the Thirty-third Regiment, sent to the support of the Thirty-fifth, and from the left wing of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, under the command of its gallant Major, Abner B. Carmichael, who here lost his life. With his center pierced and the enemy now firing into his lines from the rear, General Branch ordered a retreat upon Newbern, and, after destroying the bridge across the river, and the military supplies in the city, continued his retreat upon Kinston, where reinforcements were received and the troops reorganized during this and the subsequent month.

In the record of the Thirty-third North Carolina may be read an interesting account as follows:

The men were spoiling for a fight. They were anxious to feel the fire of the enemy. During the day [13th], the Federals kept up a continuous shelling, but did very little execution. Colonel Campbell of the Seventh (West Point, 1840; k. Seven Pines, June 1, '62) was placed in command of the

*In February, 1903, 1st Sergt. J. G. McCarter of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, riding from Newbern to Morehead City, says: "We could but just discern the line of breastworks where we charged over and ended that eventful fight. The storms of forty years and other natural causes had almost obliterated that splendid line of works, fully seven feet high with a wide deep ditch."

right wing. General Burnside, who knew Colonel Campbell, as they were both graduates of West Point, sent Colonel Campbell the following message:

"Reub, quit your foolishness, and come back to the Union army." Colonel Campbell replied: "Tell General Burnside to go to the devil, where he belongs."

Colonel Lee of the Thirty-seventh was in command of the left wing. General Branch exercised a general superintendence of the whole line, but was in immediate command of the centre and the reserve. At daybreak on the 14th the regiment was up and anxious for the fight. We had spent a rather uncomfortable night, as it began to rain about dark and continued to rain slowly all night. Still there were no complaints, no murmurings. Every one seemed to be anxious to do his duty to his country and to his God. A little after seven o'clock the battle began. The firing was brisk and continuous between the river and the railroad, and gradually extended to our right. * * * * * Between the railroad and the Weathersby Road, at our extreme right, was Colonel Vance, Twenty-sixth North Carolina, a company of unattached infantry, and two dismounted cavalry companies of the Nineteenth North Carolina [Second Cavalry]. * * * The entire force from the railroad to the Weathersby Road, a distance of a mile and a half, numbered less than 1000 men. Some portions of the line were wholly unguarded. For some time Foster made little impression on our left wing, but Reno, finding a break in the Confederate line at a brickyard near the railroad, immediately occupied it, and, turning to his right, attacked the militia under Col. H. J. B. Clark. The militia fled ingloriously from the field. The Thirty-fifth, assailed in flank, very soon followed their example. General Branch and his staff tried hard to rally them, but their utmost efforts proved unavailing. Meanwhile, the reserve under Colonel Avery, was ordered to the front, and, with the left wing of the Twenty-sixth, made a bold and determined stand. They kept the enemy in check in their immediate front for more than three hours. The troops on our left, between the railroad and Fort Thompson, had retreated before an overpowering force, and the Federals, pouring into the gap thus made, had advanced a considerable distance in our rear before the Thirty-third ceased firing. Indeed, they ceased firing only when their ammunition was exhausted. Two couriers dispatched by General Branch to Colonel Avery had failed to

reach him, and the Thirty-third, in maintaining the contest for so long a time, was simply obeying orders.

From Confederate sources it is learned that their losses footed up 64 killed, 80 wounded, and 335 missing and prisoners. From the same sources the Federal losses are learned as 89 killed, 370 wounded in the three brigades, with 2 men killed in the batteries and 8 wounded. That the rebels fought behind breastworks is a sufficient reason for the excess of Union fatalities. The book of regimental losses, by Wm. F. Fox, published long after the war, gives the Union loss as 90 killed, 380 wounded, and 1 missing. The Confederate loss he makes 64 killed, 101 wounded, and 413 prisoners. The Twenty-fourth Regiment lost 14 men killed or mortally wounded, and about 80 were wounded more or less seriously. Colonel B. Estvan, a foreign officer, who was serving in the Confederate army, in a story of his observations, printed in 1863, gives an amusing account of his experience before the fight at Newbern and soon after. Having been sent by the Richmond authorities to inspect the works, he went through the same under the guidance of Colonel S. B. Spruill of the Second North Carolina Cavalry, reaching Fort Thompson just as the men were going through their drill. The officer in command he found not up to his work, and should the Union fleet make its appearance he thought said commander would speedily make his headquarters in Newbern. Fort Ellis was incomplete, but the work was carried on just as if there were no danger. The commander here he found to be a very easy-going kind of a man, smoking his pipe by his fireside, caring no more about his general and staff than he did about Burnside and the fleet. He was astonished at the consistent precision of the artillery men in *not* hitting the mark, and he made up his mind that if Burnside knew the situation, he would at once set sail for Newbern, which he could take without the loss of a single man. Then there came a dinner at which, with the flow of wine, followed the inevitable American speeches, wherein the Confederate officers vied

with each other in bragging about what they and their men would do. Colonel Spruill declared that Newbern should become a second Sebastopol, before whose walls the enemy must perish. General Branch arose and made a second speech, in which he said that Colonel Estvan had successfully defended Sebastapol with 10,000 men against the combined forces of England and France. The redoubtable Colonel Spruill was again on his feet and declared that with 10,000 of his own brave fellows he would have taken Sebastopol in fourteen days and not have left one stone upon another. When the visitor was called upon for his speech he said: "My friends, how would you go to work if General Branch, with 10,000 of his best men, undertook the defense of Sebastapol, and Colonel Spruill, with 10,000 of his cavalry, attacked it? What would be the result?" They stared with astonishment at these words, and he sat down curious to see how they would solve their own problem. Another subject was then broached, but he soon perceived that he had lost their favor. Later the Colonel was sent down to North Carolina, and he arrived near Newbern to encounter the wreckage as it flowed away from the Confederate disaster. "Suddenly a number of horsemen galloped past me in full flight, and among them I fancied I could discern the gallant Colonel with whom I had dined a few days ago. He gave a hurried nod and passed on. Newbern I found looking bad enough. General Branch had secured a railway carriage for himself and started off inland. Troops without their officers passed me in confusion, and, throwing away their arms, rushed across the bridge. They all told wonderful stories of the feats performed by their respective regiments. According to their account they all had fought like so many devils, but the force of the enemy not being less than 100,000 men, they had no chance against them. The fact is General Branch had run away and all discipline was at an end."

Battle Reflections.—As the regiment was really under fire first at Newbern, the impressions of the men engaged are in-

teresting, and one of the field officers has given an excellent outline of his feelings as the fight progressed. "I suppose you will like to know how I felt during the battle. I really cannot tell you. While it was progressing I tried to analyze my feelings, but could come at no satisfactory result. I did not feel any fear, though I was very anxious when the firing first began, for many of the muskets had got wet and would not go off. It seemed a matter of course that I should be hit, and yet after every volley I felt somewhat surprised that no ball had touched me. It seemed at times almost impossible that there should be a body of men opposite doing their utmost to kill us, and then it occurred to me what a curious and painful spectacle it would be for a philosopher and lover of humanity that two parties of men should have met with the sole object of destroying each other. As I was lying near the Colonel, I asked him how he felt, and I found that his state of mind tallied exactly with my own. It was such a curious mixture that it was subject to no logical analysis."

What a Private Thought.—"I have been through one battle and came out all right, but I expected every minute would be my last, but as fortune would have it, I was not to be hit. I tell you what it is, the bullets and shells made a good deal of music over our heads, but I expect our Minie-balls and shells played the rogue's march for the rebels, for I saw them marching off at a 'two-forty' gait. I do not believe but that the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Massachusetts regiments could hold that battery against 10,000 rebels. * * * I am first-rate; never felt better in my whole life. The entire regiment is in very good health, except the wounded and some half dozen sick."

How closely the folks at home followed the doings at the front is seen in this letter, written by the mother of one of the line officers, and dated March 20th: "I have just received yours of the 15th inst. from Newbern. How grateful should we all be, my dear son, to our heavenly Father for His preservation of yours and many other valuable lives. Oh! I feel that I am not worthy of the many blessings which I am daily

receiving from the Lord. How earnestly, anxiously, constantly, have I prayed for your safety, and how graciously has the Lord answered His sinful child. * * * What fearful scenes you have witnessed! My heart bleeds for the sufferers and for the bereaved. God be merciful to them, for vain is all human consolation at such a time. We are all anxious to hear further particulars with regard to young Horton's wound, whom the public accounts report as seriously and dangerously wounded. His poor mother and sister I heard were in deep distress. I also heard that his father was going to send some one on for him. Major Stevenson's wound, they say, is slight. I trust it is so and I am glad to hear that young Sargent and Nichols are also only slightly wounded. * * * * ———— got a nice letter from you yesterday, in which you enclosed for me a photograph of your Lieutenant-Colonel, who I think is very handsome. * * * All the family send you bushels of love. God ever bless you and still preserve you from every danger, is the unceasing prayer of your ever affectionate mother."

For many a long week and month Newbern was to be the headquarters of the regiment, and thence hundreds of letters were sent to northern homes descriptive of the city, the surrounding country, expeditions to other points, and of the people to whom the Swiss-named place was home and metropolis. So far as its white inhabitants were concerned, it was almost a deserted city in which the Yankees landed on that afternoon of March 14th, '62. Scarcely more than two hundred of the ruling race had dared to face the invader, and so hurried had been the departure of the citizens that marks of their haste and fright were apparent everywhere. From one vehicle, in its driver's anxiety to make speed, had been dropped a piano, a rare find to the soldier boys who had eyes out for spoils. If, however, the white masters were nearly frenzied in their efforts to escape the Union army, not so their colored servitors, to whom "Massa Linkum's" soldiers were angels of delivery, and they hastened to express their delight at the situation. The Twenty-fourth marched through the city and made itself tolerably comfortable in the

Fair Grounds, on the banks of the Neuse, in the camp of the enemy, who had left even their tents standing, filled with all the equipment of an army at rest. There was quite a large amount of Confederate clothing found among other items, and some of the Massachusetts lads, in their muddy condition, thought a change while they cleaned and dried their own suits would be desirable, and proceeded to get into the uniforms without further ado. One of the boys who had made this exchange was much disgusted after he had turned in for rest and sleep to be notified by his orderly that he was due for patrol duty. No statement that he was tired, that he hadn't any clothes (that is, of the right sort), availed: he was told that he could wear his overcoat above his rebel duds, and this he did for the entire night. Not even the duck slain by him the following morning afforded him consolation, for it proved to be so tough that he had to throw it away after hours of vain effort to boil it tender. He declared the bird dated from Noah and the Ark.

Whatever may have been the expectations of the soldiery as to pillage on occupying the city, all speedily saw that nothing of the kind was to be tolerated. The Twenty-fifth Massachusetts was designated as the guards of the homes, and though there may have been isolated instances of thieving, these boys from New England soon convinced the owners of homes in Newbern that they had better return and occupy them. Stories are told of some of the absurd pranks cut up by occasional depredators, of horses harnessed by negroes at the command of northern men and, before carts laden with furniture from certain homes, driven to camp. Of course, the property taken had not in most instances the least utility for the takers, but there was the gratification of inherent mischief in disturbing some one, especially if the same were a nominal enemy. Among the finds was a history of the United States, on whose fly-leaf a young lady had written, evidently for the edification of some marauding Yankee, these words: "If this book should into a Yankee's hands fall, remember you did

force to flee from home and friends, a peaceful family, and may the memory forever haunt thee.'' The present possessor of the volume says that no ghosts of the ''peaceful family'' have troubled him for his part in their dispossession.

The 15th proved to be very wet and disagreeable; boys who had clothed themselves in rebel raiment were informed that such procedure would not be tolerated, and they must return to regular uniforms even if the same were tattered, torn and muddy. Rations were scarce on account of the slow approach of the commissary stores, and active humanity in an enemy's country was not likely to go hungry if it were possible to find food therein. Excessive hilarity in one of the companies revealed the fact that a barrel of whiskey had been discovered on the wharf, and by some mysterious manner transported to the camp and hidden away in one of the tents, and was affording unwonted delight to the bibulously inclined. The offending liquid was at once seized by the officers and turned over to the medical department. Each soldier had his own way of securing it, but the day after the battle brought needed rest to the officers and men.

COLONEL STEVENSON'S REPORT ON THE BATTLE OF NEWBERN.

Camp Near Newbern, March 16, 1862.

Sir: I beg leave to report that on the morning of the 13th inst. my regiment was on board the transports Guide and Vidette, which were at anchor in the Neuse River, off the mouth of Slocum's Creek. Early in the morning I received the signal to prepare to land and, in accordance with the order of General Foster, filled the boats belonging to my transports with a part of my men, and fastened them to the stern of the steamer Pilot Boy, which came alongside the Guide and took the companies that remained on her. There was no opposition to our landing, and as soon as the men reached the shore I formed them in line of battle. By order of General Foster I then advanced my regiment in rear of the Massachusetts Twenty-first as far as the railroad, when I took the advance on the county road, sending Company E forward as an advance guard. I pushed forward as rapidly as the

condition of the road would permit until nightfall, when, in accordance with General Foster's orders, I filed my regiment into the woods on the right of the road and bivouacked for the night. The men were somewhat worn out by their exhausting march, but made themselves as comfortable for the night as circumstances would permit. I sent forward Companies A, E, F and K as a picket guard, and we remained undisturbed during the night.

Early in the morning of the 14th inst. a small party of the enemy's cavalry appeared within sight of our picket and was fired upon, whereupon I immediately ordered my regiment to fall in. By order of General Foster, I then advanced up the main road with Company E as an advance guard, until within sight of the enemy's intrenchments, and then filed off to the right of the road, where I formed my regiment in line of battle and advanced to within about fifty paces of the edge of the woods, where I halted until my advance guard returned from the road. It was at this time that the enemy opened fire, wounding two of my men. I immediately advanced my regiment out of the woods, where I ordered them to lie down and to open fire. The men behaved very well in this position, keeping up incessant and well directed fire on the enemy for over two hours.

Owing to the rain and wet to which the guns had been exposed, many of my men experienced great difficulty in firing them, and in many cases had to draw the charges before the guns were of any use. Fort Thompson, on our right, which I had supposed had no guns on the land side, opened on us with grape and canister from their guns as soon as we got into position. We afterwards found that they attempted to bring one of their guns on the water side of the battery to bear on our line, but failed, probably from want of time. Finally I noticed the fire of the enemy's right slackened, as I supposed, from the success and advance of our left. I immediately ordered my own regiment forward, and we had advanced but a short distance when the enemy turned, stopping only to give us one volley of musketry and a round of grape. The enemy retreated very precipitately from Fort Thompson as we entered, and I only succeeded in capturing six of them. I immediately raised the American flag on the parapet to apprise the gunboats of our position.

By order of General Foster, I left one company in the fort, selecting for that purpose Company B, and then marched my

U. S. Mail Steamers, Albany, Rowena, Trent River, Terry, Major Rusker, Valley City, Jersey Blue, Underwriter, Dudley Buck, Hunchback, John Farron, Fort Totten, Yacht, C. E. Paige, Delaware, Port Royal, Ella May, Vidette. Hitzel, Neuse River.

NEWBERN, N. C., 1864.

regiment forward on the county road to the railroad and up the railroad to the Trent River, where I halted them in a large field on the left. After remaining there a short time General Foster ordered my regiment to cross the river in the gunboat Delaware, and other boats that he was using for that purpose, and to take possession of the rebel camp in the Fair Grounds outside of Newbern. On reaching camp I found my men much exhausted by their severe labors since they had landed, but was pleased to find that there were comparatively few stragglers.

It pains me to close my report by informing you that my regiment lost 55 men in killed and wounded during the action, a list of whom I herewith transmit.—R. R., Vol. ix, p. 217.

On the part borne by the Twenty-fourth in the battle, General Foster said this in his report, dated March 20th: "I must mention in my brigade, where all behaved bravely, the Twenty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers and the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers. The former, under a severe fire from musketry in the front, and exposed to a flanking fire of grape and canister from Fort Thompson, unprotected by the trees, behaved with marked coolness and steadiness."

Casualties at Newbern.

Killed.—Privates Wm. Banns, Cornelius Hendricks, Co. A; John Thomas, Co. C; Frank C. Brown; Samuel Lines, Wm. Jones, Co. F; A. J. Merritt, Charles Riley, Co. I; James Moreland, Co. K; James Vincent, Co. B.

Wounded.—Major Robert H. Stevenson, Adjutant Wm. L. Horton; Corporal Charles Baker, Privates John Patterson, J. H. Rivers, S. E. Tuttle, Co. A; Sergt. Chas. T. Perkins, Privates John W. Bartlett, Justin Carver, Peter Powers, Robert Risk, Co. C; Privates H. A. DeRibas, Cyrus Getchell, Robert T. Lucas, Chas. B. Saunders, Ephraim Walker, Geo. W. Watrous, Co. D; First Lieut. Daniel Sargent, Sergt. Wm. Arvedson, Corp. G. W. Townsend, Co. E; Privates E. A. Billings, Robert Clark, John Glasset, Wm. Lyon, John Marshall, H. Newbury, Co. F; Privates A. O. Cobb, H. S. Gilmore, Geo. H. Lingham, M. McDermott, Co. G; First Lieut. Jas. B. Nich-

ols, Co. H: Privates A. Anderson, Dennis Fitzgerald, E. R. Merritt, Thos. O'Brien, John Shine, E. M. Tucker, Co. I; Privates Michael Grogan, John Hope, Co. K; Geo. McIntyre, Co. B.

The 16th of March was Sunday, and here, as elsewhere, the day was spent very much as the individual felt inclined. The churches of the city were wanting in regular pastors, but there was a goodly number of regimental chaplains to be counted on, and men were ordered to fall in and go to meeting, which many did; some, not encountering the aide who was to escort them, spent the time instead in roaming about the streets, inspecting the appointments of the city and drawing conclusions as to the value of the captured place. One lad remarks in his letter home, "I enjoyed it very much. The streets are well laid out with rows of trees on the sides, which are beginning to leaf out. There are a great many old darky shanties, and some large and handsome houses, having nice gardens with flowers all in bloom. I saw many peach trees in full blossom."

During the day the Lieutenant-Colonel went out with four companies to meet a flag of truce which was reported coming in. Company B did not remain a great while in Fort Thompson, but was soon relieved and joined the regiment on the Fair Grounds. While in the fort the boys enjoyed an instance of excessive vigilance on the part of Lieutenant Edmands, who, it was said, was never caught napping. Startled, one day, by an unusual noise, he came rushing out of his quarters, buckling on his sword and shouting, "Fall in, Company B, lively!" but discovering that the noise came from the destroying of the rebel barracks he as quickly ordered, "Right face; arms port! March!" and the laugh was on him. One party appropriated and sent home a sewing machine, a double reminder to the one receiving, for she might see the careful friend as well as the bereft Newbern home.

Monday, the 17th, was St. Patrick's Day, but there was little "Wearing of the Green" among the boys in Newbern. A

party from the regiment accompanied General Burnside on a reconnoissance to Slocum's Creek. The wounded from the battle were brought to town, among them being Stevenson, Horton, Sargent and Nichols, the wounded officers of the Twenty-fourth, who were taken to headquarters in Judge Donnell's house. To curious Yankees, the city still had much of interest and some houses whence the occupants had fled were inspected in quest of mementoes. However reprehensible the practice might be, it must be remembered that the most of the men were really boys, and they were in the enemy's country, a fact which was ever prominent in mind. A cavalry escort of the Confederates, bearing a flag of truce and accompanying several light wagons, came in almost unnoticed, and had nearly made the circuit of the town before they were halted, when it appeared that they had come for the purpose of burying the dead and carrying off their wounded.

On Wednesday, the 19th, the regiment embarked for Washington*, N. C., on the Tar River. The same was reached by sailing down the Neuse to Pamlico Sound, thence to the northward, and so into Pamlico River, which soon receives the waters of the Tar, on whose northern bank Washington is located. The distance by water is said to be about one hundred miles. There was ample opportunity to inspect the obstructions planted in the river by the Confederates, in the vain hope that they would prevent the advance of the Union fleet. Colonel Stevenson in his report, dated March 23d, says:—

Agreeably to orders received from General Foster, I embarked the Twenty-fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, on the 19th inst., on the steamer Guide, and on the morning of the 20th, at 7 o'clock, got under way for Washington. Followed the gunboats Delaware, Louisiana and Commodore Barney. At 7 o'clock, same evening, came to anchor off the

*In local parlance and among veterans of this war, frequently "Little" Washington, in distinction from the national capital.

mouth of the Pamlico River. The next morning at daylight we again got under way and at 10 o'clock arrived within about six miles of Washington, when we discovered the enemy's deserted batteries without guns, two on the south bank of the river and the other on the north. We also here discovered a barricade, consisting of piles cut off about three feet below the surface. As I found, it would be impossible to carry the steamer Guide up to the city, even if the barrier was removed, on account of her drawing too much water, I went on board the steamer Delaware and conferred with Captain Quackenbush, who kindly offered to take two of the companies up in his steamer, and as the Mayor, who had come down to meet us, assured us that there were no troops in the city, and as all signs confirmed this statement, I placed Companies E and G on board the Delaware and steamed up to the city, where we found a large number of persons on the wharves. I landed the two companies and marched to the Court House, where we nailed the Stars and Stripes to a flagpole, which we found in front of the Court House. The band played national airs and the men cheered. We then marched through some of the principal streets and returned to the boat. While in the city not a man left the ranks or behaved otherwise than as if on drill.

I was glad to notice considerable Union sentiment expressed by the inhabitants. From quite a number of houses we were saluted by waving handkerchiefs, and from one the national flag, with the motto, "The Constitution and the Union," was displayed.

A large number of the inhabitants expressed a wish that a sufficient force might be sent there to protect them against the rebels. On returning to the steamer Guide, we found that Professor Mallefert had blown up the barrier so as to make a channel some sixty feet wide. At six o'clock same evening, weighed anchor, and started for Newbern, where we arrived on the afternoon of the following day [21st inst.].—R. R., Vol. ix, p. 269.

Of the time spent on shore the boys had many stories to tell. All agree as to the hoisting of the flag on a mast that before had floated a rebel banner. A sailor of the company climbed the tree to which the mast was nailed, and taking the staff down nailed the Union ensign thereon and replaced it, all

accompanied with the utmost enthusiasm of the troops. The companies marched by platoons through some of the principal streets and were greeted with evident delight by some of the citizens, particularly by one lady, a widow, who had been persecuted by the Confederates for her Union sentiments. She had spread out on the balustrade in front of her house the starry banner with the words, "Constitution and Union," affixed. The soldiers, halting, gave her three hearty cheers. It is claimed that this exhibition on her part provoked a raid later, in search of the offending flag, but she had wit enough to elude the searchers. Gilmore's Band, as usual, was a revelation to the native of musical possibilities, and the dulcet strains of "Dixie" almost carried the darkies off their feet.

Every regiment had to take its turn in patrolling the city, and the orders were to take to headquarters all persons without passes. Illustrating the straits to which some of the dwellers in the vicinity were reduced, a certain Corporal relates that leaving his squad on guard at a bridge over the Trent, he went spying out the land. He found the plantation of a certain Confederate doctor who had gone off with the enemy. His plantation was practically deserted, the able-bodied servants or slaves having been carried off with their owner. The Corporal found one aged colored woman, eighty or more years old, with a six-year-old pickaninny, these being the only occupants of the estate. The older woman was skinning a rat which the younger was holding by the tail. When asked what she purposed doing with the animal, she replied, "I'se gwine eat him. I've had no fresh meat in a long time, and I must have summat." The tender-hearted Yankee said: "You hold on, I'll get something better than that for you," and at once started off for his comrades at the bridge, and, from them obtaining a portion of their rations, hastened back to the starving negroes. When he reached the shanty, the negroes had gone in and he, entering, poured his gifts upon an old table to the thankful words of the old woman, who exclaimed

a dozen times, "God bless you, Massa." When asked what she had done with the rat, she replied: "Et him," and when asked how she cooked it, said: "Broil him on de coal." The corporal enjoined her not to eat any more vermin and he would try to see that she was better fed.

Either the unwonted hot weather, fresh meat, or the water the men were obliged to drink, had a debilitating effect upon the regiment and serious illness followed, there being several cases of typhoid fever, and dysentery was very common, so much so that at times a large part of the men had to be excused from duty. The region was malarial, and many of these Massachusetts soldiers were taking into their systems seeds of lifelong illness, subjecting them at intervals to attacks of chills and fever that only large doses of quinine could cure. When the surgeons discovered the strengthening qualities of whiskey and quinine, and administered the same in reasonable potions, the men began to get back to their normal condition, but they learned that fruit-blossoms and summer temperature in the month of March did not necessarily induce bodily vigor. Of course, there were many Union soldiers in Newbern, but to some the prevalence of military funerals seemed appalling. "It is a daily sight, that of a procession from the hospital to the cemetery, to the beat of a muffled drum or following the band, playing a death march. While getting used to it we are not reconciled."

To show the buoyancy of the youthful mind it might be stated that the same private who grew sad over funerals could in the very next paragraph of his letter write: "I have tip-top times here. We have got our old tents again for the first time since leaving Annapolis, except the few days ashore at Hatteras. I saw some strawberry blossoms the other day, and we shall have strawberries soon. Colonel Stevenson has been made a Brigadier-General, commanding the brigade, and Colonel Upton of the Twenty-fifth has resigned. The contrabands are plenty here. They all chew tobacco and smoke—men, women and children, even little girls, chew. All the

Pencil sketch by Lieut. J. M. Barnard, Co. G.

CAMP LEE, NEWBERN, N. C.

negroes we meet on the street salute us as we pass." The camp bears the name of Lee, not for the Confederate chieftain, but for Colonel Henry Lee of Governor Andrew's staff, a firm friend of the regiment.

On Tuesday, the 25th, in obedience to an order of General Foster, issued the day before, Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn, with six companies of the Twenty-fourth, boarded the Pilot Boy at daybreak, provided with two days' cooked rations, the object being to intercept and capture certain North Carolina troops said to be near the upper waters of the Neuse. The objective point was Big Swift Creek, possibly twenty miles up the river. Colonel Osborn was not to penetrate the country further than seven miles, and he was to use his discretion about going even this distance. The whereabouts of Captain Lane's company was specially desired. But the trip was doomed to failure, for the vessel had not proceeded far ere it ran upon some water-logged stumps, from which the most strenuous efforts failed to dislodge the steamer. However, some natives, on their way to Newbern with fish, came alongside and, being questioned, gave such information as prompted the Colonel to call the expedition off. Accordingly, surf-boats which had been in tow were loaded with soldiers and taken ashore, the same being repeated till the Pilot Boy

was sufficiently lightened to float, when she steamed up to a wharf and landed the remainder of the men, whence the entire party marched back to camp, thus ending the trip. Though the sun shone, the men found the day rather cold.

On Saturday, the 29th, the regiment went out on a tour of picket duty, going towards Batchelder's Creek, which was to last three days. Company G was left in camp. The regiment was divided into two parties under the respective command of Colonel Stevenson and Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn. That part led by the Lieutenant-Colonel met with no adventure worthy of record, but the Colonel's detachment had a little excitement as follows. It appears that our forces were not supplied with cavalry and that for substitutes, artillery men were used. On this occasion some members of the Third New York Artillery were along in the capacity of scouts. Four of the men of the Twenty-fourth were in advance of the main body and two horsemen were in advance of them. This was on Monday, the third day out. Suddenly a great shout was heard in the distance, and one of our mounted men was seen coming down the road at a gallop, chased by some sixty of the enemy's cavalry, one of whom was close beside the fleeing Yankee and cutting him with his sabre. The horse that the Union man was riding was only an artillery beast, and so none too speedy, hence the lighter mounted rebel was upon him easily. "Fire! Fire! Why don't you fire?" shouted the Federal, but so close was he to the rebel that our men feared to shoot lest they hit their friend. However, when the Johnny was about fifty feet from our four men, one of them, Private Wm. Reynolds of Company I, with the cool remark, "You've gone about far enough," drew a careful bead on the reb, and shot him through the breast, killing him instantly. The other men fired at the Confederates who were riding, and wounded one of them, who would have fallen from his horse had not his comrades supported him. Being thus checked, and seeing the Union forces drawn up in line only a little way further, the enemy evidently thought discretion the better

part of valor and withdrew. The soldier who thus escaped had his head somewhat injured, but he recovered soon, a fact not at all creditable to the skill of his assailant nor to the sharpness of the latter's weapon. Colonel Stevenson, with two companies, went out some distance in pursuit of the Confederates, but did not encounter them.

As to the rebel killed, his foemen dealt honorably with his remains. All that was left of him was the form of a fine looking man, heavily armed, and the steed he had bestrode was a noble one. All this, however, availed nothing in the face of death, and there remained only the final office possible for him, and his opponents hollowed a shallow grave and laid him therein. Then they placed at his head a board, on which they wrote, as time and conveniences would permit, the words, "Killed by the picket of the 24th Reg't. Mass. Vols." How many of that burial party were reminded of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," which all must have learned in their recent school days? Friends of the dead soldier came a short time afterwards and removed his body to permanent and better sepulture.

Very soon after the occupation of Newbern, General Foster was appointed Military Governor, and early in April there was a reorganization of the troops of the department. The forces which formerly had constituted three brigades, now, with some additions, became as many divisions, with their respective commanders acting major generals. Each division had two brigades, and the Twenty-fourth, with the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and the Tenth Connecticut, constituted the Second Brigade of the First Division under General Foster. Col. Thos. J. C. Amory,* an older brother of Lieut. Chas.

*Colonel Amory was a graduate of West Point, 1851, and was a captain in the 7th Infantry when the war began. Appointed to the command of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, he won the thorough regard of his men and soon placed the organization on a high level of efficiency. In October, '64, just after he had been brevetted Brigadier General, his wife died suddenly from yellow fever. Returning from her funeral, he was himself stricken with the dread disease and died on the 6th, deeply

B. Amory of Company F of the Twenty-fourth, and in command of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, which arrived at Newbern on the 2d of April, was placed over the First Brigade, while the command of the Second Brigade devolved upon Col. Thos. G. Stevenson of the Twenty-fourth. Truly, the novitiate of those days in Fort Independence was bearing early fruit. Scarcely more than six months from the muster-in of the regiment, and its first Colonel is promoted. The order of General Burnside bringing about this change in the arrangement of the regiments is dated April 2, 1862.

Of course, this advance of the Colonel necessitated other stepping up, and Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn became acting Colonel, and Major R. H. Stevenson being absent, wounded, Capt. Chas. H. Hooper of E Company became Lieutenant-Colonel for the nonce. In these days of change and promotion marked improvements were wrought in the camp, in which, with the tents belonging to the regiment and with sanitary provisions, apparently, never dreamed of by the Confederates, in the delightful spring weather of the old North State, these Massachusetts men were making themselves as comfortable as they could be away from home. Yet there was always a sighing for the food from the home table, and officers even were not exempt from wishing for a box from home. When one such came, the motherly sender wrote with that consideration for her son's friends so characteristic of the truly generous: "I wish you to allow Bob Clark, Johnny

lamented by all who knew him. Illustrative of the universality of enlistments in those days, it should be stated that at the time of Colonel Amory's death, there were in Newbern two other brothers, William A., a major, and R. G., a lieutenant in the 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery, Major A. just escaping death from the same ailment. The Army and Navy Journal of the 22d pays the deceased officer the highest tribute for his manly and soldierly worth. His four children thus suddenly orphaned were sent to Boston to be reared by his mother, who nobly discharged her duty. The youngest, a babe in arms when the mother died, on the passing away of her grandmother, was taken by her Uncle Charles and became a member of his family in New Orleans, where she eventually married.

Jones and young Thompson to participate in the eatables I send. Perhaps you might also offer some to Dr. Green, who, I doubt not, has been kind and attentive to you."

So far as war was concerned there was little to disturb, save as baseless rumors of the approach of vast rebel arrays put the officers and men on their guard. On the 8th of April the paymaster appeared and made glad the hearts of the men who always were in want of money. Two months' pay found its way into their hands, but, with characteristic thoughtfulness, a large part of it was immediately sent home. Seldom did the soldier forget the dear ones there.

It was not all play in Newbern, though contact with the enemy was, for the most part, confined to picket interviews. There was the building of a fort for the better protection of the city, the rebuilding of the bridge across the Trent, and general guard duty in and about the city itself. To facilitate reaching the picket locality and, at the same time, afford to the men a healthier camping place, under General Foster's order, the Twenty-fourth, on the 15th of April, moved out towards Kinston between four and five miles, and re-established itself in a heavy growth of hard pine, the tree which so long has been the foundation of North Carolina's wealth. A clearing had been made in the forest, boards were taken from outbuildings of a deserted plantation for use in flooring the tents, young pines were set out for ornament near the tents, and altogether the boys thought themselves quite comfortable. For several days the wind had blown steadily from the East, and the weather had not the summery feel of the earlier days of the month. When the left wing came up on the 16th, the heat had again become excessive, and there was a deal of straggling, and among the laggards were two members of the band who, late in the afternoon, came marching in playing "Yankee Doodle," "Wait for the Wagon," and such popular airs, and as their two instruments were not over-well adapted to each other the result provoked a deal of merriment among the listeners. Some of the colored people of the vicinity who

were holding down the old plantations began their self-help scheme of living by establishing a milk route in the camp, and for their own good and comfort, a safeguard was provided for them. Three deserters, coming in on the 27th, stated that the enemy was moving back from Kinston.

On Sunday, the 20th, at six o'clock in the afternoon, religious services were held in the woods, which the poet has proclaimed God's first temples, and were of interest to all attending. Owing to reports of rebel activity, Company I was sent to the assistance of Captain Richardson's men, who were on the outpost, while Captain Prince with his Company D went out through the woods opposite to reconnoitre. The alarm proved to be little more than a provocation to exercise for the men. That the boys have eyes and are using them is evident in the letters which they were sending home. One of them remarks on the fact that slaves, to their masters, are no better than cattle, and then with the thought of the baby he had left at home, the writer says: "Colored babies are pretty, though they do not play like ours." Another Bay State native, with bucolic proclivities, describes the cotton field through which his picket duty lies, and his desire to send home some specimen bolls, and does find room in his missive for several cotton seeds, which he enjoins his brother to plant and see whether they will grow in the North. Loving friends in the far-away homes were sending frequent reminders of their regard in the shape of boxes of clothing and provisions, luxuries which the regular commissariat did not supply.

Lest the men should become indolent through remaining too long in one place, orders were issued on the 25th for the regiment to pack up and to be ready to move. As usual, the orders were a bit premature, for, though wagons carried off some of the camp effects, the men were obliged to spend the night in the camp, and, as their commander records, had he been less prompt in obeying orders the regiment might have remained there some time longer, a condition that all would have appreciated on account of location and surroundings. As

it was, the tramp to Newbern was taken in the midst of rain, the soldiers saying: "It always rains when the Twenty-fourth moves," and through mud fully shoe deep. At last they reach a large freight depot in the city, and many camp therein for the night, wet through to the skin and, though doing the usual amount of grumbling, thankful that it is no worse. Companies A, H and K were left on picket at the railroad crossing. When the flood had subsided, tents were pitched by some of the companies on the banks of the Neuse in the Fair Grounds. Straw is given out to add to the comfort of sleeping, and it is remarked that nothing so luxurious has been had since Readville.

On this day, the 26th, comes the glad news of the capture of Fort Macon and, thereby, connection with the open sea is hastened. The siege was brief and the Union killed was only one man. The 27th, though Sunday, was devoted to getting the camp in order, i. e., finding boards for tent-floors, building a brick oven in which the Massachusetts soldier was to have his favorite beans baked, and in doing a hundred things essential to making the camp shipshape. To these men from the North it seemed strange to pick ripe strawberries in April, the 25th, and to see winter rye as high as the observer's shoulders. Tuesday, the 29th, saw the arrival of 375 Confederate prisoners taken at Fort Macon, and their safe incarceration in the local jail, which must have been crowded. The next day the regiment was mustered for pay, and was inspected by the Lieutenant-Colonel, with Capt. P. W. Hudson of General Foster's staff. Capt. E. E. Potter, also of General Foster's staff, is appointed Colonel of a Union regiment, to be raised in North Carolina, with headquarters in Washington.

May day is noteworthy in that Captain Redding, with his Company A, is ordered to Washington, N. C., as a support to Colonel Potter in his efforts to raise the loyal regiment. The detachment on the Pilot Boy got away at 6 p.m. May 2d came the raising of a flagstaff and the hoisting of the Union colors, with appropriate music by the band. May 4th Cap-

tain Redding wrote to the Lieutenant-Colonel, giving the particulars of his arrival at Washington, and of the situation in recruiting for the new regiment. His men are quartered in a warehouse near the river, a gunboat commands the principal street, and pickets are posted all around the city. No rebels are in sight, quite a number of the inhabitants left on the approach of the Federals, and the Captain fears that enrollment will not be overbrisk. He has very little confidence in the Union sentiments of the citizens. The lady who hung out the Union flag when the regiment visited the place has been threatened by the other people, and to escape arrest ascribes the act to her child. Also those who waved handkerchiefs have been menaced by the Secesh.

In the evening of May 4th the soldiers in Newbern celebrate the recent capture of New Orleans by an exhibition of fireball throwing, making a brilliant display. The next day came official recognition of the New Orleans event in the firing of salutes from Fort Totten, which is the new fortification reared by the soldiers under the direction of Generals Burnside and Foster. It is a fine piece of military engineering, located on the western outskirts of the city, and mounting twenty guns and three mortars. The variability of North Carolina weather in these days of May was apparent in alternate rain and sunshine with some most violent hailstorms, which covered the ground at times with bits of ice as large as playing marbles. Occasionally the rain defied even the tents, and the drenched occupants could only wait the abatement of the storm for comfort.

One of the boys in a letter, home vividly describes a hailstorm of this season as follows: "One day we had a regular hailstorm; it lasted about half an hour; first it began to sprinkle, then the large drops came, then hailstones poured down as big as robins' eggs. The boys were out playing ball when it commenced sprinkling, and as they thought it wasn't going to be much of a shower, they kept right on playing, when all

of a sudden came the stones, and the boys put for their tents, holding onto their heads and yelling with pain. The ground was covered with the stones in a few minutes, and at night there was a big puddle of water back of our tent and there was a lot of frogs in the water. They must have rained down in the storm, for till then there was not a sign of a frog around here. Queer weather here! One day is cloudy and it sprinkles. The next will be so hot that you fairly melt; then comes the thunder-storm, enough to take your head off."

Owing to the illness of his son, Sergt. J. C. Edmands of Company K, the regiment is having a visit from the Hon. J. Wiley Edmands of Boston, and he makes an entertaining addition to the officers' mess. May 7th news arrives that Yorktown is evacuated by the enemy, and that McClellan is in pursuit; also that Norfolk is given up and the Merrimac burned. Taking the report as truth the men build bonfires, and with as much noise as they can reasonably make, they celebrate the victory. The next day the regiment is reviewed and inspected by General Foster, who is so much pleased with his observations that he suggests Colonel Osborn's taking his men down to the headquarters of General Burnside. The latter is exceedingly pleased with the appearance of the regiment, and declares that regulars could do no better. Some envious folks even call the regiment "Burnside's Pets." The pleasure of the men was not a little enhanced by the fact that, among the reviewing officers, they descried Colonel Stevenson, now their Brigade Commander, and to whom so much of their proficiency was due.

Writing from Washington on the 9th, Captain Redding gives the incidents attending the shooting of two of his pickets, members of the North Carolina regiment. One was killed outright and the other wounded so that death followed amputation of a leg. Evidently the enemy was trying the mettle of the small party of Union soldiers, but the latter were found ready. The shooting of the pickets the Captain pronounces most brutal in that they were beaten over the

head by the guns of the assailants. He thinks his force too small for the duty required and craves more men. May 11 the Captain announces the arrival of Companies C and F with twenty cavalrymen, and his pleasure at the reinforcement. Acting Lieutenant-Colonel Hooper is in command. Two bitter Secessionists, William Grist and ——— Stanley, have been arrested, and Captain Redding thinks they were among those attacking the pickets two days before. On the same date Captain Hooper writes as to his observations and states that injustice had been done Captain Redding and his men by the report that they had taken refuge on the gunboat when a rebel attack seemed imminent.

May 13th Colonel Osborn went across the river with General Foster to see the review of the Third New York Cavalry. On the 15th pay-day comes again, and the Colonel, in the absence of Captain Hooper, sends checks for Company E to Boston to the amount of nearly $1100. One private, out of his $26, sends $22 home. Of such home-loving material was the Union army made. Lieutenant Horton, acting Adjutant, who was wounded at Newbern, continues in a precarious condition, but he has had his arm operated on by Surgeon Green and hopes are entertained for his recovery. His father and mother have visited him, and his mother expects to remain till he is able to be moved. Despite their being in the enemy's country, the men are finding life rather monotonous and the arrival and expectation of the mail is one of the chief reliefs to the tedium. Edward Stanly, the newly appointed Military Governor of the State, arrives May 26th. He is to the manor born, but his return is not over-welcome to the natives. The next day a large party of Union prisoners, who had been held since the Battle of Bull Run, comes into Newbern in exchange for Confederates captured at Roanoke, so said, and are marched aboard the Cossack on their way north. They are visited by many of the Union officers, and the band of the Twenty-fourth gives them a sere-

nade. It must have seemed like heavenly music to their melody-famished ears.

May 30 the fathers of Captain Richardson and Lieutenant Barnard of Company G presented each man in the company with a havelock for better protection against sunstroke and, there being some left over, gave them also to Companies K and B. The care of the good women of Boston for the welfare of the men at the front may be realized in a letter from the mother of a captain to her son, stating that she was about sending 100 pairs of socks for his men, the donors, six in number, representing some of the oldest and most famous names in that great centre of respectability. The month ends with general dissatisfaction over Governor Stanly's closing of schools for the colored people. He also was accused of returning negroes to former masters, and, in general, being out of keeping with his surroundings. Though at the time of his appointment as Military Governor a resident of California, Edward Stanly was a native of Newbern, had been a Representative in Congress from that State for ten years, but appeared quite unable to rid himself of the barnacles of tradition, and some months later the administration at Washington was compelled to remove him. Since the engagement on the 14th of March, when the defenses of Newbern were carried, there had been very little of a warlike nature for the Twenty-fourth to undergo. There had been a show of preparation; drills, inspections and parades had not been neglected; guard and picket duty had become familiar to all; much of sickness had been undergone; in a word, the school of the soldier had been in session all the time, but of experience in facing the enemy there had been very little. Other parts of the expedition had carried and occupied Beaufort, Fort Macon, and other places of less importance, but the paucity of Burnside's outfit forbade undertaking much that he had expected and would be glad to do. The nation's capital was so near the seat of North Carolina war that plans and purposes of those in command were easily thwarted.

With reports of Union successes from New Orleans, the Peninsula, the West, and, with the general quiet about them, is there any wonder that men of our regiment were wondering if the next pay-day would not find them in Boston? How fortunate that heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate. Many a heart had grown sick of weary waiting had it known the years of service yet in store for the Twenty-fourth.

June, 1862, opened on Sunday and, like good Christian Yankees, there was church attendance on the part of many who went into the city in squads, under the direction of non-commissioned officers. The heat was intense, and possibly there was some excuse for the somnolence of a certain sergeant, subsequently a captain, who fell so soundly asleep that his comrades left him in his pew and he was locked in, thus necessitating his return to camp long after the orthodox time, and his chevrons did not prevent his receiving the punishment due such an offense. He could not have fared worse in the Puritanical days of his ancestors when sleeping in the sanctuary was almost an unpardonable offense. The next day, notwithstanding the intense heat, there was a drill of General Stevenson's brigade, the General being little disposed to concede anything to the weather. On the 3d there was a review of Foster's division in the presence of Governor Stanly and General Burnside, and, as usual, the regiment came in for a deal of praise from both Foster and Burnside. The constant drill to which the men were subjected was productive of most salutary results whenever a strait came. This day the Pilot Boy came in from Washington, N. C., having aboard several officers of the Twenty-fourth, who stated that the force in Washington was not sufficient to repel an attack of the enemy which they thought impending.

WASHINGTON, N. C.

At 10 p.m. of the 3d General Stevenson ordered Colonel Osborn to have his regiment on board the Pilot Boy inside of

two hours, en route for Washington. In an hour and a half the companies were on the wharf, but the boat had not arrived. Just as a severe shower began, the craft came up and three companies, with the Colonel, went on board, leaving the other four (three companies, A, C and F, were already at Washington) under Captain Maker to follow on the Lancer. This day Colonel Osborn had received the following letter from General Foster, which, free from the formalism of such communications generally, is all the more readable:

My dear Colonel:

I wish merely to say that all military movements connected with the defense of Washington, N. C., or with an attack on the rebels in the vicinity of that town will be under your command, inasmuch as Colonel Potter's commission is as yet only Acting Colonel, while yours is that of a real Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a regiment.

If you have a nice little chance of thrashing those scoundrels up there, do not hesitate to do it, and when you get them on the run, please remember to give them unmitigated thunder in their rear.

Colonel Potter is Military Governor of the town and will cordially act with you. I have written him by this mail to this effect.

Keep Colonel Stevenson advised of every movement by every boat.

Ever yours most truly,

J. G. FOSTER.

There are two excellent stories of the affairs of a few following days, one the formal report of Colonel Osborn to brigade headquarters, the other his letter home, soon after the events. For interest the latter, dated June 11, is preferred:

We left our camp all standing, the cooks left their utensils, except a couple of kettles each, and the officers their baggage, having time only to throw the things that were scattered about their tents hastily into trunks and boxes. The commissary and the few convalescents were left as a guard, and everybody else marched with the regiment. Just as we reached the wharf the rain came down in torrents and we got

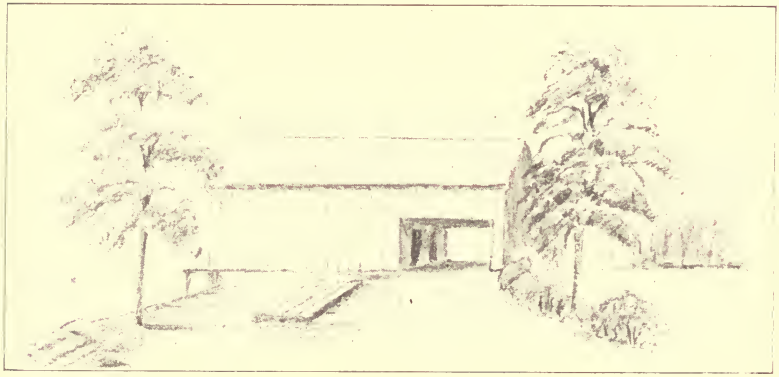
thoroughly drenched before going on the boat. But that we are also used to. We always move in the rain. As the Pilot Boy, which came up to the wharf, could accommodate only three companies, I put the other companies into an empty building near by to wait for the other boat under command of Captain Maker, and went with the three on board the Pilot Boy myself, in order to be with the first arrival. We sailed early in the morning and reached this place [Washington] at 6 p.m.

Colonel Potter, the Military Governor of the town, told me that the enemy's forces were at Tranter's Creek, about eight miles distant, probably meditating an attack upon the town, as their leader, Colonel Singletary, was a reckless man who would not be likely to be restrained by prudential considerations. He proposed that we should march and attack them before they could hear of the arrival of reinforcements, and give them a lesson they should remember. I omitted to mention that three pieces of artillery also came up in the boat under my orders. There was also a cavalry company in town. Having so large a force I determined to adopt Colonel Potter's idea and to start as soon as the other companies should arrive. As I was expecting them every minute I hoped to get away at daylight and was up till half-past one making my preparations. At 3 a.m. I found that the companies had not come and they did not finally arrive till 6 a.m. This delayed our departure and we did not take up the line of march till a quarter past nine. I had eight companies of the Twenty-fourth, two, C and D, having been left to guard the town, and two pieces of artillery. My eight companies had 430 men, and the two howitzers were manned by twelve men each.

The weather was oppressively warm, and but for the gathering clouds which shielded us from the sun, it would have been unbearable. A short time after we set out it began to rain, which refreshed us and cooled the air somewhat. We hailed it as a happy omen, for it had rained at the battles of Roanoke and Newbern. We marched for seven miles without any incident of note. We were then one mile from a bridge over Tranter's Creek on the Greenville road, the one we were pursuing, and we learned that the rebels had rendered it impassable, but that another bridge, upon another road leading to the right, could probably be crossed. This was two miles off. After consultation with Colonel Potter I

determined to try this bridge and turned off to the right. Just as we did so our advance guard saw a man apparently endeavoring to get out of the way, and they gave chase and brought him to me. He protested his innocence and insisted that he was out only to hoe some potatoes, but as appearances were against him I ordered him to be taken along lest he should give information to the enemy. His name was Howard. Soon we came in sight of the mill through which the bridge ran. We inquired of a woman at a house near by whether she had seen troops in the vicinity, and she replied that she had not seen one for a week. We afterwards learned that some rebel officers were at that house when we came in sight. From the house a road ran a winding course, bordered thickly with trees and shrubs, to a point on which was situated the first mill. On the right was the mill pond, and on the left the spread of the stream, after passing through the sluiceway.

The road ran over the dam and directly through these three mills, which were situated about thirty feet apart. The banks of the stream were thickly wooded on each side. Our advance passed along this winding road to the first mill and then saw that the enemy (who, as we heard, had been warned of our approach by a man living on the road) had torn up the floor of the third mill and made it into a barricade, behind which their advance was lying, not more than thirty paces off. Our men immediately fired and received a volley



Pencil sketch by Lieut. J. M. Barnard, Co. G.

MILL OVER TRANTER'S CREEK.

in reply, which caused them to fall back, and wounded Lieut. H. D. Jarves severely in the ankle. I immediately ordered the artillery to the front with two companies to support them. By some misunderstanding of my order the whole regiment advanced into the fire instead of what I had ordered and, as ordering them back would be a hazardous experiment, involving the danger of creating a panic among the men, through their ignorance of my motive, I ordered all to lie down and keep close. One howitzer now commenced firing through the mills at a thicket about fifty paces distant, where we supposed the main body of the enemy was lying. As their advance had retired after firing we could see no one, and could only judge by the flash and the noise where they were. At first the fire of the enemy was rapid and well directed, and the sound of the balls showed that they were well provided with rifles. For a while the balls flew around me thicker than at Newbern, and I had many narrow escapes.

Our fire was not so heavy as theirs was in the beginning, for from the conformation of the ground I could put only a few men, say sixty or seventy, in a position to fire, but our artillery did good service, besides making a terrible noise, which always has a powerful moral effect. In fifteen minutes the enemy's fire had slackened considerably, and it continued to grow less and less, but we could not charge, for the bridge between us was impassable except to one man at a time clinging along the side, and in order to repair it, it was necessary to drive the rebels away with our fire, since had any one attempted it while they were there, he would have met with certain death, inasmuch as he would have prevented our fire entirely while within thirty paces of that of the enemy. At last we discovered a large number of men in the trees on the opposite bank and gave them two or three rounds of canister. This cleared the trees thoroughly and stopped the fire altogether. We could then see the enemy running a long way down the opposite bank of the creek and, from their appearance, judged they were in great confusion. We then repaired the bridge sufficiently for foot passengers, and I marched the infantry across. To make it suitable for cavalry and artillery would have taken several hours, so they remained on our side. We found three dead bodies of the rebels and saw an enormous quantity of blood, from which we judged their loss must have been very large. We have since learned that Colonel Singletary, their leader, was killed

among the first by a rifle ball in his forehead, that their loss was very large, and that they fled in the utmost terror, not stopping until they reached Tarboro, more than thirty miles distant.

In their fright they became scattered through the woods, and we learn from contrabands that they continue coming into Tarboro every day. We accomplished our purpose and gave them a lesson that they will undoubtedly remember. Having routed them and occupied their ground, and being unable to pursue them because the bridge was not safe for the passage of cavalry, I marched the regiment back to our position preparatory to returning home. As the regiment moved slowly back over the temporary bridge, I saw the man, Howard, whom we had taken. On inquiry, I found that the person into whose charge he had been given belonged to a company that was in the heaviest of the fire, and that he had held fast to his captive all the time, keeping him in the storm of bullets, from which, however, he escaped unharmed. You can imagine his feelings. I do not pity him at all, for I am sure he would have given information against us if he had not already done so. Still, I should not have exposed him to so much danger if he had occurred to my mind, but I never gave him a thought. We were more than an hour placing the dead and wounded in carts, for we had six killed and six wounded in the Twenty-fourth, and one killed and two wounded in the artillery. The fight began at 2.45 p.m., and ended at 3.30. At five o'clock we set out for town, getting there before nine, having marched eighteen miles in the heat of the day. I was on horseback ten hours.

My officers and men behaved splendidly and deserve great praise. The hardest thing a soldier is called upon to do is to remain passive under fire, and this a large part of the regiment was compelled to do. The artillery was very well managed by Lieut. Wm. B. Avery, who showed himself a plucky fellow and was complimented in my report. I think the fight will have an excellent effect upon the Secesh and convince them that some things can be done as well as others. While they thought us shaking with apprehension of an attack from them, we were in reality marching to fight them in their chosen position, and a superb one for defense it was. Notwithstanding every advantage of ground, they were routed utterly. What would be their fate should they come to Washington, where we would have the choice of position

and the help of the gunboats besides? This question will, doubtless, suggest itself to them and keep them at a respectful distance.

There was one delightful feature connected with this affair which made it more pleasant than either Roanoke or Newbern. I mean that after it I returned to a first-rate supper in an elegant house, and after a bath went to sleep in a good bed. Was not that a pleasant conclusion to the day's work? The privations and hardships of a soldier's life have, at last, reduced me to having my headquarters in a large two-story house, situated on a pleasant street, running by the side of the river. The only furniture I have in my chamber is a marble-top centre table, marble-top bureau with toilet glass, black walnut rocking-chair, and half a dozen chairs that do not rock; bedstead, large desk, at which I am now writing; lounge and marble mantel clock. I am compelled to take my meals off of china with a gilt edge, placed on a mahogany table in a large dining-room. The house contains only eight rooms besides the kitchen, which is separate, and there are five of us crowded into it. Don't you feel a sentiment of pity for me? If you do not, perhaps you will when I tell you that we may have to leave suddenly at any moment.

From the formal report of Colonel Osborn the following additional items are gleaned. The enemy was supposed to be gathered between Washington and Pactolus, a village on the Greenville road, about twelve miles distant. The cavalry escort was of the Third New York, under the command of Lieut. Geo. F. Jocknick. Captain Nichols of the gunboat Picket was ordered to proceed up the Tar River and to shell the woods between the river and the road as the troops advanced, and this he did effectually. In the fight Company A, Captain Redding, was disposed on the left of the artillery under cover of the logs and beams of the mill, and Company F, Captain Clark, was ordered to advance to the support of the artillery. This was when the whole regiment advanced, contrary to the Colonel's expectation. When the advance was made over the relaid bridge, all went over except Company K, Captain Maker, which was left to support the artillery. The force of the enemy supposedly numbered 450 men

of the Forty-fourth North Carolina, with seventy cavalrymen. Special mention is made of the services of Capt. R. F. Clark, Co. F; Capt. C. H. Hooper, acting Lieutenant-Colonel; Lieut. Albert Ordway, acting Adjutant; Capt. W. F. Redding, Co. A; Lieut. J. C. Jones, Co. F; Capt. John Daland and Lieut. Charles C. Ward, Co. H; Capt. E. C. Richardson and Lieut. J. M. Barnard, Co. G, all of whom were in the front and bore well their parts. The officers of companies that did not reach the firing line were also deserving of credit in their remaining passive while under a fire which they could not return. Obligations are also acknowledged to Colonel E. E. Potter of the First North Carolina [Union] Volunteers, and to Lieut. J. M. Pendleton of the latter's staff, both accompanying the expedition, for valuable assistance and advice.—R. R., Vol. ix. p. 340.

Confederate accounts of the affray are meagre, and in the condensed history of the Forty-fourth North Carolina only these words are found bearing on the subject: "Colonel George B. Singletary was killed in a skirmish with Federal troops at Tranter's Creek June 5, 1862. He was an officer of extraordinary merit, and would have unquestionably attained high distinction but for his premature death." He was succeeded in the command of the regiment by his brother, Thomas C. Singletary. Reference is later made to the day and event thus: "Save the skirmish at Tranter's Creek, which, though otherwise unimportant, was to the regiment most unfortunate in that its accomplished commander lost his life."

Enlisted men had eyes and, not having the responsibility of the venture, possibly they used said eyes with reference to their surroundings quite as much as did their officers. One diarist says that Company A was thrown out as skirmishers, and Company F as advanced guard; then came the cavalry, and afterwards Company H. The weather was like that of dog days, not a breath of air stirring, and a constant drizzle was like a thick fog. While at first much fatigued, the men

seemed to be refreshed as they proceeded, and though the water was sometimes up to the knees, the marching was not the worst ever seen. The farms on both sides of the route seemed to be well tilled, and one observer declared he passed through a cornfield two miles long, by far the most extensive he ever saw. The Marines, to whom was intrusted the artillery were not above lightening their own labors, for, if they saw an old horse or mule in the fields, they made haste to capture the same and in some way attach him to the guns for draft purposes. The particular place of the fight was known locally as Hodge's Mills. The foot of Lieutenant Jarves, wounded in the fight, was subsequently amputated. All the old vehicles we could scare up were employed to carry the dead and wounded home. The surgical staff was on hand, and Dr. Curtis, with Hospital Steward McGregor, were in evidence. The regimental band also made the trip and were under fire, doing their part in rescuing the wounded. Leader Patrick Gilmore and Cornetist Arbuckle, a veteran of the Crimean War, were up with the rest of the force. Owing to continuous rains, the return was more difficult than the advance. "We reached Washington at 8.30 p.m., tired, footsore, wet and hungry. Some said the distance was twenty miles, others said more. Some complained over sore and swollen shoulders, made so by heavy cartridge boxes and haversacks. We got a nip of whiskey, some hot coffee and hard bread, changed our clothes, and laid our weary bones to rest on the soft side of a hard pine board." Another commentator says that Washington is prettier than Newbern, though not so large, and that the building selected for a hospital is one of the finest in the place, the property of one Demill, who had run away and was the very first man in town to hang out a Secesh flag. The "people in the next house are Union folks and have been right along."

The next day brought needed rest to weary officers and men, all protracting their sleep considerably beyond the reg-

ular starting hour. The Colonel found occupation in writing his report, finding places for quarters, and in seeing the wounded conveyed aboard the Pawtuxet, which arrived that day. Also coffins were made for the dead, that their bodies might be taken to Newbern for burial. On Saturday, the 7th, Colonel Stevenson came up to visit his old friends and to congratulate them on their recent success, also the sick who had been left in Newbern came on the same boat, the Pilot Boy. While a keen outlook is maintained and the officers make frequent excursions in the vicinity, affairs begin to take on much of the former Newbern tranquillity. June 9th the picket takes a run up the Tar River as far as Pactolus, where a landing was made, and "Yankee Hall" was examined, the residence of Wm. Grimes. Three shells were thrown in the direction of a rebel cavalry camp, said to be near.

The men of the Twenty-fourth are finding Washington a very pretty place, and one fellow with a well-filled stomach thinks it not unlike North Bridgewater, one of the finest villages in Plymouth County, Mass., a decided compliment. The picket line is not devoid of incident, and the men have difficulty in obeying orders as to the passing of colored people who are anxious to escape from slavery and, as they can't help thinking that the war is one of emancipation sooner or later, they have conscientious scruples about sending a liberty-longing African back to bondage, and it is not strange that infractions of orders are occasionally winked at. While orders were generally obeyed in word, they were sometimes broken in spirit. One party of twelve negroes, four of them children, all escaped from a Dr. Myers, wanted to come in, but were held off. Instructions from town did not help them any, but the poor people declared themselves ready to die rather than go back. The fine horse that one of them rode proved to be an open sesame, and somehow all of them did reach the promised land. Food of a varied character is found by those on picket, and the duty is sought regularly.

This is only one report out of many: "Had stewed chicken, honey, lemonade, thimbleberries, milk, fried onions, cakes and pies." Not even the sight of distant rebels could lessen the enjoyment of such fare. On the 12th some rebel soldiers came in and gave themselves up, saying that they had been discharged and that the Confederates were discharging all men over thirty-five and under eighteen.

On the 13th Colonel Stevenson wrote a letter from Newbern to Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn, in which he shows that promotion has not lessened his regard for the regiment, in that he writes:

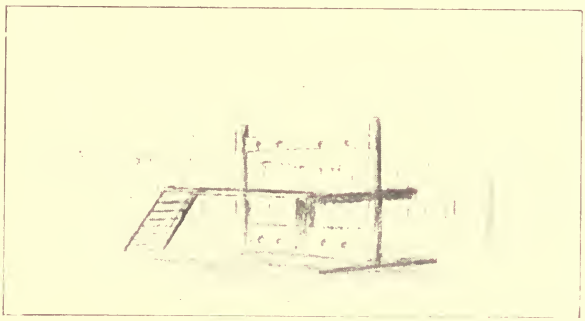
I urged on Hoffman the justice of having Tranter's Creek on our colors. He put it before General Foster, who says although it was a very gallant affair, he does not consider there were enough forces engaged in the fight to authorize the name on the color. He therefore issued the congratulatory order: I shall try General Burnside on his return. Every one speaks most highly of the whole fight. * * * We are to have a drill of the first division to-morrow morning at six and one-half o'clock. I expect I shall be brilliant, as I am to sit up with Horatio [Jarves] to-night. The railroad bridge is completed and a locomotive arrived in town yesterday from Beaufort. * * * * It is fearfully slow with the Twenty-fourth away. What wouldn't I give to be back with the regiment. Your argument that I have never been sorry for any promotion which I have accepted does not hold good hereafter. I had no idea how much I loved the officers of the Twenty-fourth till I was separated from them. Give my love to the whole crowd, and believe me,

Sincerely your friend,

TOM.

Leaving Newbern so hurriedly, as has been stated, there was no chance to take along their camping outfit, hence it was necessary to find quarters in all sorts of buildings. Freight and storehouses, any roomy and capacious edifice, were useful in entertaining the regiment. The officers, as in the case of the Lieutenant-Colonel, could secure lodging and

rations easier than the enlisted men. In thus making space for company quarters one structure that had been devoted to the sale of clothing had a notice up to the effect that "Negro Goods" were kept up stairs. Constructively, all the goods left in the store were carried aloft and placed in the attic, but it was more than hinted that the carriers found many items which they thought might conduce to their own welfare, and so certain articles fell short of the uppermost room. What the boys called "hooking" went on under the eyes of the agent who had the care of the building. When ready, the company marched in and the men said it was an elegant place. They lay on the counters and on the floor. There were ample lighting facilities, so the boys turned on a full head and got all the light they needed.



Pencil sketch by Lieut. J. M. Barnard, Co. G.

PILLORY AND STOCKS, WASHINGTON, N. C.

In Washington among other quarters occupied by the soldiers was the bank building, where, with other plunder, the boys found a lot of unsigned bank bills. The mere semblance of money was enough to give it interest in the eyes of the discoverers, but no real use for it was had till one day a countryman came in with a load of melons. The boys tried to buy of him, proffering in payment good United States money, but he declined that, asking for Confederate or North Carolina bills. The boys bethought themselves of the unsigned

currency and, hunting the possessor up, told him to sign some of them at once. This he proceeded to do, and the first bill went out bearing the name of Ira Sprague as president. The bills were signed in short order and passed out as rapidly as the boys could take them. The melon merchant was soon bought out and he retired to the inner portions of Hyde County, rich in his own estimation and, as the bills never were heard from, it is probable they continued to circulate all right. After all, they were as reliable as those of the Confederate States of America.

Employment is found for the superabundance of colored population in the city by the organization of a pioneer corps, and every morning a large body of negroes, under the lead of a fifer, march out and work, presumably on the fortifications, till nightfall. One of their number also carries a flag. Drills and parades are not neglected, and on the 12th is read the congratulatory order of General Foster over the successful affair at Tranter's Creek. The same evening, when the colored pioneers came in, they were carrying a Fillmore and Donelson flag, a reminder of the political campaign of 1856, doubtless stolen from some old Whig-American farm house. Also Companies H and K that had been up the Tar on a semi-predatory trip returned, having live stock and household furniture as results of their labors. When Sunday, the 15th, arrived, the regiment was marched to church to hear Chaplain Mellen preach. When forming for dress-parade in the afternoon, the steamer Massasoit came in, and among her passengers was Governor Stanly, who received a salute by the men as he passed by. One man writes in his diary of the Governor: "An unusually plain man." Parades and all military affairs where there are music and uniforms, are viewed by the colored people with the utmost interest, and in turn the soldiers look at them with amusement as they note the well-dressed bodies and bare feet of many of the Africans.

June 17th there was a review of all the forces in the place,

viz., the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts; Company I, Third New York Cavalry; two companies North Carolina Volunteers, Avery's Battery; Mountain Howitzers and Marines from the gunboat Louisiana.

General Foster arriving at noon also reviewed the array, and at 1 p.m. Governor Stanly addressed the people. General Foster and Colonel Osborn rode out to look up the matter of fortifications. To hear the words of the Governor, citizens of the State came a long distance in many cases, and some brought with them handcuffs and chains under the impression that the Governor would give them permission to take back with them their runaway slaves. While the executive was not as advanced as many of his listeners from the North could wish, he was very far from satisfying the slavery feelings of his Southern hearers. The Pilot Boy on this day brought up Surgeon Green and Captain Pratt of Company C. Also in the afternoon the steamer Philadelphia came in, having on board Commodore S. C. Rowan, every arrival adding to the interest of the city. General Foster went away the next day on the Alice Price, but he had the pleasure of another parade of the regiment, and the boys were pleased at his laughing outright when Gilmore and his worthies struck up "Dixie." Before leaving he decided with Colonels Osborn and Potter upon sites for earthworks and blockhouses. Nowhere have the men themselves had so much amusement from the native colored folks as here, and very little unoccupied waking time is allowed to go to waste when it is possible to keep a fiddle going and some one, black or white, dancing.

The 19th of June exhibited the varieties of weather for which the locality is famous. While the day dawned beautifully and the morning drill was as usual, that of the afternoon was interrupted by a freshet, yet it cleared up so that the dress-parade was had per programme. Colonel Osborn and Acting Adjutant Ordway, accompanied by a squadron of cavalry, crossed the river and arrested Mayor Isaiah Respess at the home of Colonel Cavrow and brought him back

with them. Behind the mere statement there was a bit of diplomacy that illustrates the political situation in this part of the Old North State. It appears that Mr. Respess was the father of the Lieutenant-Colonel of the newly-formed Union North Carolina regiment, hence he naturally fell under the suspicion of the Confederate government, and by the same had been arrested and carried to Richmond for trial on a charge of treason. Pending the trial a delegation of North Carolinians visited the rebel capital and demanded the liberation of the Mayor. They were requested to await the issue of the investigation, but this they declined doing and under the spur of threats of his inflamed fellow statesmen, the Mayor was allowed to go, subject to a sort of ticket-of-leave, viz., that he would not visit Washington. He came as near as the conditions of his parole would permit, and then word was received by the Federal authorities in the city as to where he might be found. There was no difficulty in finding him, though there was a show of force in the going after him, and his return, in the midst of the cavalry, gave a coloring to the transaction that nominally freed him from the imputation of breaking the terms of his release.

While the regiment could not witness the ceremony, every man was interested in the presentation to General Burnside, on the 20th, in Newbern, of a magnificent sword by the State of Rhode Island. A number of the officers were present. All the troops in the city were paraded and the gift was formally made by Adjutant-General Mauran of Rhode Island, who eloquently voiced the sentiments of the State for what its representative was doing in the way of restoring the Union. The reply of General Burnside was apt and forcible, expressing his appreciation of Little Rhody's recognition of his services, and his words were all the more touching, since his recent visit to the capital of the nation must have forewarned him of the separation that would soon come between himself and the soldiers who had so faithfully followed him through the perils of his famous expedition.

The 21st brought back the officers who had gone down to the presentation, and also Colonel Stevenson, along with Engineer H. C. Fillebrown, who was to superintend the construction of the projected fortifications. Small fruits are abundant, and cherries, plums and all sorts of berries not only remind the consumers of home, but they are better health restorers than any potion administered by the medical staff. There is little more than regular drills and parades to keep the men active. Picket duty affords the most excitement, and this, generally, through the desire of escaped colored people to come within the Union lines, where they seem to think lies salvation, and somehow, in spite of rules and instructions, the bondsmen manage to get in. The exhibition of scarred backs, some of them showing the marks of recent floggings, draw from some observers words like these, "The marks about her person would disgrace any government that would tolerate such deeds and provoke the Almighty to anger. Her arms and hands were partially crippled by cruelty, and her head also bore testimony to her ill treatment." The country about the city is pretty well scoured for forage and provisions, and one party gave considerable time to the unearthing of a safe which was said to contain a deal of gold, but on opening was found to hold a quantity of papers valuable only to the owner. A foraging party on the 24th brought back a large number of hogs, cattle, horses, mules, poultry, and a quantity of honey. Little consideration in war times is given to the local want occasioned by such depredations. This same day Capain Jocknick, who was with the regiment in its Tranter's Creek expedition, made a reconnoissance to the bridge where the fight was, having been told that the enemy was renewing his activity in that direction. While rebel pickets were found on posts, and it was in his power to send them on their last journey, he contented himself with observing that the event of June 5th had had a most salutary effect on the Confederates, and he apprehended no further activity from this locality, at least not in some time. Some

of the men who accompanied him fancied that the enemy had arranged one of the bridges across the stream as a sort of trap, sure to catch any unwary cavalryman who should undertake to cross it, having partially sawed off the sustaining timbers.

Northern men cannot reconcile the snuff-dipping habits of North Carolina women with their notions of feminine propriety, and no possession of estate or personal comeliness can compensate for the repulsiveness of a brush-ended stick protruding at an angle from an otherwise handsome mouth. Then, too, the women are more outspoken in their secession proclivities than the men; perhaps they venture on woman's well-known freedom of speech, and the city, though it has a well-defined Union element, is permeated with the spirit which drove the South into disunion. Whatever lacking in cordiality the white people may exhibit, there is nothing of the sort with the blacks, to whom every Yankee soldier is an angel of light. Occasional reminders of the Northern homes come to the boys in the shape of specimens of needlework, and in one of a pair of slippers which were to rest the wearer's weary feet when possible, were found the following lines:

"Pray on the field of battle,
God works with those who pray;
His mighty arm can nerve you,
And make you win the day."

The long-discussed fortifications had their beginning June 25th, when the engineers commenced to lay out the works. The negro pioneers, in their tree felling, had the misfortune to kill one of their number. The boxing and burial of his remains were hardly an interruption to their labors. June 28th brings orders for the regiment to return to Newbern, and also a battery of the Third New York Light Artillery. The people, those having Union sentiments, hear of the departure of the regiment with great apprehension, fearing that the enemy will come in upon them and wreak

vengeance on their apparent liking for Federal rule. Sunday, the 29th, began early, for reveillé was sounded at 3 a.m. and breakfast call came thirty minutes later, but before the food could be comfortably eaten was heard the order to fall in. Later there were waits that would have sufficed for an indefinite number of breakfasts, but many of the men had hurriedly thrown their coffee away. Three companies, under Captain Hooper, boarded the Phœnix, and the other seven were to take passage on the Curlew, but the latter drew so much water that flatboats had to be used in reaching her. The Quartermaster's schooner, the Zephaniah, was taken in tow by the Curlew, and on her, Colonel Osborn took passage. Barring some stops on account of darkness and shallow waters, the Curlew kept under way till her arrival on the 30th, at 1 p.m. in Newbern. The Phœnix had already arrived.

NEWBERN.

For more than a month the regiment had been away and the return was somewhat after the order of a home-coming. But it was not a return just for a rest or a picnic, for orders were awaiting the arrival of the Twenty-fourth to the effect that it was to be in readiness to move on eight hours' notice. Absence had not improved the condition of the camp, left so hurriedly in the month of May, for many of the tents had fallen down, their essentials had been stolen, and the tents of the officers were entirely wanting. As far as possible the fallen coverings were set up and something like order restored, but many of the men found the ground their only resort. Rumors are afloat as to the destination of the regiment and, in fancy, it is sent to all parts of the country, including a trip to Raleigh and going as reinforcements to McClellan. Colonel Osborn thinks the trip will be to Kinston and beyond. This first day in Newbern is intensely hot, and the boys find bathing in the Neuse extremely comfortable, and they make the most of their return

to familiar haunts. General Burnside favors the camp with his presence during the afternoon, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

The month of July was ushered in, so far as the Twenty-fourth was concerned, with orders to suspend all preparations for departure and, of course, the next thing was to make better arrangements for remaining. Accordingly the tents were struck, the camp-ground swept and the tents were pitched again. Lieutenant Sargent, Company E, who had gone home on account of his wound received at Newbern, came back this day, and had with him a large party of recruits for the regiments at Newbern, including several for the Twenty-fourth. Late in the afternoon the regiment was mustered for pay, and later still the men had a spell of that almost universal horse-play known in those days as tossing "niggers" in a blanket. While it was fun for the tossers, and very likely did not hurt the tossed, it was for the latter a period of most intense fear, not to say horror. Of course the poor victims screamed and yelled, but the louder the cries, the greater the fun for the lusty fellows at the blanket's edge, and the higher went the contraband.

Nearly every day brought an order or a countermand. July 2d it was understood that the regiment would return to Washington, but as boats were not to be had, a wait was necessary. The divisions of Parke and Reno are ordered to the Potomac Army, thus leaving Foster's the only means of offense and defense in the Old North State. The third day of the month brings an apparently well founded report that Richmond had been captured. The men were ready for a celebration, and if high-up officers are deceived, there need be no wonder that the enlisted men should take rumors as verities and act accordingly. General Burnside ordered the fleet having on board the two divisions to anchor, and he himself returned to Newbern. Though the weather was worse than moist, the rank and file started in for a proper observance of a supposed Union

victory. They made all the noise they could and, in the night, brought in a quantity of pitch, rosin and other combustibles and lighted great bonfires, crowning all with hanging Jeff Davis in effigy and afterwards burning him. Too bad that so much enthusiasm should be wasted, for soon the illusion was dispelled. Burnside and his men resumed their northern route and the Twenty-fourth concluded that the war was not so nearly over as at first thought.

Then, too, the weather was of the chronic North Carolina kind, and as the tents were really past their days of usefulness, mildewed and ragged, admitting rain like cambric, and owing to the expected short stay no ditches had been dug around the same, when the storms descended, as they were prone to do daily, the unfortunate soldiery was in a state of body as well as mind. Men were told to make themselves comfortable, if they could, anywhere, and at last Colonel Osborn determined, whatever the time of his regiment's tarrying in Newbern, to have the same better quartered, and on the 5th succeeded in getting the enlisted men in proper shape, looking out for the rank and file before attending to the officers' comfort, thus proving his fitness for his position, since the officer who takes little care for his men can expect little care or respect from them.

The first Fourth of July for the regiment was not the most hilarious ever seen. To begin with, rations were not any too numerous; the fare for the men, as recorded, consisted principally of hardtack with boiled fresh beef, washed down with coffee. Of course, no one would starve on such supplies, but they were not calculated to waken any great enthusiasm. Some of the officers played baseball and drill was neglected. Indeed, there had been very little of that since the return to Newbern, very likely on account of the expectation of an immediate departure. The vessels in the river were bedecked with all their colors, and from forts and batteries came the accustomed salutes, so that, in

the way of gunpowder, the memories of the Fourth were kept in mind. The bells of the rebel city were compelled by their ringing to recall other days when they and the citizens were all attuned in a common strain of national regard. All of the First Division, except the Twenty-fourth, paraded. In the evening there were more bonfires, and some of the regiment were permitted to accept invitations from the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and the Tenth Connecticut to participate in their respective celebration.

A letter home about this time from one of the younger men contains an item worthy of note, in that the writer says to his brother, "I wish you would look through the box sent back by me from Washington and see if I inclosed a copy of Timothy Titcomb's letters. It belongs to the Chaplain, who loaned it to me, and I ought not to send it home. Please return it by mail!" What a blending of war and literature, and what a comment on the taste of a private soldier. Two young fellows were reading in their tent, when two colored girls strayed into the camp, and taking seats near them asked if they had any papers or magazines they would give away. One of the boys said, "If you will read this verse you can have this book." "Will you give me the same chance?" said the other girl. "Of course," is the reply, when, much to the astonishment of the soldiers, the black girl took the book and read the poetry, after the style of Hiawatha, beautifully. She got the book; but where did she learn how to read? It had long been a serious offense to teach the negroes letters. The new Sibley tents afford the soldiers a deal of comfort and pleasure, just a little help towards offsetting their disappointment over the contradiction of the Richmond-McClellan news, this day received.

The heated season is here and not much outside work is done for several days; 120 degrees in the shade is one record and "the sun scorches my face" is a continuation of the report. On the 7th, the new tents for the officers went up.

The next day at dress-parade, several officers as well as men were compelled to fall out of ranks on account of the extreme heat. This same day, the 8th, Companies B and D, under command of Captain Prince, started for Washington, and the latter's first letter to the Colonel tells of his arrival. Written on the 9th, he says that in accordance with Special Order Number 16, he had proceeded with his companies on board the steamer Eagle at Newbern, and at 5.30 p.m. started, reaching Washington, N. C., at 12.30 p.m. the next day, having anchored for the night at the mouth of the Neuse. His men were quartered in the wooden building opposite the Colonel's former headquarters which the Captain and brother officers are now occupying. He purposes, unless ordered to the contrary, to take upon himself and men all of the guard and provost duty, thus allowing Colonel Potter of the First North Carolina Union Regiment to drill his men. A large Union flag is needed for headquarters; there is no fresh beef; two pieces of artillery are posted on each road and pickets are in place.

The 9th, in the Newbern Camp, was noteworthy in that at dress-parade an order was read to the effect that General Foster was to command during the absence of General Burnside, who had accompanied his divisions northward. For a number of subsequent days Colonel Osborn, Captain Richardson and several officers of other regiments sit in a court-martial. Contrasts are presented when we are told of the prostrating heat and, in the same line, of the fact that ice, brought all the way from Rhode Island, may be bought for 1½ cents a pound. "A cool drink in a hot day is good." Fruit of the court-martial appears on the 11th, when one poor man is sentenced to two months' hard labor with ball and chain, in Fort Macon, and another receives a punishment of hard labor in camp for ten days and, at the same time, to wear a ten-pound ornament of ball and chain. Thus does the transgressor suffer.

The 11th of July brought a brief respite from the ex-

treme heat and the men cut trees from the hardby woods to stick up near the tents to ward off some of the sun's rays. Sunday was the 13th, and with delightfully pleasant weather there were inspections, reading of the Articles of War, and dress-parade, at which all of the men were pleased to see their first Colonel, Thos. G. Stevenson. July 14th Captain Prince reports from Washington, N. C., that, while nothing of importance is happening, he and his men are finding something to do. For instance, Lieutenants Sargent and Jones dug up on the grounds of Widow Blunt or Blount a quantity of glass and chinaware, of which his mess was much in need, and he supposed, since her son was in the rebel service, and she had given her grounds for their cavalry, that he might retain the same, but Colonel Potter had ordered the return of all of it. Four cannon had been sent him, but, on inspection, they were found to be spiked, a fact which drew a deserved laugh at the expense of Lieutenant Flagler. "The battery stationed here seems to be of little use and would amount to very little in case of attack. The Secesh inhabitants are quite exultant over the latest news from Richmond."

The 17th of the month was not devoid of interest, for, in addition to the departure of Colonel Osborn for Washington, N. C., in connection with a court-martial, there was a deal of excitement over the robbing of the sutler's tent. It appears that the sutler did not return with the regiment when it left Washington, but remained there in the store, where he was better placed than in a tent, but learning that pay-day was near he had put in an appearance, with all his belongings. During the night his quarters were broken into and about all he had, including the money orders that the men had given him on the paymaster, were taken away. The orders represented about $2000, a pretty considerable sum for even a sutler to lose. Every conceivable course was resorted to that he might regain some of his lost goods, but like the "Lost Bride of Netherby," no trace was found.

Every company had to strike tents, take up tent floors, open knapsacks, etc., but all to no purpose. Then companies were formed in line and each man was asked how much he owed the sutler, for, the orders being lost, there was no other way for that officer to find out the standing of the men towards him. Did all tell the truth? To this day, there are those who intimate that Ananias was not without imitators on that occasion.

At the dress-parade of that day more punishments were announced, and some of them will bear recording, since they may be novel to certain readers of this story. One victim was sentenced to stand upon a barrel, having on his back a board bearing the word, "Insubordinate;" another had the severer word, "Liar;" a third bore on his breast a board proclaiming him a "Shirk," and a placard on his back bore the words, "Threatening Language," while a poor little drummer boy was compelled to wear a wooden overcoat, which was a barrel with one head out entirely, and a part of the other removed so that it fitted down upon his shoulders, leaving his arms and hands quite useless.

Colonel Osborn, who had been away from Newbern two days, returned on the 19th, and in a letter states that the wife of General Foster has arrived in the city. The next day came the signing of pay-rolls, and on the 21st the men were paid to the first of July. When the regiment came back from Washington, many small negroes followed, so many indeed that almost all of the officers and many of the enlisted men have servants. "Saucy, impertinent and mischievous," writes one concerning these presumptive citizens. A twelve-year-old black boy, seeing a young soldier at the pump, says: "Fill my pail, boy." The offended soldier shouts: "I'll break your head if you don't dry up." Thus early is realized the truth of the adage about setting a beggar ahorseback. As usual, pay-day is followed by considerable disorder and several non-commissioned officers are reduced to the ranks for too great indulgence in strong

drink. The coming of Mrs. General Foster to Newbern is hailed as a great accession by the officers, to whom the face of a loyal Northern lady is refreshing, and they find her as enthusiastic and determined as her husband.

Friday, the 25th of July, six companies each from the Seventeenth, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts with six companies of cavalry started out on the Trent road with a battery of artillery, and the next morning Companies K and E were sent out to the picket line to take the places of two companies from the Twenty-fifth that had been withdrawn for the expedition. Owing to cases of firing upon Union troops from certain houses, they were torn down by the men of the Twenty-third Regiment. The section was called Muddy Lane, and three times had it offended. In the last instance Michael A. Galvin of the Twenty-third was seriously wounded, hence the action of his comrades under the direction of their Colonel, who was Provost-marshal. The evening brought one of the heaviest of rains, severe even for this region of thunder and lightning. Sunday, the 27th, brings a record of church attendance; many of the men going to Catholic service, where they see General Foster, wife and daughter, General Stevenson and Colonel Osborn. The day itself was beautiful, hence inspections, etc. The band discoursed its finest music, and what could be better; officers called on General Foster and family, and Assistant Surgeon Curtis left Newbern this day to establish a hospital on Portsmouth Island.

Wednesday, July 30th, Colonel Osborn received orders to have his regiment ready with three days' rations, to march at 4.30 a.m. Accordingly the men moved down to Foster's wharf at 5 a.m. of the 31st and went on board the steamer Union, with the Tenth Connecticut, and crossed over the river, where a halt was ordered till other forces could come up. There were, besides the men of the Twenty-fourth and the Tenth Connecticut, the Seventeenth Massachusetts, three companies of the Third New York Cavalry, one piece from

Rodgers' Battery and Morrison's Battery. The men are encumbered with three days' rations and rubber blankets. While waiting through the long wet day, huts are made from rails and ponchos, affording some relief from the downpour. General Stevenson, in command, comes up towards night and commends the efforts of the soldiers to make themselves comfortable. A rainy night is always more uncomfortable than a rainy day, so the men raid the barn of an adjacent estate, which had been left by its rebel owner in care of his overseer, and soon take all the hay it contains for their own use. Standing corn disappears for Union horses' fodder, and whatever there is edible in the vicinity for horse or man is quickly appropriated. A large fire near the house marks the officers' bivouac. At the best, however, it is not a comfortable night.

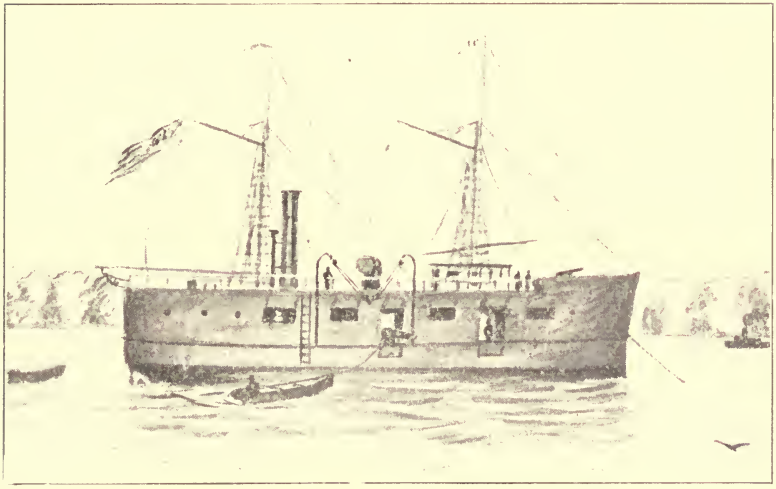
It was in this plight that August found the Twenty-fourth and other organizations. During the night, company cooks were trying to boil some beef for the men, and to have coffee ready against the ordered early start. All this they did so far as the rain would permit. Of this trip, Colonel Osborn writes: "At two o'clock we breakfasted and intended to march immediately, but it came on to rain so hard that it made it darker than I ever saw it before, so we were obliged, perforce, to suspend our arrangements. We got off, however, at four. The streams had become swollen by the rain and overflowed the road, so that the water in some places was nearly up to the men's middle. Having gone about five miles, we learned that a bridge had been destroyed, which would oblige us to make a long detour, and thus defeated the object of the expedition. Under his instructions, Colonel Stevenson could do nothing but turn back, which he did, and we returned to camp. In the midst of all the discomforts, the men were in the best of spirits, laughing and joking all the way." Some of the rank and file were also taking notes, and says one of them: "It was the wettest and the easiest march we have had. When we got back to our

starting point, we had to halt to arrange for recrossing the Neuse. The old Wheelbarrow, not the original, but the Secesher, came over first in response to our signals. She took on three companies, and then other boats came, so that we all got over after a while. Colonel Osborn was with the first Wheelbarrow load. When the men were all in camp, about midnight, we were formed in a hollow square and the Colonel said: 'My men, you have done nobly under most adverse circumstances. You behave yourselves well when you have plenty of work, and when you have not, you are likely to get a little unruly.' We got a ration of whiskey as a result."

Though Saturday was largely a needed day of recuperation on account of the exactions of Friday, and guns had to be brightened up and clothes freed from mud, yet there was a dress-parade, and more punishments for recusant men of the regiment were announced, the same being necessary to maintain the discipline in the diverse elements that made up the organization. Monday, the 4th of August, twenty-four recruits arrived on the steamer Albany, to replenish the reduced ranks, some of them relatives of men already serving. Also Leader Gilmore of the band came back, and it is heard that regimental bands are to be abolished. The weather again warms up, and on the 6th a sentinel falls at his post, overcome by the heat, and at a dress-parade a man falls in the ranks. Sunday, the 10th, notwithstanding the excessive heat, men went to church, those who were so inclined to the Catholic, others to hear their own Chaplain Mellen. For two or three days preparations had been making, such as the coaling and otherwise loading of steamers, so that it was evident to men with eyes that some move was in contemplation.

Wednesday, the 13th, Companies E, F, G and I went on board the steamer Union, bound for Beaufort, N. C., Captain Hooper in command. Reveillé had been sounded at 3.30 a.m. and having had breakfast and with one day's ra-

tions in their haversacks, in light marching order, the men went down to the wharf escorted by the band. There were also with the Union, the Massasoit, Pilot Boy, M. S. Allison and the Ocean Wave. Steaming down the river, across Pamlico and into Core Sound, the Union anchored because the Pilot Boy had grounded. After a wait of two hours, the boat was pulled off and the fleet proceeded again, anchoring finally at nightfall in the Sound. Meanwhile, Colonel



STEAMER "GUIDE."

Osborn with Companies C, H and K, along with General Stevenson and staff, having left Newbern in the afternoon, was riding to Morehead City by rail. On arrival, the party took up quarters on the Guide, an old acquaintance of the regiment. Beaufort and Morehead City are located at the mouth of the Newport River and on opposite shores. The latter place is the terminus of the railroad from Newbern, and was occupied by Parke's Division of Burnside's Expedition in March, just after the capture of Newbern.

The purpose and incidents of the expedition are thus summarized by Colonel Osborn:—

We remained at Beaufort, or rather Morehead City, all day Thursday, taking in coal and water. On Friday morning, the 15th, we started early, a gunboat and four large steamers going down Bogue Sound. The water was very low and we frequently got aground, once or twice lying an hour or so before getting off. General Stevenson went down the Sound in one boat, and I in the other. At one place where we were grounded, I saw on the shore some beef-cattle and sheep, and sent a party on shore to kill a lot, and thus got a plenty of fresh provisions. At another place we lay a long time and seemed unable to get off. At last I ordered the men to strip off their clothes and jump overboard to lighten the boat. As it was only four feet deep, and they had been swimming and wading all day, they were delighted to do it, and soon the water was full of them. A rope was fastened to the boat and the end given to them, and shouting, laughing and splashing, they pulled with a will. In a very short time the boat began to move and ran into deeper water. It was a very amusing sight, and was just what our men like. At night we ran aground again and lay until next morning, when we got off and arrived safely at Swansboro. The gunboat was already there, and a white flag flying from the highest building showed us that there was no enemy in the town. On going ashore, we learned that some cavalry had been there, but had left on seeing our boats. We searched the town and took away all the arms we could find, also appropriated what chickens, pigs and fruit we needed—in short we made ourselves generally disagreeable to the inhabitants, who with a remarkable unanimity, "had always been Union men, but had never dared speak of it."

In the course of the day, the other boats came up. A young rebel was taken prisoner by some men who were out scouting and brought down to the boats. He had the stupid look so characteristic of the Secesh, and was dressed in gray homespun. As the object of our expedition was to destroy some saltworks, we went on shore the next day, Sunday, the 17th, with about 350 men and one piece of artillery, and marched about three miles down the coast. There we came to an extensive saltwork and proceeded at once to burn it, much to the disgust of the proprietor, who looked on under the charge of a guard with impotent rage. We laid him under contribution for more chickens and eggs, and, bor-

rowing his horses to draw our cannon, went on our way rejoicing. About a mile and a half further on, we came to another work, which we also destroyed. As the owner did not live near it, his feelings and his fowl were spared. We then returned to the boats without having seen any of the enemy, but having, nevertheless, achieved a very important work. Salt is a very necessary article, especially to a people whose principal article of food is pork, which they cure for winter's use. Salt is now very scarce and is worth from seven to eight dollars a bushel, so the destruction of a manufactory strikes a very heavy blow at them. We lay at Swansboro all day Monday. One of our men, without his arms, wandering too far out of the town and alone, met two or three rebel horsemen who fired at him and ran. A buckshot hit him in the cheek, but did not inflict a serious wound. Tuesday morning we started for home and reached camp without accident, Wednesday, the 20th.

The trip itself was a cheerful episode in the regimental life, and all men came back the better for it. They had seen Beaufort, Morehead City, and Fort Macon, which lies on a tongue of sand between the ocean and the inner waters of the Sound and really commands the entrance to the same. They had experienced a change of diet and in the extra briny waters of the Sound had realized some of the luxuries of bathing, though some of the youths complained at the prevalence of crabs, which did not hesitate to grab any tangible part of Yankee swimmers. They had foraged on the enemy, securing great quantities of vegetable and animal food, finding the green corn succulent and the watermelons superb, and though there was some rain and they did have to help extricate the steamers when aground, and occasionally wait for a high tide, there was not a man in the seven companies who did not vote the expedition a first-class picnic. From Morehead City, the way back to Newbern was by rail, thus passing within sight of and right through the rebel fortifications which they had assailed in the month of March.

During the absence of the regiment, forty-nine recruits had come down from the North and were waiting an opportunity to be added to the aggregate of the Twenty-fourth. The weather continues warm and the period of inactivity is varied only by drill, parades, inspections and the regular round of camp life. At dress-parade, on the 27th, the honorable discharge of Captain Austin of B Company was announced, General Foster and daughter being among the spectators. August 30th was noteworthy in that at 2 o'clock p.m. Gilmore's Band, the pride and pet of the regiment, was mustered out of the United States service. After dress-parade the band marched through every company street, also to the guard-house, playing some very lively tunes. The several companies gathered in their respective streets as the musicians passed through, and loudly cheered them. Sunday, the last day of the month, was delightful in the matter of weather. There were review and inspection under the eye of General Stevenson and staff, and a muster for pay. At the regular dress-parade the band played for the last time, the soldiers giving their old friends the heartiest of cheers. Of the discharge of the band, the Colonel writes: "I think it a great mistake and that the service will lose more than the treasury will gain."

September the 1st saw the departure of the band, and North Carolina shores no longer would echo the exquisite strains that for many months had gladdened the ears of all true music lovers, Union or Confederate. Tuesday, the second day of the month, is the anniversary of the appointment of the line officers in far-away Boston, and in honor of the event, Colonel Osborn gives a reception in the mess-tent. General Stevenson called in the forenoon, as was his custom, and the dropping in of the other officers, who were not forgetful of the day and its significance, made the hours fly all too swiftly. It seems almost impossible that an entire year separates them from the infant camp at Read-

ville. Having become pretty well acclimated, the regiment is enjoying Newbern, though flies by day and mosquitoes by night necessitate constant vigilance on the part of mankind. Massachusetts men also find the everlasting flatness of the country exceedingly irksome. Says one commentator, "Everything is upon a dead level, and in riding along the roads, nowhere do you get a sight of anything more than the trees on each side except where a field has been cleared for corn, or at the houses, which are thinly scattered along. * * I long to see a hill, and think with regret of the glorious old Blue Hills of Milton, with the thousand shades of color and soft tints which gave me so much pleasure when at Readville."

During all these days, the two companies in Washington, N. C., have been doing their best to perform their respective duties, and the reports from Captain Prince relate the principal happenings there. Writing September 3d, the Captain chronicles the arrival, the day before, of Colonel S. H. Mix of the Third N. Y. Cavalry and of his assuming command. Having with him several companies of his regiment, his presence imparts considerable encouragement to all Union people, for seemingly there is trouble brewing from rebel sources. Indeed there were apprehensions of an attack the night before Captain Prince's letter, but the active New York Colonel took the utmost precautions to prevent any surprise. Pickets were doubled and strong patrols of cavalry were out on the different roads as well as on the principal streets of the town. However, the night passed without molestation. Colonel Mix has ordered all passes stopped and no one leaves the place. He proclaims himself responsible for the place and says he will not take orders from Governor Stanly which allow known Secesh to come and go inside and outside of our lines.

On the same date, viz., the 3d, Captain Prince writes again to the effect that through Mayor Respess and Colonel Carroll, he learns that the enemy is certainly preparing for an

attack. "Colonel" Carroll, who is a strong Union man and a former militia officer, whence his title, has seen an order written by Governor Clark to take Washington at all hazards. "It was first sent to Captain or Colonel Rodman, owner of the plantation across the river, who, not liking the job, had disappeared and had not been seen since. It was then given to the officer who commands the forces around us. * * As Governor Clark goes out in about ten days, I suppose he wants to signalize his exit by the capture of this place." That Captain Prince's apprehensions were not unfounded was evident on the morning of the 6th, when at 5 o'clock the enemy dashed into the town and carried consternation with him. Taking advantage of the dense fog, the cavalry captured the Union pickets and galloped into the place. Hearing the firing, the officers rushed over to the quarters of the men and organized them for defense.

The enemy galloped down Main Street in which the barracks are located, and a body of infantry which followed surrounded the officers' quarters, then vacant, and the barracks of the men to prevent their egress, and take them prisoners. Fortunately four companies of our cavalry, having two pieces of artillery, who had been ordered to go on an expedition at daylight, and who were under arms, met the force of cavalry and drove them out of Main Street, upon which the infantry withdrew without attacking the barracks. Our men then formed, and in turn attacked the rebels, who made a stand toward the rear of the town. The gunboat Louisiana then opened and smashed up the houses pretty well, even if she did not kill anybody. The little gunboat Picket also fired one shot, but from some unexplainable cause, her magazine then exploded, killing the captain and eighteen men. The fight continued in the streets till eight o'clock, when the enemy retired, leaving their dead, but carrying off four pieces of artillery, which unaccountably had been left without a guard. Some of our cavalry pursued them nine miles, but did not come up with them. They found, however, two ambulances of wounded which they had left in the road. The loss of the Confederates appears to be quite heavy, including a number of

men made prisoners. When the rebels came to the Union hospital they were told what it was, and they replied that they would respect it, but should take the occupants prisoners, and placed a guard over them. After the tide turned in the Union favor, the nurses retorted upon the guards, told them that they were prisoners, and brought them in. Our men fought very well, including the loyal North Carolina Regiment, of which much had not been expected.

General Foster soon appeared on the ground and on searching certain houses arms were found, and the holders in all cases arrested. Captain Prince in reporting the affair asks if the entire regiment is not coming to the help of the place, since the enemy will surely try it again. He names the fatally wounded as Corporal Sylvester Clark of D, Franklin Oldson and Edwin D. Sprague, both of B, also Edward Carthy and James C. Littlefield, each one of the latter company. On the 9th, orders were received to relieve Companies B and D, at Washington, and on the 4th they returned and the Twenty-fourth was once more united, though owing to the condition of their natural camping place they had to wait till the 13th before putting their tents along with their fellows.

September, '62, in the annals of the Twenty-fourth is not especially eventful. The affair in Washington represents all the fighting that any part of the regiment had. There were drills, etc., in the regular rounds and, doubtless, each day was adding to the efficiency of the men, but there was time for letter writing, and one officer remarks that the men keep up a tremendous correspondence, so great that if other organizations do likewise, the Post Office Department ought to become self-supporting. The 11th brought back to the regiment Major Stevenson, who had been away ever since receiving his wound at the capture of Newbern. He was most heartily welcomed back by the men. The same day brought down from the North Lieut.-colonel John Quincy Adams, of Governor Andrew's staff, and he comes to inspect Massachusetts troops, and so to carry back to the Bay State a true statement as to the condition of her soldiers in the field.

Pencil sketch by Lieut. J. M. Barnard, Co. G.

LOOKING DOWN THE NEUSE, SEPT. '62.

Four days later, on the 15th, there was a rigid inspection of the regiment, no formal affair, but man after man, weapons, equipment and quarters, the officer went through everything. The ordeal was long and tedious, but it won from him the statement that the organization, in drill, discipline and appointments, was the best he had seen. Naturally the boys felt a little set up over such encomiums. Soon after the 17th, there is heard the glorious news of Antietam's victory and how magnificently General Burnside's men had conducted themselves at the Bridge, their own old comrades many of them, and many a cheer rent the air over the deeds of their

former leader. Still there was a drop of bitter in all these sweets of victory, for General Jesse L. Reno, the grand division leader of the Burnside Expedition, is reported killed at South Mountain, and how much these men loved him is evident in the tolling of bells, the reading of orders and the wide bands of crape which the officers wear.

The call for additional troops in the North is giving well-drilled non-commissioned officers of the Twenty-fourth an opportunity to take commissions in the newly formed regiments, and very many are discharged from the Twenty-fourth for this purpose. The men who remain are sorry to see the steady, reliable comrades of the campaign go away, but they are glad that the drill and work hitherto done have fitted them for these steps upward.

If all regimental stories were simply annals of garrison life, it is doubtful if very many of them would be printed, so little difference is there in successive days. This North Carolina experience was not what the men had in mind when they enlisted, and when they heard of the more active war of their brothers in Virginia and the West, they became somewhat restive, particularly when regular rations of quinine and whiskey became necessary as a specific for attacks of the chills, from which no one was exempt, and notwithstanding all precautions, these soldiers were having planted in their systems seeds of malaria, which all the years of their subsequent living will not eradicate. As they regarded the low lying regions, some of them tried to imagine the feelings of the early Swiss settlers as they, too, were trying to become acclimated, and not a few wondered how they ever came to name their settlement after the capital of Switzerland unless it was by the rule of contraries, for surely no two localities could be more dissimilar than mountain-girt Helvetian Berne and this fever-stricken namesake, amidst the marshes and morasses of the Neuse and Trent Peninsula.

October presented a wide divergence of weather: there were days delightful to remember, but they were usually sand-

wiched between long periods of rain, cold, and even flurries of snow. But cold or warm, rain or shine, there were the ever recurring rounds of guard, police and picket duty. Weather somewhat interfered with drills and parades, still no one was allowed to forget that drill and discipline are really the chief end of a soldier's life. Also the work of fortifying Newbern was progressing, regular details being made for this purpose. On the 6th, the paymaster remembered the regiment, and there was an evening up of clothing accounts, wherein some improvident fellows found themselves minus in the matter of cash, they having drawn and worn out their entire stipend; others more frugal and careful had their difference given them in good currency, which they were at liberty to send home to their families. The picket line is so far away that it is reached, some parts of it, by rail, thus relieving the men from many mud marches. On the 8th, Lieutenant Ordway went to Raleigh under a flag of truce. The next day Company G went off in light marching order on the Old Wheelbarrow, twelve or fifteen miles up the Neuse, to secure a raft, succeeding in part. Colonel Osborn has been for several days too ill to attend to his regular duties, having succumbed at last to the prevailing sickness of the region, and, to crown his misfortunes, his eyes are troubling him. On the 16th and 17th there are Brigade drills under the direction of General Stevenson, the Brigade including the Twenty-Fourth, Tenth Connecticut and the Fifth Rhode Island. The 18th marks the illness of Major Stevenson, thus leaving the regiment without a field officer fit for duty. During the month, measures were taken for the erecting of barracks, that the men might be better housed, and under the impression that they would remain in Newbern the entire winter.

Up to the 26th no event of the month gave the regiment so much pleasure as the arrival of the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, one of the nine months' regiments raised under the last call of the President. The men reached the city by rail,

having landed at Morehead City, and, as the regiment also had New England Guards affiliations, its coming was most happily greeted by the boys, so well versed in the lay of the land. Their first ride in North Carolina, however, was not altogether inspiriting, since the cars were open and the rain fell copiously, hence they were well wet down to begin with. Many of the officers were entertained by General Stevenson and the remainder were cared for in the camp. Colonel Henry Lee of Governor Andrew's staff, a brother of the Colonel of the Forty-fourth, came down with the regiment and received a most cordial greeting from his many friends in the Twenty-fourth. About this time, a relief from the monotony of camp life was projected by the authorities and the Tarboro expedition was begun. In his subsequent report, General Foster states that his object was the capture of three Confederate regiments that had been making themselves obnoxious in the eastern counties.

TARBORO MARCH.

Concerning the trip Colonel Osborn thus writes, November 1st: "On Thursday morning (October 30), a large expedition, including the majority of the troops in the department, started from here to be gone a week or ten days. I was not strong enough to bear the fatigue and exposure of going with my regiments, so much against my will, I was left behind in command of the infantry under Colonel Kurtz (Twenty-third Massachusetts), who commands the post. This is a severe blow to me, for the regiment has never before gone anywhere without me. My earnest wish is that they may not have a fight." For such an apparently unsoldierly wish, no doubt every man in the regiment forgave the Colonel, for they, too, wished to have their leader along when there was trouble brewing. However, not all of the companies went; since C and H remained on duty, the other eight going under command of Captain Hooper, since Major Stevenson was also too ill for duty.

The First Brigade, under Colonel T. J. C. Amory (Seventeenth Massachusetts), having in charge the baggage train, marched overland, while the Second under Colonel Stevenson and the Third under Colonel Lee of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, went by transport over the route, by this time quite familiar to many of the campaigners. The newly arrived Forty-fourth, the Tenth Connecticut and the Fifth Rhode Island were also along with Belger's Battery of six guns. Leaving Newbern on the 30th, the boats reached Washington, N. C., the next or Friday forenoon. The encampment was just outside of the city. The night of the 31st was very pleasant though cool, the moon shining, and fires were burning all over the field. It was a beautiful sight. The First Brigade coming overland was expected that night, but did not arrive till Saturday, the bridge over Swift Creek having been burned, thus occasioning a long delay for repairs, but the extra night in camp was not irksome. It was during the wait of Saturday, November 1st, that Lieutenent Jas. M. Pendleton, a volunteer aid on General Foster's staff, was thrown from his horse and fatally injured. The expedition started away from Washington at about 8 a.m. Sunday, the Third Brigade in the lead with only some cavalry and Marine Artillery ahead of it. Only those leading could tell what the main object of the trip was, but the enemy was met and driven back into Tarboro.

General Foster did not approve the burning of houses, and for that matter, that was done by the Marines, and it is claimed that they did it in retaliation for the firing upon them by the citizens a while ago when they were going up under a flag of truce. About four miles out, the cavalry captured several rebel cavalry pickets. When fifteen miles away, we halted for rest and caution, having heard that the enemy had thrown up breastworks near. The marching was excellent, the roads being in good condition. After a half-hour halt, we advanced till near 5 p.m., when our skirmishers

came up with the Confederate pickets and drove them in, which began the fight. The Marine Artillery led off with a few rounds of shell and canister. Belger's Battery went into position quickly and shelled the woods thoroughly. The Tenth Connecticut and two companies of the Forty-fourth advanced and drove the enemy across Little Creek, following them through the water above their knees. The Twenty-fourth was in reserve. The rebels fled from their defenses and went across a bridge at Rawle's Mill and set the bridge on fire. It grew dark so fast, we couldn't tell where the enemy was. After about an hour's firing the battery ceased, when our regiment was ordered forward. We halted at the first creek for the Battery to come up and go forward with us. While waiting, the enemy complimented us with several artillery attentions, but his aim was a little too high, though the hits were heard among the trees.

After a while, we went over or through the creek, some on logs, all anxious not to get wet. On our way we went through the ranks of our Connecticut and Massachusetts friends, who had started first. The rebs had cut down trees to obstruct our advance, but these were speedily got out of the way by the pioneers. We encountered several wounded Confederates and three dead. The Forty-fourth lost two killed and four wounded. The Tenth Connecticut had one killed, as did the Marines. Owing to the darkness, our advance was very slow. Working our way along with many cautious halts, we finally reached an open field on one side of the road, and the breast-work which they had just deserted. Down in the woods could be seen a fire, which turned out to be the burning bridge. Company F was sent down to find out the situation. The enemy was waiting for us on the other side of the bridge, and had some artillery with him. The F boys were just going for water to put out the fire when the rebels attacked with musketry and artillery, but luckily, as before, at too great an elevation. Our reply was of such a character as to make the graycoats take to their heels. While we were lying in the

road, Belger's guns began firing over us at a great rate. It was music for the ears and gladness to the eyes, for those shells looked like great balls of fire. The work seemed to be effectual, for we heard no more of the rebels during the night. Company E lost one man (H. T. Peterson) killed, and A, one wounded.

The Ninth New Jersey of the Third Brigade next took the advance, crossed the bridge, and halted for the night. We turned into the field here, where the breastworks were, and wrapping ourselves in our rubber blankets lay down for the remainder of the night, it now being past midnight. We were tired enough to sleep soundly till daylight, in spite of the cold and dew. Turning out at 5 o'clock, Monday morning, the 3d, we had coffee and resumed the march, the First Brigade in the lead. Reaching Williamston at noon, it was found deserted. However, we halted there about three hours. Certain companies marched right through a nice house and stacked arms in the back door yard.

At 4 p.m. the march was resumed, and continued till nine o'clock, when we camped in a large corn-field, getting material for a fire from a rail-fence which surrounded the field. Then came coffee and a sleep made sound by the fatigue of the day. Tuesday's start, also, was early, for we were off soon after 5 o'clock, marching towards Hamilton. A big fight was expected at Rainbow Banks, three miles this side of Hamilton, where there was a strong fortification about 75 feet above the waters of the Roanoke River. The bluff is almost perpendicular, the river deep and narrow. The fort could be taken easily from the land, as it was not intended for defense in that direction. Attached to it was a breastwork about two miles in length. Our forces were divided into two parties, one to take another road and so cut off the retreat of the enemy in case we should drive him, but as usual he had run off, destroying a bridge on his way, in repairing which we lost two hours. Reaching Hamilton at 3 p.m. we halted outside the town and employed our two

hours' wait in digging and roasting sweet potatoes. All of the troops were not permitted to enter the town, but those that did plundered and burned some of the best houses. It seemed too bad, but such is war. Again we started and continued marching till about 9 o'clock at night, when we camped as before.

Wednesday, the 5th, was pleasant, but it clouded over during the day, and in the following night rain fell. Starting at 7 a.m., we took the road towards Tarboro. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon we halted, had a luncheon, and rested for two hours, and then for reasons unknown to the men the march was diverted to another road and continued till 11 at night, passing thus through a strip of woods fully five miles in length, with hardly an opening. The soldiers were very tired, and when they stopped did not wait for any fires, but just wrapped their blankets around them and lay down, sleeping soundly in spite of the rain. In the morning it was found that we were about twelve miles from Tarboro.

At six o'clock on Thursday morning we had turned about and were on the homeward way; the rain was falling hard, making it very bad for the baggage and artillery, and not improving the walking. Some thought that the trains heard during the night were the taking into Tarboro of large numbers of reinforcements from Richmond. The going became so bad that barrels of salt beef had to be thrown off the wagons. We got back to Hamilton at 6 p.m., and very good quarters were found for the night. Some of the companies occupied large buildings that the rebels had used as barracks, and the stoves were in them just as they had been left. Starting good fires therein the men dried out wet garments, and finding a lot of sweet potatoes they refreshed the inner man also. Rain fell and the wind blew during the night, and in the morning the ground was covered with snow, and it kept on snowing almost all day Friday, the 7th, but a start was made just the same at 9 o'clock. It was terribly bad marching; there was

no picking one's way, having to go right through mud and water, reaching Williamston at 5 p.m., the regiments being quartered in the houses and public buildings. Some found themselves in rooms where there were large fire-places in which fires were built, and they warmed as well as dried their wearied bodies and clothes. In spite of the situation certain soldiers were not too tired for foraging, and so went out and secured a few of the noteworthy swine of the country, and these helped out considerably, since the men had started off in the morning with only three hard tacks apiece, rations having run low. The chance to fry fresh pork over the coals was good and it was improved.

Saturday, the 8th, was spent in Williamston, and during the day the jail was burned, much to the delight of the colored people, who declared it had been a source of great suffering to them, and they shouted with joy as they saw it go up in smoke. More foraging followed during the day, and there was a dress-parade at night, another delight to the novelty-loving African. Sunday, the 9th of November, saw the march resumed, starting away at 7 o'clock in the morning, reaching Jamesville at noon and halting for the night about 2½ miles from Plymouth. The night was cold and frosty, and long lines of rail-fence were used in trying to keep off the chills. Monday the regiment started out at 8 a.m. for Plymouth to go on board the transports for Newbern, but the boat was not ready, so arms were stacked just outside of the town and all waited till 2 p.m. Being of an industrious nature, men dug sweet potatoes and cooked and ate till they were filled, and they even made provision for the future by putting some of them in their haversacks. It was four in the afternoon when the Twenty-fourth boarded the Ocean Wave and sailed out into a beautiful night, reaching Newbern at noon Tuesday, the 11th, tired and very glad to get back.

The report of Col. Thomas G. Stevenson, commanding the Second Brigade, is as follows:

I have the honor to report the following as the result of the skirmishes in which my brigade was engaged on Sunday night, Nov. 2, 1862.

At about dusk, as the advance guard, composed of the Marine Artillery, a company of the Tenth Connecticut, and a portion of cavalry, were crossing Little Creek, on the road from Washington to Williamston, they were suddenly fired upon by the enemy from the opposite side of the creek, concealed in the woods on the right of the road. The cavalry and infantry retired, the Marine Artillery opening fire. Two companies of the Forty-fourth were then ordered to deploy on the other side of the creek. In crossing the enemy opened a brisk fire on them, which was immediately returned with good effect, but their ammunition getting wet they were ordered to retire, which was done in good order, with a loss of one killed and six wounded. In the meantime, Captain Belger's battery had taken position in a corn-field on the left of the road and opened fire, the enemy returning with musketry and artillery, which the well-directed fire of Captain Belger's battery soon silenced. Two companies of the Forty-fourth Massachusetts were then ordered to the front, but the enemy again opened fire, killing one and wounding one. I then ordered them to fall back. Captain Belger opened fire once more on the enemy, and in a short time caused them to retreat.

The column then moved forward slowly, the road being blocked up by trees cut by the retreating enemy to retard our advance, which for two hours was very slow. A breastwork was found on our left which had the appearance of having been hastily deserted. The advance, composed of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, soon came upon a bridge burning over the creek by Rawle's Mill. The Twenty-fourth, whilst extinguishing the flames, were fired upon by the enemy with both musketry and artillery, in position on the opposite side of the creek parallel with the main road, the Twenty-fourth losing one killed and two wounded. Captain Belger soon got his battery in position, when he opened fire and quickly routed the enemy.

Too much praise cannot be awarded Captain Belger and his command for the masterly manner in which his guns were manœuvred, and for the coolness and discipline displayed by all.—R. R., Vol. 18, p. 22.

In addition to the foregoing, General Foster states in his report that the original plan to capture three regiments, foraging in that section, was frustrated by the condition of the roads, yet the effect of the expedition must be salutary to the department: that the first encounter with the enemy was at Little Creek; the second, where the Company E man was killed, was Rawle's Mill. Rainbow Banks is three miles below Hamilton. At the latter place he had expected to find some iron-clads in process of construction, but was disappointed. The limit of the expedition was within ten miles of Tarboro, but the wearied condition of the men, coupled with the lack of provisions and the evident reinforcing of Tarboro, determined him to countermarch. The total loss was six killed and eight wounded. The expedition was instrumental in saving the town of Plymouth from capture, since the enemy had been laying plans for a surprise. He mentions particularly the bravery of Colonel Stevenson, commanding the Second Brigade, and closes his report with the following words:

"I recommend that Colonel Stevenson, for his efficient services on the march and in the affairs of Little Creek and Rawle's Mill, as well as previous services at the battles of Roanoke and Newbern, be promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, to date from Nov. 3, 1862."

NEWBERN.

Just as the Union forces return to Newbern the enemy gets active, apparently mistaking the time of the Federal's stay. Had the rebels been a little more ardent in their movements, they might have made the Union people a deal of trouble. As it was, they kept things lively along the picket line. On the afternoon of the 11th, Colonel Kurtz, hearing that the rebels were attacking, ordered the infantry under arms. At nightfall Col. T. J. C. Amory returned, resumed command, and made all necessary arrangements to meet any force the enemy might present. During the night on the Neuse road

the Confederates, appearing, were fired upon by the Monitor. In camp the long roll was beaten and the regiment marched up to Fort Rowan and remained in line for some time, but finding nothing particular doing, the men marched back again, and were ordered to lie on their arms, ready to march at a moment's warning. Thus the morning of the 12th found them. Extra vigilance was displayed in all directions. General Stevenson returned from the Tarboro trip so indisposed that he was obliged to go to bed. His brother, the Major, also continued ill, and Colonel Osborn had not recovered to the extent of resuming his duties.

On the 14th, Lieut. J. B. Nichols of Company H reports from the picket-line that he is still kept on the *qui vive* by the foe, who, though not particularly numerous, is exceedingly lively. He suggests that unless the enemy is driven off the Trent road, the post should be abandoned or strongly reinforced. He learns that the attacking party of the 11th and 12th numbered about 500, and that several were wounded, this from a prisoner. In compliance with the suggestion of the Lieutenant the regiment is ordered out to picket the railroad near Batchelder's Creek. On this day leave of absence is granted to Colonel Osborn, that he may have a chance to visit home and so regain his health. On the next day, the 15th, as ordered, the regiment took a train some nine miles out to Batchelder's Creek to join Company H, which had been there for some time. There were many alarms and consequent falling into line, but no attack came, though two companies were ordered to lie on their arms all night, and every one was expected to be ready to move at a minute's notice. Nov. 17th, Lieutenant Folsom, Company E, led a small party on a reconnoissance and to place obstruction in the road to hinder the advance of the enemy should he approach. Colonel Osborn also started for home, going by train to Morehead City, thence by steamer Mississippi northward and home.

The remaining days of November find the regiment on the

picket-station, the men doing their best to make themselves comfortable. They build huts for cook-houses, and when, on the 24th, the blankets that had been left in Washington were sent out, they had an additional source of comfort. Also, so long was their stay, stoves were brought out from Newbern, for the weather was exceedingly cold at times. The 27th was the first Thanksgiving in the enemy's country, and no loyal New Englander permits that day to pass without some sort of recognition. While the boys had sampled all the good things that the neighborhood produced, taken usually without a "by your leave," yet they felt that it would not be Thanksgiving without something extra. Morning rations were much the same as customary, and at 10.30 a.m. the men were assembled for religious service, conducted by the Chaplain. "America" was the opening song, rendered with ardor by these men so far away from the homes they loved, devoted to the land whose praises they sang. The Chaplain's prayer, when he dwelt upon the homes represented by his hearers, made many an eye not wont to weep grow moist at the thought of firesides in the Northland. His text, "Quit ye like men," etc., was an eloquent appeal to the soldiers to do their whole duty to the best of their ability. At 2.30 p.m. came the expected dinner, cooked in Newbern and brought directly to the camp. There were turkeys and chickens cooked to a turn, with plum pudding in quantities, admitting of every man eating his fill. While cranberry sauce did not garnish the feast, and apple, squash and mince pie failed to appear, yet the soldiers felt as though Thanksgiving day was worth observing even in Dixie land.

The last month of the year finds the regiment still on duty at its picket-station in the vicinity of Batchelder's Creek, enduring with as much fortitude as possible the varying weather of the region, attending to the routine duties of the place, and looking forward expectantly to the next move. While life was not exactly monotonous, it did not have all the variety of an active forward movement. There was an unusual varia-

tion on the 6th, when a train from Newbern was approaching the camp; it ran into one loaded with wood, resulting in the shaking up of many, while fortunately no one was seriously hurt, the Chaplain getting the most by which to remember the incident. The next day the regiment was pleased to receive as visitors General Stevenson, his brother, the Major, and their father and mother, who had come down from Boston to visit their sons and now, by means of a handcar, have come out to see the organizations in which the family has so much interest. A review was expected and announced, but, for some reason, it failed to come off. All were astir early on the morning of the 10th, since orders had been received for the regiment to return to Camp Lee, and this was done after almost a month on the outer edge of the Union lines.

But the stay on the "old camp ground" was brief, since orders came to have knapsacks packed ready for another start. Breakfast came at 5 o'clock on the 11th, and soon afterwards forty rounds of cartridges. Three days' rations were in the haversacks, rubber and woolen blankets were carried, at daylight line was formed, and the regiment marched to the Trent road to join the remainder of the force. The fog enshrouds everything so thickly that one's own brother could not be recognized two files away. In the rear of Fort Totten the line is halted for a couple of hours, and, during this wait, it is not out of place to state what is pending. History will describe the incidents of the ensuing days as the Goldsboro Expedition. To several of the nine months' regiments from Massachusetts the impending days were to form the principal sources of interest in their stories of campaigning. With them the battle of Kinston, the trip to Whitehall, and the advance to Goldsboro were items of transcendent importance. The wide dispersing of Burnside's forces, never large enough, had accounted for the inaction of General Foster, who had been left in command on the departure of Burnside. The coming of the first of the nine months' men had enabled him to make his demonstration towards Tarboro,

and now, with the coming of additional regiments and the loaning by General Peck of Wessells' brigade, he was warranted in relieving the tedium of garrison life by a movement towards Goldsboro with the hope and expectation of being able to destroy that railroad centre, and so seriously cripple the means of forwarding supplies to the Confederates further north.

GOLDSBORO EXPEDITION.

General Foster's forces comprise the brigade of General H. W. Wessells, which had arrived the 9th inst., including the 85th, 92d, 96th New York, 85th, 101st and 103d Pennsylvania, with the brigades of Colonels Amory, Stevenson and Lee. In all there were about 10,000 infantry, 640 cavalry (3d New York), forty guns included in the 3d New York Artillery, Belger's Rhode Island, the 23d and 24th New York batteries. In Colonel Amory's brigade, the First, were the 17th, 43d, 23d, 45th and 51st Massachusetts regiments. Colonel Stevenson had in his Second Brigade, as usual, the 10th Connecticut, 5th Rhode Island, the 8th, 24th and the 44th Massachusetts. The Third Brigade, under Col. Horace C. Lee, had the 3d, 5th, 25th, 27th and 46th Massachusetts regiments; the 9th New Jersey acted independently in advance with the cavalry. Quoting freely from General Foster's report, we find that the march on the first day, the 11th, was along the Kinston road about fourteen miles, when, "finding the road obstructed by felled trees, half a mile and over, I bivouacked for the night and had the obstruction removed during the night by the pioneers."

Pushing on the next morning at daylight my cavalry advance encountered the enemy about four miles from our bivouac, and after a sharp but brief skirmish he was routed with some loss. The march was somewhat delayed through the destruction of the bridge over Beaver Creek. This was rebuilt and the Fifty-first Massachusetts was left to hold it and to protect the intersection of the main road and the one

the forces were on. Four miles further on, the main column bivouacked for the night. Saturday, the 13th, the column started again, leaving the Forty-sixth Massachusetts with artillery at another intersection of roads, and when Southwest Creek is reached, the enemy, 400 strong, is found posted on the further side, with the intervening bridge destroyed. The stream was unfordable, was at the foot of a deep ravine, hence a battery was ordered up, and the Ninth New Jersey, under its fire, made its way across by swimming, by fragments of the bridge and by a mill-dam, and formed on the opposite side. Other regiments, including Wessells' brigade and the Twenty-third Massachusetts, had succeeded in crossing and forcing the retirement of the foe. Those already over the creek bivouacked there for the night. Other troops had been dispatched along the south side of the creek towards Whitehall, and still others towards Kinston.

Sunday, the 14th, the column again advanced, and about one mile from Kinston encountered the enemy strongly posted. In the attack which followed, the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts supported Belger's Battery, the other regiments of the brigade moving forward. The Confederates were driven across the Neuse, setting fire to the bridge as they did so, but the Union forces were so near that they captured about 400 of them. Our forces succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and the town of Kinston was occupied. The Confederate commander, Gen. N. G. Evans, retired about two miles and formed in line of battle. Under a flag of truce he was asked if he desired to surrender. On his declination preparations were made to attack, pending which he withdrew still further, and night coming on the troops camped on the field; besides, the object of the expedition thus far had been accomplished. The next morning we recrossed the river and took the Goldsboro road, leaving a strong force in Kinston with orders to make a demonstration towards Goldsboro on that side of the Neuse. The main column advanced to within 3½ miles of Whitehall, where it encamped for the night. Early on the 16th, a force of cavalry under Major Garrard, with a section of artillery, was sent forward to Mount Olive on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad to destroy the same. Passing Whitehall, though on the opposite bank of the Neuse, he was fired upon. He succeeded in destroying about one mile of the railroad track. When the column reached the

BATTLE OF KINSTON, N. C., DEC. 14, '62.

road crossing the river at Whitehall, and finding the bridge destroyed, it was determined to make a feint as if to rebuild and cross. A heavy fire was kept up on the enemy, silencing their guns. Leaving sharpshooters to continue the fight, the forces went on toward Goldsboro, bivouacking at night within eight miles of that place.

The 17th witnessed the final advance toward Goldsboro. The movement was a general one, involving so many points that the Confederates were wholly unable to discern the real object of the attack. It was desirable to burn the railroad bridge, a task committed to the Ninth New Jersey and the Seventeenth Massachusetts. The other regiments of Lee's

brigade supported the movement and, after a severe encounter, reached the bridge, which was fired by Lieut. Geo. W. Graham of the Twenty-third New York Battery; a number of others attempting the deed had been picked off by the enemy. All the artillery force was brought up to prevent the saving of the bridge, and while it was burning a countermarch towards Newbern was ordered, Lee's brigade forming the rear guard. As this move was begun, an attempt was made by the enemy to entrap and capture Lee's forces and Morrison's Battery, but by the vigilance of the General it failed. With a strong cavalry rear-guard, the return was effected without mishap, carrying along the sick and wounded from Kinston and Whitehall. The casualties were 4 officers and 88 enlisted men killed; 19 officers and 468 enlisted men wounded, with 13 captured or missing. The destruction of the railroad bridge seems to have been the principal end attained by the trip if we exclude the number, 496, of the rebels captured, and their losses in the field, said to have been 71 killed and 268 wounded. The defeat of Burnside at Fredericksburg had made it possible for General R. E. Lee to send any number of men to the help of the city, hence a return was the sanest move possible.—R. R., Vol. 18, p. 54.

As the report of General Foster includes the major features of the expedition, only those portions of General Stevenson's are given here that were not mentioned in the more comprehensive statement of the General commanding:

Agreeably to orders from headquarters, this brigade joined the column the morning of Dec. 11 on the Trent road, being third in position. Nothing of importance occurred until the morning of the 14th, Sunday, when within a few miles of Kinston the advance was attacked by the enemy in force. The Tenth Connecticut and the Forty-fourth Massachusetts were ordered into position on right of road in support of battery; the Fifth Rhode Island and the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts on left of road to support Belger's Battery. The Tenth Connecticut, Fifth Rhode Island and Forty-fourth Massachusetts were then ordered forward to the advance. * * * *

On the morning of Dec. 16 the enemy made another stand at Whitehall, occupying a strong position on the other side

BATTLE OF WHITEHALL, N. C., DEC. 16, '62.

of the river, having burned the bridge. The Forty-fourth Massachusetts and Tenth Connecticut were ordered into position on the banks of the river, on the left of the road leading to the bridge. Belger's Battery was then ordered to shell the woods, the enemy's sharpshooters being so completely concealed that the fire of our infantry had but little effect. The line of march was then taken up towards Goldsboro, the Fifth Rhode Island and a few sharpshooters of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts being left behind to engage the rebel sharpshooters till the rear of the column had passed. * *

I cannot close this report without referring, as I do with gratitude, to the manner in which Col. F. L. Lee, commanding the Forty-fourth Massachusetts; Lieut.-Col. R. Leggett, Tenth Connecticut; Major R. H. Stevenson, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts; Captain Arnold, Fifth Rhode Island, and Captain Belger of the Rhode Island Battery have seconded all my efforts throughout the whole expedition. Their prompt and efficient action has facilitated every movement which has been undertaken.—R. R., Vol. 18, p. 82.

So much officially, but how did the boys see the trip and what part did the Twenty-fourth play in the expedition? The men in the ranks were taking notes. As the troops were marching out of Newbern, the parents of General and Major Stevenson were seen watching the departure of their sons and the thousands of other men. Would it be strange if they thought more about their two than of the other ten thousand? The roads are in good condition for marching, and at noon the fog having cleared away, Newbern is still in sight. Orders against pillaging were issued, and the line, stretching out six or more miles, was cautioned against straggling and marauding. The line began to camp late in the evening, and as the Twenty-fourth was on the left, it had the pleasure of seeing the hundreds of fires over which the men were making coffee, nearby rail fences affording the combustibles. In spite of the orders against straggling, there were footsore men who did not reach the camp till near midnight. The march is resumed on the 12th with a speedy introduction to wounded

rebels who had got in the way of the advance guard. Here and there a small white flag on the house of a poor white proclaims a non-resistant there. On the 13th the boys see a guideboard with the words "26 miles to Newbern, 9 to Kinston," and they wonder if it lies like those at home. Rations are scarce, since the wagons have not kept up and the supply with which they started has disappeared rapidly. When the teams did arrive and food was distributed, one of the hungry men records the eating of no less than ten hardtack at one trial. As prisoners are brought in, one is noted who was taken and paroled at Williamston. According to the rules of war he deserved shooting.

When the Union forces entered Kinston, they found it a rather pretty place with good buildings, though many of the people had deserted the town through fear of a bombardment and they are now returning under white flags, hoping to regain and keep their own, especially if it be under a Federal guard. A prominent placard is seen, saying, "U. Gill will fight the Yankees 1000 years." If only a fourth of a pint could be so valorous, what could be expected of a full half quart? Poor fellow, after all these forty years his millennium has hardly begun. On the 16th, while supporting Belger's Battery, Major Stevenson called for volunteer sharpshooters, because of the enemy's success in picking off our gunners. The response was ready and numerous. While thus acting one of the Company I men, having climbed over a fence for a better chance, was hit by a bullet and he came back in a hurry, saying, "Oh, I'm shot," but on investigation he found that the missile had only hit his breastplate and glanced off, whereupon he resumed work. Covered by these sharpshooters our forces were marching towards Goldsboro, and finally the detailed men, as directed by Lieut. Edgar Clough in charge, double-quicked out of range. It was when thus getting out of harm's way that Corporal Richard Lawless of Company G was shot. Under the direction of Adjutant Ordway, he was carried to a temporary hospital,

and his comrades followed after the regiment. Some of the boys objected to the flying of the colors of the Fifth Rhode Island, which had come into the mêlée, and which drew the fire of the enemy, resulting in the wounding of a number of their own men.

A careful observer says of the bridge across the Neuse near Goldsboro that it was a covered bridge 100 yards in length, having 200 yards of trestle approaches. On the return our men take a different route from Kinston down, and see certain fortifications erected by the enemy, but the taking of another road by our forces rendered them useless. Also, notwithstanding the orders against foraging, the return was not without its evidence of the possessions of the people in the shape of bacon and other variations from the regular commissary fare. Confederate dead, yet unburied, were found on the 19th. At 7.30 p.m. of the 20th some of the Twenty-fourth were back in Newbern, but stragglers were coming in at all hours of the night. All of the men were footsore and weary, the last day's march having covered more than thirty miles. All sorts of estimates exist as to the distance marched in the expedition. As the railroad line extends over between fifty and sixty miles, the route taken by the army must have covered considerably more than twice that, though some of the wearied soldiers were certain they had sampled over 200 miles of walking.

Reports from Confederate sources add nothing to that of General Foster, except as they confirm his notions concerning the arrival of reinforcements from the North. As hitherto, the forces met by ours were almost entirely from North Carolina. Evidently, the enemy thought the Tar State should be defended by Tarheels, and they were good fighters. Of the incident where Lieutenant Graham fired the Goldsboro bridge, General G. W. Smith writes this: "About 2 o'clock in the afternoon one bold and daring incendiary succeeded in reaching the bridge, and, covered by the wire-wall of the abutment, lighted a flame which soon destroyed the super-

BATTLE OF GOLDSBORO, N. C., DEC. 17, '62.

structure, leaving the masonry abutments and pier intact. Praise from an adversary is doubly dear. Brigadier-General N. G. Evans was in command at Kinston, and Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson at Whitehall.

NEWBERN.

On the morning of the expedition's return, Colonel Osborn reached Newbern after his leave of absence and found that his regiment, under Major R. H. Stevenson, was in the field and again without him. In a letter written this day he mentions finding the Stevenson parents, also Captain Prince and Lieutenants Edmands and Barnard, who had been unable to accompany their commands, and in the forenoon Quartermaster Sergeant Thompson arrived, covered with dust, and saying that he had left the regiment twenty-five miles out, and that all expected had been accomplished. "I hope to see my regiment to-morrow morning, and am very impatient to meet the officers. I find that the barracks for the men are completed and are occupied by convalescents. The officers' are not yet completed. As there is, however, only a few days' work needed on them, I hope to occupy them before long."

Confederate estimates of the numbers in the expedition were as wild as such were wont to be. No one placed them less than 15,000, and some put them as high as 30,000. Governor "Zeb" Vance, who commanded a regiment at Newbern, was at Goldsboro.

The remaining days of December were spent very quietly, the earliest of them being devoted to rest and recuperation, needed after the exactions of the events of the 11th-20th interval. As General Stevenson was having new hospitals erected, he drew upon his Yankee soldiers for every man who ever pushed a saw or drove a nail. His Massachusetts boys were equal to any exaction he was likely to make of them. The weather is remarkably warm for the time of the year, and, except for occasional rains, is delightful. Christmas day passed with little enough notice to have pleased the most austere Puritan among the ancestors of these sons of their fathers. Only this record is found, "We had an oyster stew and a hardtack pudding for dinner."

On the 27th, Colonel Stevenson received notice of his appointment as Brigadier-General, though for the greater part of his stay in the department he had been performing the duties of a brigade commander. The Twenty-fourth is now in the Second Brigade, First Division, Eighteenth Army Corps, and its associates are the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, the Tenth Connecticut, and the Fifth Rhode Island. For the Tenth Connecticut the boys of the Twenty-fourth always have a warm place in their hearts. Of it Colonel Osborn writes, "It is a very plucky regiment * * and did gloriously in the fight near Kinston. * * I have always had great confidence in them and they appear to have the same in us, and like to be in the brigade with us. The Fifth Rhode Island is a good regiment, though it has never had an opportunity to signalize itself. The Twenty-fourth and the Forty-fourth you know, so you can form your own opinion concerning the brigade. With the modesty so characteristic of soldiers we think it is a crack one." General H. W. Wessells, who came down from Suffolk for the Goldsboro Expedition, commands the division, his place in his former brigade being taken by Col. Lewis C. Hunt of the Ninety-second New York. The year 1862 went out with the usual routine of drills, inspections and reviews.

1863.

January is not to prove a memorable month in the history of our regiment except as it marks the departure of the Twenty-fourth for regions farther south. The beginning of the month was simply a continuation of the last of December. Friday, the 2d, there was a brigade review by General Wessells, and that officer proclaimed it the best he had seen in the army. The hard work of the men and officers in the school of the soldier was producing results. The 10th of the month is the date of Chaplain Mellen's resignation, and the next day some one records, "The Chaplain left the regiment." The beginning of something new is the reading at

dress-parade, the 13th, of an order to the effect that the troops were to be ready to go, in heavy marching order, to Beaufort, on twelve hours' notice, and thence in transports to some place to them unknown. The 17th brings an order that all regiments that went on the Goldsboro expedition shall have lettered upon their colors the names of the battles, Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro. At noon of the 22d came the expected orders to pack up and be ready to march, though not in twelve hours, but in just one hour and a half. Naturally, there were expressions of indignation from officers as well as enlisted men, but all made the best of the situation, and boarded the train for Morehead City as soon as possible; and then disgust broke out afresh when it was found that the cars would not move till 4.30. Companies E and K were left in camp, doubtless to arrange for an absence of considerable duration; it proved to be for aye.

However, the train did start after a while, and of the following hours Colonel Osborn writes: "Though we did not start till after four o'clock we ran so slowly and stopped so often that it was half past eight before we arrived at the wharf in Morehead City. Here we expected to find the Guide all ready to take us on board. I was indignant to find that she was lying at anchor a quarter of a mile from the wharf. I got a boat and went on board and found that the captain had had no notice that we were coming that day, and could not get in to the wharf in the dark, as the tide was running like a mill-sluice. I was thus obliged to march my men back a mile in the cold and dark, wake up the officer in command of the post, and distribute my companies about among the various houses which happened to be vacant of everything but dirt, and which were in different stages of dilapidation. This took me till 2 o'clock of the next morning, when at last I threw myself on the bed of Capt. E. G. Quincy of the Forty-third Massachusetts, who had been traveling around in the sand with me for the last two or three hours, and using his utmost exertions to find us quarters."

It was about noon when the Guide arrived at the dock and the men with their baggage began to be stowed away therein. The vessel is an old acquaintance, and her passengers know every nook and cranny in her, but it is pretty hard finding places for 550 men where only 450 are expected to find comfort. When the eight companies were on board, the steamer drew out into the stream and dropped anchor. As yet not even the officers know the destination of the voyage. The 26th brought Companies E and K, which embarked on the Hussar, and the fast friends of the Twenty-fourth, the Tenth Connecticut. Also this is the date of a communication to the captain of the Guide from General Foster, commanding the Eighteenth Army Corps:

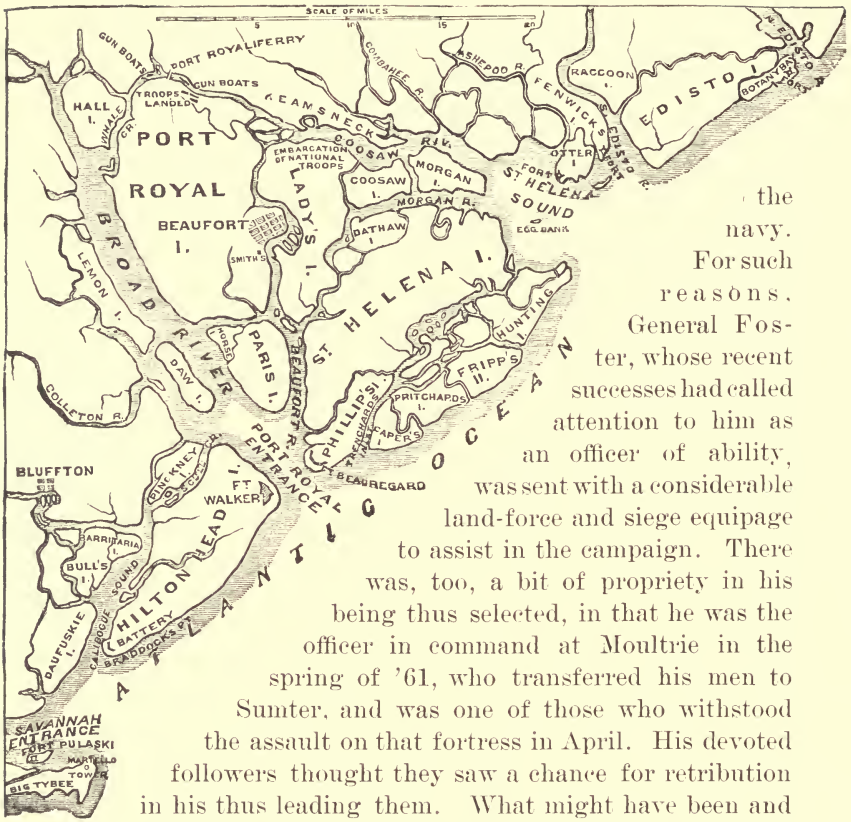
You will immediately proceed to Port Royal, S. C., keeping as near as possible to the rest of the fleet. In case of an unavoidable separation, you will proceed directly to the above place.

During these final days in North Carolina officers and men improve the opportunity to visit Beaufort, Fort Macon, as well as Morehead City. On the 27th, Companies B and C were placed on the schooner Highlander, where also were sent from the Hussar, E and K, all under command of Captain Hooper. As the Guide is taking on coal it begins to look like a start. The next day, or the 28th, Colonel Osborn receives official notification of his appointment as Colonel, with whose duties he had long been familiar. The afternoon of the 29th witnessed the grand start for new scenes and new battles. So long had the regiment been in the Old North State they had actually grown to speak of Newbern as home, and, even now, these men on shipboard are reckoning on the length of time they are to be away, and it was many a long and weary month before they gave up thinking that General Foster would yet succeed in getting them back to the familiar haunts of the Trent and the Neuse.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The 30th of January found the vessel on seas rough enough to cause many of these men, reared by the Atlantic, to recall the adventures of Jonah and the whale. Noon of the 31st brings the Guide to anchor in the harbor of Hilton Head, S. C. When passing Charleston, flashes of light were seen and reports of heavy guns were heard. Subsequently, it was learned that Confederate iron-clads had come out and attacked the blockading fleet. Their harborage is in the extreme southern part of South Carolina, and for the present any expectations that may have been abroad as to serving against Charleston are in abeyance. A movement so considerable as the present must have had some commensurate motive. This portion of the Confederacy had fallen into Federal possession, Nov. 9th, 1861, the result of the attack of the fleet under the command of Commodore Samuel F. Dupont, co-operating with land forces led by General T. W. Sherman. Greeley, in his history, says that had the victory been followed by vigorous action against Savannah and Charleston, they might have been taken then without serious opposition, but General Sherman had no orders to that effect, and, besides, was not supplied with the necessary shallow flat-boats necessary for navigating the inland waters of the coast. The post had proved of great utility as a base of supplies, and had seriously interfered with blockade running, which had been exceedingly rife. From the time of capture till the period of transferral of troops from North Carolina, there had been little effort to extend the field of Federal activities.

Port Royal belonged to the Department of the South and the smallness of the force in that department had prevented anything better than *statu quo*. It had long been felt by the army that an attack upon Charleston was overdue, and the Navy Department had the same in contemplation, but it was realized that an adequate land force was essential to assist the attack and to occupy any work that might be taken by



the navy. For such reasons, General Foster, whose recent successes had called attention to him as an officer of ability, was sent with a considerable land-force and siege equipage to assist in the campaign. There was, too, a bit of propriety in his being thus selected, in that he was the officer in command at Moultrie in the spring of '61, who transferred his men to Sumter, and was one of those who withstood the assault on that fortress in April. His devoted followers thought they saw a chance for retribution in his thus leading them. What might have been and what they wished did not take place, for sundry reasons, as will appear. Greeley, in "The American Conflict," says: "General Foster, commanding the Eighteenth Corps in North Carolina, having been ordered to South Carolina to co-operate with Commodore Dupont in an attack on Charleston, steamed from Beaufort, N. C., with 12,000 excellent troops, landing them at Hilton Head; whence, finding Dupont not yet ready, he ran up to Fortress Monroe in quest of siege-guns. General Hunter, to whom the advent of Foster was a complete surprise, thereupon took command of Foster's men, broke up his corps organ-

ization, and this exercise of authority being demurred to, ordered Foster's staff out of his department. Foster thereupon obtained authority from General Halleck to return to his own department, leaving his 12,000 men to serve as a reinforcement to General Hunter, under whose auspices, in conjunction with Commodore Dupont, the attack was now to be made. Halleck's sending Foster into Hunter's department without notice to the latter has not been explained."

Port Royal, a large island on the coast of South Carolina, is about 200 miles south of Newbern, and forms one of the famous Sea Islands of the South State, and has long been noted for its production of Sea Island cotton, the longest staple known. Hilton Head, at the northwest angle of the island, is a considerable place, just now bustling with the activity incident to its being headquarters of a large number of Union forces. General David Hunter, familiarly known to some of his soldiers as "Black Dave," is in command. Whatever his merits as an officer, he is very far from being popular with the men who have come down with General Foster. General Henry M. Naglee, who commanded a division in the Eighteenth Corps, was left in command of Foster's forces when the latter went northward, but the latter had not been gone three hours before Hunter sent orders to Naglee, dated, however, two days before General Foster's departure, directing Naglee to make a return of the forces under his command to the Department of the South. Matters were decidedly crossways, and so continued for many a day, indeed until General Naglee himself followed Foster towards the north. But our immediate concern is with the Twenty-fourth Regiment, which is on shipboard waiting an opportunity to debark and have a taste of the shore which lies so invitingly near.

Until the 9th of February there is little to record, for life on the Guide is monotony itself. On the 4th, the schooner Highlander, having four companies of the regiment, came in with all well on board. The 8th, first anniversary of Roa-

noke, singularly found the most of the regiment on the very vessel which on that momentous day bore them to the North Carolina island. The next day, 9th, the steamer comes up to the wharf and her burden of Massachusetts men is landed on the soil of South Carolina, an event that some of these soldiers had been anxious for. Brother Jonathan ever had hankerings for Caroline, and less than two years before Dr. O. W. Holmes had written:

> O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
> We can never forget that our hearts have been one;

and it is a forceful wooing that these swains will make, nor will they cease their efforts till those other lines of the Autocrat are realized:

> The star flowering banner must never be furled,
> For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world.

The landing is on St. Helena Island, opposite Hilton Head, and though the name suggests Napoleon and banishment, such is not the thought of the men so long cooped up on board the Guide and Highlander. Shelter-tents are in order now and parties of two, rather than a squad, will occupy them. That the place is considerably further south is evident in the fact that oranges and bananas are found; rabbits are not uncommon, and the boys kill ducks with oyster shells. Near by is a settlement of contrabands, and it is not long before trouble ensues as to the taking of water from several wells which, apparently, the colored folks have had in use hitherto. The negroes objected, but of course in such a dispute they stood no chance, though the soldiers used only the weapons provided by nature. They were driven away, and in the mêlée the overturning of a stove set fire to one of the shanties, and all of them went up in flames. This, too, occasioned trouble with headquarters. By the 15th sufficient order had been secured to warrant the resumption of dress-parades. The next day General Stevenson was arrested for

having spoken slightingly of negro troops, thus advancing Colonel Osborn to the command of the brigade.

February 18th the division of General O. S. Ferry went on shipboard and then disembarked, some think it being a scheme of General Hunter to find out whether his orders would be obeyed. On the 19th General Naglee reviewed the division, Colonel Osborn commanding Stevenson's brigade. Washington's birthday was memorable in camp, since on that day came the official notification of Major R. H. Stevenson's promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel and Captain Charles H. Hooper to be Major. While the regiment is on shore, it is hardly on solid land, for altogether too much of the earth is in the air. The wind, constantly blowing, keeps the sand in motion, and cleanliness, such as our men have known, is hardly possible. Besides, there is the great disappointment over the departure of General Foster and the enforced remaining of the men, who have formed a deep attachment for him. A summary of a letter written by Colonel Osborn on the 22d presents a very good picture of the situation from the officers' viewpoint:

Before General Foster left he issued an order informing his command that it was entirely distinct from General Hunter's, and placing it under command of General Naglee. General Hunter's order, assuming command, already referred to (p. 179), excited bitterest opposition of officers and men of our detachment, and it was denounced in unmeasured terms. Our grounds for indignation were that we should be transferred from the department of General Foster, whose ability and energy all acknowledge, whom we all love and respect, to that of a man who at the best is just the opposite. We resent what seems to have been a trick in effecting the transfer. Captain Slaght, General Foster's chief quartermaster, refused to turn over his property, as ordered by Hunter, and was put in arrest by him. In the meantime, General Foster's staff dispatched a steamer with messenger to him, conveying an account of this outrage, that he might seek redress in Washington.

Hunter then put in motion all the machinery of military

power to mix up and identify Foster's command with his own, and to hamper him as much as possible in its extrication. He refuses to allow us any fresh meat and bread, though claiming us as a part of his troops. To cap the climax of his insolent assumptions he has ordered General Foster's staff to leave the department on the first boat, because they sent away a steamer (their own) without his knowledge, and because they have used language calculated to excite insubordination, etc. We are longing for General Foster's return, that an end may be put to our misery.

The 22d also brought back the steamer S. S. Spaulding, having on board Adjt.-Gen. E. D. Townsend, who evidently had come to try to settle the difficulties just then so prominent. It is on record that drill or roll-call was demanded of the new arrivals every two hours, General Hunter expressing a purpose to know where the men were and what they were doing. Feb. 24th there was a review by General Hunter, nineteen regiments appearing, and Colonel Osborn commanding the Twenty-fourth. The 25th came an order from General Hunter, revoking the one whereby the North Carolina troops were mingled with the Tenth Corps, an act which conferred a deal of pleasure on all the organizations concerned. The 27th the regiment was mustered for pay. Colonel Osborn was called aboard the Secor to meet General Naglee, who informed him that he was obliged to transfer Osborn's brigade to General Ferris' Division.

March begins with Sunday and, as the regiment is minus a chaplain, and as the chaplain of the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers is to preach, the regiment listens to him as he gives a "red-hot Presbyterian sermon." The days are not specially interesting, dust being the chief item mentioned in the annals of the times. On the 5th, Captain Richardson of G and Lieutenant Bell of C return, both having been absent on leave for several weeks. Some good friend at home had sent down to the men of Company G a pair of stockings for each man, and Captain Richardson took a deal of pleasure in being the dispenser of the gift. General Naglee is relieved

and ordered to New York, his place being taken by General O. S. Ferry, who calls together the commanders of brigades to explain the situation. The 6th, the regiment is subjected to a most rigid inspection by officers of General Hunter's appointment. The result was highly creditable to all concerned. Each day has its proper amount of drill, and Colonel Osborn gives to the several captains opportunity to conduct battalion drills. On the 26th, all the infantry on the Island of St. Helena was reviewed by General Hunter; General Stevenson commanded, General Ferry being ill. A change of base is in contemplation, and on the 28th the regiment went on board the steamer United States, the Tenth Connecticut and the Fifty-sixth New York having boarded the Catawba. Both steamers anchored in the stream, and the men disposed themselves for sleep upon the decks, but two schooners had been made fast to the United States, one of them having on board the outfit of Sutler Clark of the Twenty-fourth.

The trip is not a long one, for, beginning at 8 a.m., it is over at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the landing being on Seabrook Island, situated a little to the northward of St. Helena, and, so nearer Charleston, which apparently is the point towards which the army is headed. The other regiments are ashore first, but the Twenty-fourth soon follows and marches after, about three miles, to a plantation, where camp is pitched for the night. Picket-posts are established, and in the midst of a severe rain the remainder of the regiment tries to sleep. The 28th, General Stevenson withdrew all the troops, except those of the Twenty-fourth who were on picket, back to the cover of the gunboats. There are indications of the near presence of the enemy, but he is not near enough for anything serious. The regiment is relieved on the 31st by the Fifty-sixth New York, and marches back to the beach and prepares to locate a camp. Land is cleared off by a large fatigue party, company streets are laid out, tents are pitched, and at last the men lie down to restful sleep, something they have not had since leaving St. Helena Island.

An excellent picture of life during the month of March is in existence, sent home by an enlisted man. Certain parts of it are reproduced here for the benefit of those who remember those dusty days, but did not then inscribe their impressions:

I think you would like to see the way beans are cooked here. A hole is dug in the ground like a grave, though not so deep, and a fire is started in the morning so as to have a lot of hot coals by night. When the beans have been parboiled and put in kettles, the coals are raked aside and the kettles are placed in, the hot embers then being crowded up against and over the pots. Then the space is filled up with earth to keep the heat all in. There lies the body of Mr. Bean till morning, when he is taken up, thoroughly baked, and is soon reburied in more or less permanent receptacles. Friday morning, March 27th, we were turned out early, packed our knapsacks, struck our tents before breakfast, and went on board the steamer United States about noon. We sailed into the North Edisto River in the afternoon, and under the cover of shells from the Monitor and the gunboats, effected a landing. No one knew how near the rebels might be, hence the protection of the vessels. * * After landing, we marched up to where the other regiments were, and went into camp. We had to go out on picket, some of us, and being in heavy marching order our knapsacks were weighty. I should think mine weighed fifty pounds. Luckily, the palmetto leaves are very large, and we placed three or four of them on the ground and then laid a rubber and a woolen blanket on them. After that two of us would pull another pair of rubber and woolen coverings over us, and we were in good shape till morning. The rain Sunday was something just awful. Such storms are seldom seen anywhere. We fixed up shelters with our rubber blankets, while others used palmetto leaves. All of the companies, except E and K, went out on picket. While it was raining hardest, the palmetto leaves being very plenty and large, from four to six feet across, the boys used them as umbrellas. It was a comical sight to see men standing around each with a big leaf on his head.

April is to prove another uneventful month, filled, to be sure, with routine duties and many longings for Newbern and association with admired and respected commanders. However, April came in with something like an April fool, since at 6 a.m. the regiment was turned out with the information that the enemy had come in, a whole regiment of them, and had surrounded a house where the headquarters of the picket had been established the night before, with the evident expectation of making a rich capture, but the game was not there and the rebels went back perhaps thinking of the possibilities of All Fools' day. The regiment stood in line about three hours, and then was dismissed, the report coming in that the enemy had retired. Of the present location of the Twenty-fourth Colonel Osborn writes: "We have occupied this place to prevent the rebels from throwing up batteries to annoy our transports which will rendezvous here. The island is on the north side of the North Edisto River, and adjoins John's Island. The harbor is a very good one and within twenty miles of Charleston. Boats are collecting here rapidly, and the long-talked-of attack will soon take place. We are encamped on a point of the island close to the river, under cover of the gunboats, and we are throwing up fortifications and making such preparations for defense as will enable us to withstand a much superior force. Ironclads and gunboats have been arriving here constantly and they are all now ready to proceed."

In these days of delay there are many exchanges of courtesies between the officers of the land and naval forces. Dinners are served which are a cheerful variation in camp monotony, and the Glee Club of the Twenty-fourth, with the band of the Tenth Connecticut, serenade the officers who go down to the sea in ships. On the 5th Heckman's division appeared off the harbor and waited for a tide to permit a safe entrance, getting in finally and anchoring about dark. The division's stay is brief, for it steamed away on the 10th, going back to Hilton Head, the attack on Charleston having

failed. The camp of the Twenty-fourth is close to the water, and the island is covered with woods, save where a plantation has been cleared near the picket-line. The abundant palmetto excites attention, not on account of beauty, though it be the symbol of the State, but because of its remarkably large leaves. The thick woods abound in a rank undergrowth, and with vines running and trailing in all directions. "The prettiest of these that I have seen is the jessamine. The vine is red, with graceful, slender leaves of a deep green, and a lovely yellow flower, bell-shaped, with an exquisite fragrance. It is very luxuriant, completely covering little shrubs and climbing to the tops of tall trees. Its delicate perfume fills the air without oppressing it, and gives me more pleasure than anything I have seen in the South. On St. Helena I had my tent constantly hung with it."

April 10th, lest they might be forgotten, the enemy came down to the Seabrook House and fired on our pickets from the windows. The next day, just before light, shots were heard and Captain Gardner reported that his outpost had been attacked by a few men, but they had been repulsed, though Sergeant Geo. S. Peach of Company B was badly wounded in the thigh, resulting in the amputation of the leg at the hip, and for some time his recovery was deemed unlikely. Later in the day another alarm, this time a false one, resulted in the ordering out of several companies. Thus were the men saved from the *ennui* liable to come to those having only routine work. On this day, notwithstanding its many interludes, Colonel Osborn finds time to write as follows:

The place is pleasant and our residence here would not be disagreeable but for the vicinity of the enemy and the consequent necessity of being constantly on the alert, and of having one regiment doing picket duty. As there are but three, each one is made to do that duty one third of the time. My regiment is now on picket, having come up Thursday, the

9th, and is to remain till next Thursday. We see constantly small bodies of the enemy hovering about our lines. The other day they fired about fifteen shots at our outposts, injuring no one. The fire was not returned, for I have given orders that no man shall fire unless the enemy come so near as to make it a dead shot. * * This afternoon they came so close to our lines that a dozen of my men fired on them. They think they wounded one, the rebels retiring without loss of time.

It was during this period of picket duty that one of those amusing incidents occurred that all military organizations are liable to. It was after dark that a sentinel was convinced that he heard a man cross his beat and he challenged sharply, but without any reply. This he did repeatedly, but did not fire lest he might harm some of his own regiment then asleep in their huts. The officers in charge roused their men, and the nearby woods were carefully searched, but without success. Again, a little later, more men were roused and the search was renewed. At midnight the guard was doubled, a decidedly creepy sensation pervading the several posts. In the morning the mystery was solved, for the intruder was no less an object than an ass. Had he only uttered a few notes of the song he is wont to sing he might have saved those Yankee soldiers a lot of trouble.

April 13th Colonel Osborn writes Lieutenant-Colonel Hoffman, Asst. Adjutant-General on General Foster's staff, making sundry inquiries as follows:

I am very anxious to know whether we are to go back to Newbern or to remain here. We fear the latter, but still have some lingering hopes of the former. * * We are constantly hearing from our friends in Newbern that every effort is making and will continue to be made to recall us, and all of us earnestly hope that they may be successful. * * This state of suspense is intolerable, and I would rather know the worst at once than bear it. Nearly all my clothes and other property are still in Newbern, unless they have been stolen, which is not unlikely, also my books, private and regimental papers. I have not been able to make

up my accounts for two quarters nor my payrolls for the two months ending Feb. 16th. I have a lieutenant and about 150 men there who have not been permitted to join the regiment. Many of them are fit for duty, and are very much needed now when we are doing picket duty one third of the time. Lieutenant Edmands I absolutely need, as we are very short of officers. If their remaining in Newbern will increase the chances of our return, I will gladly contrive to do without them, but if there is no hope of such a result, they ought to be sent to me immediately.

To this letter General Foster added this endorsement: "May 5th—It is my earnest desire to have the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers ordered back to this department, and I have made the most urgent appeals to have General Stevenson's brigade, to which this regiment belongs, ordered here at once to resist the still threatened attacks by General Hill's forces and to replace the thirteen regiments whose terms of service are beginning to expire."

In the light of subsequent events it seems a pity that so much time should have been wasted in gazing off towards the unattainable land. Our men in the South Carolina swamps were not unlike the Children of Israel, who sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept when they remembered Zion.

When the week's duty on picket was up and the regiment returned to camp, it was to find orders to break camp and to go aboard the steamer New England. Companies B and C, which had come down early in the morning, had got matters pretty well advanced. At 3 p.m. countermanding orders were received from General Hunter, and the men came ashore and once more pitched their tents, a very good illustration of our traditional soldiers who marched up the hill and then marched down again. The anguish over the repitching of tents is somewhat assuaged by the rumor that the attack on Charleston is to be renewed, and that there is to be something done other than picket duty and the fighting of furious sand flies. Again naval and military hospi-

talities are resumed and the best is made of the situation. On the 22d, in the camp of the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, happened a sad affair, likely, however, wherever whiskey abounds. A private soldier, ugly drunk, resisted the attempt to arrest him by a sergeant, and by the latter was shot dead. Of course, comrades were exasperated, and the officer, who may have been over-hasty, was obliged to flee for his own life. An officer writing on the 24th says: "We are anxious to get back [to Newbern] and would rather fight with Foster than lie still under Hunter. We used to growl at some things in Newbern, but, after living three months in this department, we consider the department of North Carolina a heaven of order, military ability and energy."

April 23 Companies D, H, I and F went on a reconnoissance to Botany Bay Island, under the command of Major Hooper, and on the same day General Stevenson forwarded certain dispatches of Commodore Dupont under a flag of truce. It was on the 17th that the men were paid for four months, and, being in a generous frame of mind, a collection was taken up for Sergeant Peach, who had lost his leg, and it resulted in about $500 being turned over to the unfortunate soldier. Also, they did a similar kindness for James Mackin of Company H, who had also lost a leg. The sutler was in evidence after pay-day, and it was, possibly, owing to his prevalence with the Pennsylvanias that the private lost his life. At any rate, money burns in the pockets of many of the men till they pass it over to the keeping of the regimental dispenser of extras. Tobacco, to some a necessity, has the high price of a luxury, and the lowest rating is $2.25 for two plugs. How happy were the few who had never learned to use the weed! Roll-calls and drills continue frequent when in camp, the former every two hours save late in the afternoon, when they come every three hours. Thursday, the last day of the month, the regiment resumes its place on the picket-line.

The month of May among English-speaking people in all northern regions excites feelings of pleasure over the approach of summer, but in these South Carolina days Yankee soldiers had the impression that summer was already there. Blossoming flowers, ripened berries, growing vegetation, all proclaimed the weather that in Massachusetts would be had the last of June or in July. This first day of the month reports are received of the rebel attack on Washington, N. C., and so familiar are all the men with the scenes around that place they seem themselves to be almost there. Indeed, many of them wish they were, as they contrast the activity there with their own rounds of prosaic duties. On the 4th of May Colonel Osborn writes:

My camp where I hold the reserve is charmingly situated in the woods, about three miles from the point where the regimental camp is pitched. The only drawback is a swamp which lies right alongside of it, and which, I fear, will prove unhealthy. It abounds in ducks, which are so numerous and so tame that they could be shot with a pistol were firing allowed. Some of the men have knocked them over with a stick. There are also alligators in the swamp in any quantity and of all sizes, from two to ten feet long. My men caught two yesterday about three feet long each. They put a slip-noose on a long pole and, watching their opportunity, passed it over the heads of the victims and pulled them struggling out.

General Foster has got out of his difficulties and gained great credit. He is a man of great energy and pluck, and just the one for the situation in which he found himself. The rebels sent him a flag of truce, summoning him to surrender. They had 12,000, he 1500 men. He replied that if they wanted the town, they might come and take it. Afterwards they sent another flag, requiring him to remove the women and children, as they intended to shell the town. This was rather cool, as the women and children were not ours, but belonged to the men who were fighting in the rebel ranks. Foster's reply was that if they sent another flag he would fire on the bearer. Afterwards, when he found that he could do nothing at Washington to relieve the place, and

that those on whom he relied at Newbern for succor were incompetent to render it, he ran the blockade of the rebel batteries in a steamer that was riddled with balls, whose pilot was killed, and many of whose crew were wounded. The knowledge that he was at liberty and in a position to use all his resources seems to have frightened the rebels, for they soon raised the siege and went away, so that the forces that Foster sent up had no fight. * * We are constantly tormented by pests of the insect tribe. The worst is the sand-fly, which is about as large as a horse-fly's head, and whose sting is as sharp as the prick of a cambric needle. They swarm everywhere and are perfectly unendurable. Mosquitoes are just appearing. They disturbed my last night's repose seriously. Flies are as thick as in midsummer. Snakes are very plenty, and every day some are killed and brought into camp.

May 6th the hearts of officers and men were gladdened by the notice from General Hunter's headquarters that furloughs would be granted at the rate of about three to every hundred. Accordingly, applications were forwarded, but the parties in whose behalf they were sent found to their grief that there was many a slip "'twixt cup and lip." Tantalus had not more trouble in his efforts to get a drink than had those soldiers in trying to reach their northern homes. The possibilities of illness from his swamp proximity were realized on the 7th, when Colonel Osborn had to take to his bed under an attack of malaria, which maintained its evil influence for many a subsequent month. At 7 o'clock of that day the regiment was relieved from picket and returned to camp. On the 9th, at dress-parade, orders were read modifying the former rule as to frequency of roll-call.

While the weather is fine, the prevalence of reptiles and noxious insects makes these northern boys just a little apprehensive, and one of them tells of his sitting under a tree writing his regular letter home with his ink-bottle by his side. Without looking, he reached down to dip his pen in the bottle, and was surprised at placing his hand on

something cold, when, glancing quickly, he saw a big black snake looking him in the face. The result was a suspension of correspondence while he killed that reptile. One of the boys went down into a marsh and soon fell over screaming loudly. Friends rushing to learn what the trouble was discovered that a large snake had wound itself around the fellow's legs, throwing him down. When killed and measured, the serpent revealed six feet of slimy length. But there are flowers as well. The first magnolia blossom, "as large as a plate," excites the admiration of northern eyes, and, not satisfied with seeing it on the stem, some one must needs climb the tree to get it for his captain. Of course, it fell to pieces in his hands, as fragile as the poppies of Burns' writ:

> For pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, the bloom is shed.

May 14th the following order for camp life and duties obtained: "Reveille at 5 a.m.; breakfast, 5.30; guard-mount, 7.30; police call, 8; dinner, 12; supper, 6 p.m.; drill and dress-parade at such times as shall from time to time be designated on account of the tide." General Hunter visited the island on this date. Also, on this same day, General Foster wrote to Colonel Osborn from Newbern as follows:

My dear Colonel:

I received your kind letter and immediately took the most effective action in my power. However, I have, in fact, been constantly making the most strenuous efforts to get the troops back ever since the failure on Charleston, but have signally failed. I fear my influence is much weakened by the row with Hunter, and that he has proved too much, backed by his sable brigade. But he must look out for his laurels, for we are soon to have colored troops here, too. The fact that I armed the negroes at Little Washington when necessary is convincing a certain party that there is some moral excellence left in me. Hunter's head would increase several degrees in its oscillations if he knew how

near we are to stealing his thunder. Seriously speaking though, I failed in all my applications. General Halleck would not order you back nor even would he let me go on to Washington to make explanations. I went so far as to promise, if he would let me have Stevenson's brigade (five regiments) back again, to take a most important point on the seacoast and hold it, a point that could be made of most signal value. This was refused like all the others by General Halleck, but he told me he would like to have me do it if I could with my present force. This whole thing annoys and grieves me more than I can express, both on account of the disappointment of the troops and the idea that my excess of zeal led them into their present position. However, I hope you will make the best of it and do your duty in the same gallant and devoted way that it has always been done by you and the Twenty-fourth. If there is a chance at any time to get you back, I shall seize it immediately. In the meantime, you and your friends and the friends of the regiment and of the brigade can do all that will prove effective.

Give my best love to General Stevenson, and tell him that my last proposition (to take a certain point) came very near bringing him and his whole brigade.

On the 17th it was announced that General Ferry had assumed command of the island. Two days later Surgeon Green interdicts drills, under the impression that at present they are not conducive to the regimental health. But if drills are for the time ruled out, there is an abundance of fatigue work, and for defensive purposes heavy timber is cut from Seabrook and Botany Bay Islands. Here, too, Yankee ingenuity appears when wheels from certain of the batteries are utilized to mount some of the large and long pine logs which are cut and must be transported to the line of proposed works. With the butt end of the tree on the axle, and with a long rope attached, the men play firemen and let themselves out with a rush, making as much play of their work as they can. The timber on Botany Bay is very large, and some of the live oaks are immense. The palmetto is hard to cut, affording a stringy or wire-like resist-

ance. The pines are from thirty to fifty feet long, and are as straight as arrows. Blackberries are abundant, and the thirty or more men who go out each day to work among the trees have a pleasant addition to their hardtack rations. A wharf is also in process of building, and on this, too, New England energy and skill are expended, though some of the workmen remark that it is not worth their while to work too hard on "thirteen dollars a month."

It was during these days that Hooker and his Potomac Army were fighting at Chancellorsville and news reached our men, from rebel sources, when across the Edisto there came the cry from one of the Confederate pickets, "I say, Yank, did you know that Fighting Joe Hooker was raising Ned in Richmond and has killed and taken prisoners a whole lot of we 'uns?" The only pity was that it did not prove to be true. A cheerful picture of affairs at Seabrook is had from these words of Colonel Osborn, written on the 24th: "I have no less than five bouquets in my tent, all of them large, and one completely filling a bucket. They did not grow on this island, but on Edisto, where there are some fine deserted plantations. We send expeditions there frequently to get lumber and bricks, and the men return laden with flowers and blackberries. They told me that the berries are thicker there than they ever saw them before. One squad brought back eighty quarts, picked in a very short time. This is by no means such a beautiful place as Edisto. There is but one plantation, the rest of the island consisting of swamp and woods. The latter we are clearing away over a large surface for the purpose of fortifying. General Ferry has returned from the north, and is now in command of the two islands of Seabrook and Botany Bay. General Stevenson has applied for a leave of absence and expects to get it."

Quartermaster James Thompson, who has been on leave of absence for some time, sends a letter to Colonel Osborn, from which certain parts throw light on the situation in

which the regiment is placed. He writes in Newbern May 29th to the following purport:

I left Port Royal on the 2d with a leave of absence for twenty days, and succeeded in getting transportation on the Spaulding the same day. On arriving in Newbern I delivered my letters to General Foster. He was pleased to hear from the Twenty-fourth, and said he would make an effort immediately to get us ordered back. He accordingly wrote to General Halleck, the Adjutant-General Secretary of War, Mr. Sumner and others, and sent me with the dispatches to Washington, D.C. A letter which you had written to Colonel Hoffman and a letter from Hutchings he endorsed on the back and told me that if I could use them to advantage, to do so, and if I had any friends of influence in the North, to get them to do all in their power to get us returned to the Department of North Carolina. I went accordingly to Washington and presented my dispatches; among them was a private letter for General Halleck containing a request from General Foster to visit the capital, and asking for General Stevenson's brigade. The answer to this letter was this: "General Foster will not be permitted to leave his department at present, and no private interview will grant him the reinforcements he wishes." * * * * *

I am now in Newbern and have been here several days. General Foster says I had better take everything down and Colonel Biggs will furnish me with a large schooner on the 1st of June, which is to transport all of my goods and chattels to Edisto, but it is to return without reporting to any quartermaster in the Department of the South. I shall probably arrive about the time this reaches you, perhaps before. I will bring the horses and whatever men may be well enough to report for duty.

All of the men, officers included, who had started on their leave of absence and had got as far as Hilton Head, had to come back, some new idea apparently being in the mind of the commanding General. All such freaks did not improve the estimate in which he was held by his soldiery. The monotony of outpost duty on the very last day of the month was varied by James Fairbanks of Company G acci-

dentally shooting himself through the great toe, and Thomas Garrity of D shot himself so badly in the foot that amputation was necessary. He, too, was on outpost, and the accident happened when, getting up from his rest, he drew his gun towards himself by the barrel. There was just a crumb of comfort in the thought that it might have been worse.

Still another month is begun on Seabrook. June, the month of roses at home, is much further along in the season here, and roses were in order long ago. The weather for the most part is intensely hot, and one of the boys in a letter home says, "The sweat runs off from me in streams as I write, though I am sitting in the shade." Colonel Osborn begins a letter on the 1st with reference to the return of the furloughed men, and further remarks, "The reason given by General Hunter for detaining these men was that he had received important dispatches which had caused him to send the Cosmopolitan to Fortress Monroe with a special messenger to the government, whose return he must await before allowing the men to go North. * * I thought I knew something of the uncertainty of military events before, but I never saw such helpless bewilderment as is daily exhibited in this department. A short time ago three regiments were sent up here to reinforce us, with a general to command the whole, but now they are suddenly ordered away and we are left with three, as at first. * * We are again on picket and enjoying it very much. The weather is very good, though warm. I miss the sea breeze that I have in the camp. When we first came up here, we had three rainy days, which were a little uncomfortable. There are no signs of the enemy except their pickets, a few of which we constantly see in front of us. I do not think there is any force of them upon the island."

On the 4th, the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania relieved the Twenty-fourth on the picket line, and the latter came down to the camp and had a house-cleaning or a thorough tour of

police duty. The first dress-parade for some time signalized the 6th, and the day also was memorable in that some of the men went across the river and appropriated boards and other effects left by a departed regiment, with a view of making more comfortable their own quarters. By way of contrast, the 8th was so cold that many of the men wore their overcoats. The same day brings Quartermaster Thompson from Newbern and the accompanying impedimenta of which he wrote recently. His coming with the baggage was quite a comfort to the whole regiment, though it did make things look much less like a return to Newbern. Not the least item in the list was the coming back of many friends who had been detained so long in the hospital there. June 10th is noteworthy on account of soft bread rations being given out, and the late coming of a mail, but with the hunger for news from home there was granted the permission to have lights for forty-five minutes later. Precious boon to those lads whose sleep was all the more refreshing with the consequent dreams of home and loved ones.

The same boat which brings the mail returns Captains Daland and Maker, with Lieutenants Partridge and Jones, from their homeward tour, and news is brought of the illness of Major Hooper. On the 13th there was a shower so severe that the men had to go without beans, since "it rained so hard that it put out the fire in the bean holes." Of these mid-monthly days and the coming of baggage, Colonel Osborn remarks, "We have been shockingly uncomfortable for months on account of it. When we left Newbern, I left all my accounts unfinished and did not take my papers with me, for I expected to return in a short time and did not like to run the risk of losing them. My sickness had already put me behindhand and this unfortunate absence had greatly added to it, to my intense annoyance, for the department had several times notified me to forward my accounts. They must think me very negligent. Now, however, I have got to work upon them and soon they will

be all right. I have been in a sorry plight, too, with my clothes, having left practically everything except what could be carried in a valise. While I have censured the men for any fault in their apparel, my own cap was bleached to a green and my blouse to a dingy purple."

The contrast between the natty appearance of the officers of the navy, with whom ours of the Twenty-fourth are constantly thrown in contact, and the latter's necessary shabbiness is all the more galling, but the coming of the Quartermaster and the baggage relieves many a difficulty. On Friday, the 12th, there was a review of the Tenth Connecticut, the Twenty-fourth and the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania by General Stevenson, accompanied by Captain George W. Rodgers of the ironclad Catskill, Colonel Osborn commanding the brigade. The parade-ground was the beach at low tide, which served very well. The officers having received their dress uniforms, sashes, etc., their showing was something like that of former days. An interesting item in the return of the officers from their northern trip is the bringing of a sum of money raised by the former band leader, P. S. Gilmore, to which the father of General Stevenson has added a considerable amount, all to be used in the equipping of a band. For this purpose, the Colonel details fourteen men, who, with the newly purchased instruments, practice assiduously.

On the 15th, Surgeon Green comes up from Hilton Head with the news that General Hunter had been relieved by General Q. A. Gillmore, a reason for many a long-drawn sigh of relief by the men from Massachusetts, Connecticut and elsewhere. Having had the gift of a seine or fish-net, some of the Yankees proceed to try it on the 16th, and with excellent results, so far as numbers caught, and each man has at least one of the finny products. Mullets are the chief variety secured. New tents came on the 17th, Bunker Hill Day, and men from the Bay State celebrate by making themselves more tidy and presentable.

On the 16th began the sittings of a court martial, of which

Colonel Osborn is president, and hence he is relieved of his regimental duties. General Gillmore arrives in camp in the evening of the same day. On the 18th, with one hundred men of the Tenth Connecticut, General Stevenson goes on a reconnoissance to Haulover Cut. As he returned, he was followed by 500 of the enemy and one piece of artillery, which was planted at the Seabrook House, and firing on our pickets began. Our own artillery was ordered up and with help from the gunboats, the enemy was soon driven off. The appointment of General Gillmore gives satisfaction to officers and men, and they are expecting something in the way of activity. The weather is very warm and were it not for the sea-breezes, would be very uncomfortable. Sea-bathing, also, is delightful and is well utilized, even though the fishermen with their seine have caught a shark.

Sunday, the 21st, brought the paymaster and two months' compensation. Collections are made for Private Garrity of D, who was wounded on picket, and for the family of Corporal Lawless, killed on the Goldsboro Expedition. Generous men are these when they have anything to give! Again the regiment goes out to the picket-line on the 25th. General Gillmore is much in evidence and all of his looking seems to be towards Charleston and men are thinking that he will soon try his hand there. Further fortifying on the island is stopped. From his picket-post Colonel Osborn writes on the 29th his very last from Seabrook:

We are up in the woods on picket, away from the invigorating sea-breezes and weighed down by that fearful lassitude which is so characteristic of this climate. The slightest effort becomes a mighty task. I do not wonder that the Southerners are idle, lazy and overbearing. Such curses as this climate and the Peculiar Institution would deprave the angels in two generations. Fortunately we have no heavy work in the way of marching to do just now, for my men would melt away under it. A large number were made sick by only marching four miles the other day. They take their turn in working, once in three days, on the fortifications, but the

work is going on very slowly now, the engineer being satisfied with very small day's labor. General Gillmore seems to be a live man and is making active preparations on Folly Island to attack Morris Island and is building batteries, etc., for that purpose. * * If Charleston is captured I hope our regiment will have a hand in it. * * It is fair to suppose that Gillmore will not forget us if he has any work to do. His Inspector General, who has very thoroughly inspected all the troops in the department, and to whom he would naturally look for information as to the value of the different regiments, said the other day of his own accord that the Twenty-fourth was the best volunteer regiment he had ever seen and that he had never seen any regulars that were better.

After having been without a chaplain for five months we have at length elected one whom we have reason to believe will accept the appointment and I have forwarded his papers to the State House. He is the Rev. Geo. D. Wildes of Salem, chaplain of the New England Guards, who delivered the address before the semi-centennial celebration of the corps last fall.

Unfortunately the clergyman did not accept and his name appears on the State House rolls under the Chaplain heading, followed by the word "Declined."

July enters with the regiment still on picket, from which it was relieved on the 2d by the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, and once more returned to camp. Of the 4th, the National Day, little account was made. Perhaps it was too hot; southern people usually make Fourth of July noises at Christmas time; they have not ambition enough to observe the day itself. However, there was a salute at noon by the monitors and the light artillery. General Stevenson kept open house at his quarters and the officers dropped in to exchange greetings and to sip the contents of a punch bowl, on whose lending good Dr. Holmes once wrote:

> I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
> I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here.

Besides, there was a trial of musical skill among Drummers Alden of I, Crowley of C and Akerman of K, the prize

being the position of drum-sergeant. The victory was won by the Company C representative. Sunday, the 5th, was a pleasant day, with company inspections and dress parade. Had the men realized that it was their last Sunday on the island, possibly they might have enjoyed it more. Monday the Twenty-fourth, the Tenth Connecticut and the Fifty-sixth New York had a brigade drill at 5 p.m. by General Stevenson. After all had turned in for the night, there arrived an order for the cooking of four days' rations, as six of the companies were to depart. Later two days' rations were distributed to each man. At 8 p.m. the steamer Mayflower came in, and at 1 a.m. of the 7th she got under way with Companies A, B, D, G, H and K, leaving the other four under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Stevenson. Hilton Head was reached at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the troops were ordered to disembark on St. Helena Island, which they did, marching to their old camping-ground, meanwhile the steamer taking on coal and water. At 3 p.m. the men went on board again and the vessel ran over to Hilton Head. Once more she comes back to the island, where the men are to pass the night. If officers only knew what an hour might bring forth, how many false motions might be saved. The enlisted men found quarters in some houses and sheds still standing, while the officers passed the night in the tents of the 9th Maine, which were still pitched, the regiment having gone to Folly Island. Again on shipboard, the Mayflower with her Massachusetts soldiers got off at 1 p.m. of the 8th, reaching Stono Inlet at 9 o'clock, but could not get in, as the buoys were not lighted and no pilot came out. There were six or eight other steamers in the same plight as the Mayflower, and all had to stand off and on till 12.30 of the 9th, when our vessel entered, in the midst of a heavy shower, which made the air so thick one could scarcely see a boat's length. At 5 o'clock, General Ferry, with the brigades of Stevenson, Davis and Montgomery, steamed up the Stono River, preceded by gunboats, shelling the woods, anchoring finally at James'

Mt. Pleasant
Beacon
COOPER RIVER
Castle Pinckney
Palmetto State
REBELLION ROAD
Batt. Bee
Moultrieville
THE COVE
MIDDLE GROUND
Fort Moultrie
White Point Battery
ASHLEY RIVER
Wappoo
Fort Sumpter
Fort Johnson
Batteries
TORPEDOES
NORTH CHANNEL
SWASH CHANNEL
Breakers
Ft. Gregg
Cummins Pt.
FT. WAGNER
Styles
Batt. Royal
BATTERY
ISLAND
Earthworks
SHIP CHANNEL
Gillmore's Batteries
White Beacon
SKETCH of CHARLESTON HARBOR.
Scale of miles.
By W. A. Williams, Civil Engineer. 25 Merchants Row, Boston.
L. Prang & Co. Lith. Boston.
LIGHT HO. ISL.
LIGHT HOUSE INLET
FOLLY Id.
Bouy
CASTLE PINCKNEY
A Arched gateway.
B Barracks.
C Wharf
D Furnace for heating shot.
E Bomb proof casemates for lower tier guns.
F Harbor beacon
G Stone breakwater & landing.
H Old shanties &c.

Island. In leaving Seabrook, the men took only rubber blankets and shelter tents. Their camp-tents were left standing with all baggage, commissary and quartermaster stores. With the four companies there were left a battery of six guns and about 400 sick from all the regiments.

CHARLESTON.

Early in the morning of the 10th, the regiment was landed, moving about one mile up the island, bivouacking along with the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania and the Tenth Connecticut. The scenery was magnificent, and all were fired with the thought of real activity. A mile further on, certain of the officers, from the top of a house, were able to see Forts Sumter, Moultrie and Cummings' Point Battery, all of which were firing. There was every indication of something doing, and early in the day came the announcement that the batteries on Morris Island had been captured and that our forces had crossed over. This same day also brought the glad news that Grant and his men had captured Vicksburg and that the advance of Lee and his Confederates had been stayed at Gettysburg. Surely the army in front of Charleston had every reason to rejoice, even if the temperature was high and the mosquitoes abundant.

General Gillmore was not an officer to rest on his laurels, but he pushed right forward, taking vigorous measures to invest Fort Wagner, whose fall insured that of Sumter also. The troops now are on the very ground where the army of the preceding year encamped, previous to the losing battle on James' Island. The pickets are within range of the guns in Tower Battery in Secessionville, but they are not fired on. The 11th there was an advance of about one mile for the purpose of making a feint on Secessionville, to prevent any attempt at reinforcing Morris Island. Things are so irregular that the usual rations of coffee are not had, and soldiers record their complaints. At 6 p.m. of the 12th, the regiment relieves the Tenth Connecticut on the picket-line. Heavy rain,

with lightning, added to the variety on the 13th, and at 5 p.m. came the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania to relieve the men on picket. After dark the brigade moves back about one mile. The next day the horses that had been left at Seabrook arrived, and also Major Hooper returned from his leave of absence, considerably extended on account of illness.

There is none of the routine of Seabrook here, since constant vigilance is the rule, and on the report that the enemy is advancing, the regiment fell in and stood in line an hour and a half, this in the afternoon. It was 4.15 the next morning (16th) that the camp was aroused by heavy artillery firing on the left, and the orders were to fall in. The rebels had brought down a light battery and attacked the gunboat Pawnee in Stono River. Soon after getting in line the first shell burst over it. Our own gunboats and batteries replying, made a cheerful salute to the morning, and the reply was so vigorous that the enemy soon withdrew. They were not followed. Shells burst near the hospitals and Corporal Alfred Friend of Company B was fatally wounded, dying the next day. The Tenth Connecticut and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts were on picket, the former coming very near being captured and the latter, if it had not stood up well, would have been cut off. After the dismissal of the line at 7 o'clock the Twenty-fourth was ordered on the picket-line. The same was shortened and strengthened and orders were given that no one should sleep at night.

July 17, 1 a.m., orders were received to withdraw the outposts quietly, as the island was to be evacuated during the night. Captain Richardson on the left was thus directed and Colonel Osborn started for Captain Redding on the right, but lost his way and wandered about for some time. By dint of whistling and shouting he finally recovered himself and the regiment was assembled at the causeway, all but four men of Company K, who could not be found. Marching to the house where the first bivouac was made, the regiment reported to General Stevenson. All of the troops had crossed

over Cole's Island except Stevenson's brigade, and that was embarking on transports. The Twenty-fourth withdrew to a bridge near the landing, which was destroyed after our crossing, placed pickets there and acted as a rear guard. As the four men of K Company had now come in, the command was complete, it being about 6 o'clock. Boarding the steamer Alice Price at 10.30, a start was made for Folly Island. Left there at 5 p.m. for Lighthouse Inlet and finally disembarked on Morris Island.

The 18th day of July, Saturday, is a sad one in the annals of many a regiment, and St. Gaudens' wonderful memorial to Robert Gould Shaw and his men on Boston Common will long recall the deeds of Massachusetts' Fifty-fourth in this effort to capture Fort Wagner. The Twenty-fourth did not reach the scene of slaughter on that day; its trial was to come later, but it was in reserve and was ready to advance whenever ordered. The part borne by our regiment is best told by its Colonel in one of his letters home:

At 5 p.m. all the troops were ordered to fall in and to advance to the attack of Fort Wagner, which we had been shelling all day. We formed and marched slowly up the beach, our brigade being in the rear as a reserve. Just after dark, Strong's brigade made an assault, but was repulsed with heavy loss. Putnam's brigade then made an attempt, with the same result. All this time the shells from Forts Wagner and Sumter were exploding all around us, but fortunately no one was hurt. How we escaped some loss is a matter of the greatest wonder. When the Second Brigade fell back, ours advanced to the breastwork to cover their retreat. After we had been there an hour or so, a report was brought that some of our men under Colonel Putnam had gained a foothold in the fort, and were holding one bastion and only needed reinforcements to capture the fort. The Twenty-fourth was immediately ordered forward, with the Third New Hampshire, Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania and Tenth Connecticut following. I had then about 125 men. We got within 100 yards of the fort, when we met an officer returning with some men, who said that Colonel Putnam had been killed, and that Major Butler, who had succeeded to the command, had

ordered a retreat. There was no use in going on, so General Stevenson ordered us to fall back. The men marched up and back, stood in line of battle and manœuvred, all the while under fire, as coolly as if upon drill. I afterwards found out that the place where Putnam was, was not the main body of the fort, but only an outwork, and had we joined him and endeavored to enter the fort we should undoubtedly have been driven back with great slaughter. The loss in the fight is estimated at 1200 killed, wounded and missing. We remained at the breastworks all night, occasionally receiving a shell from Sumter. At daylight of the 19th, we withdrew a short distance behind an earthwork, thrown up for the protection of the infantry forces. There was no firing from either side, both being engaged in collecting the wounded and burying the dead. After dark we withdrew to the lower part of the island, being relieved by another (Howell's) brigade.

Firing re-begins on the 20th from our siege-guns and monitors, Fort Wagner making only feeble replies. The 21st brought Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson and the companies that had remained on Seabrook Island, they being much fatigued and reduced by sickness. The next day Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson, Lieutenants Ward and Clough, with Privates Geo. L. Gardner of Company E, and Wm. Reynolds of Company I, were designated to return to Massachusetts to bring out men who had been drafted. Also the paymaster made his way to the camp and gladdened the hearts of the men with two months' pay. Meanwhile the works against the forts are pushed steadily forward. On the 23d, the men selected to visit Massachusetts, except Lieutenant Ward, started, going on board the Arago, which stopped for them outside the bar. Of the regiment's new location Colonel Osborn says:

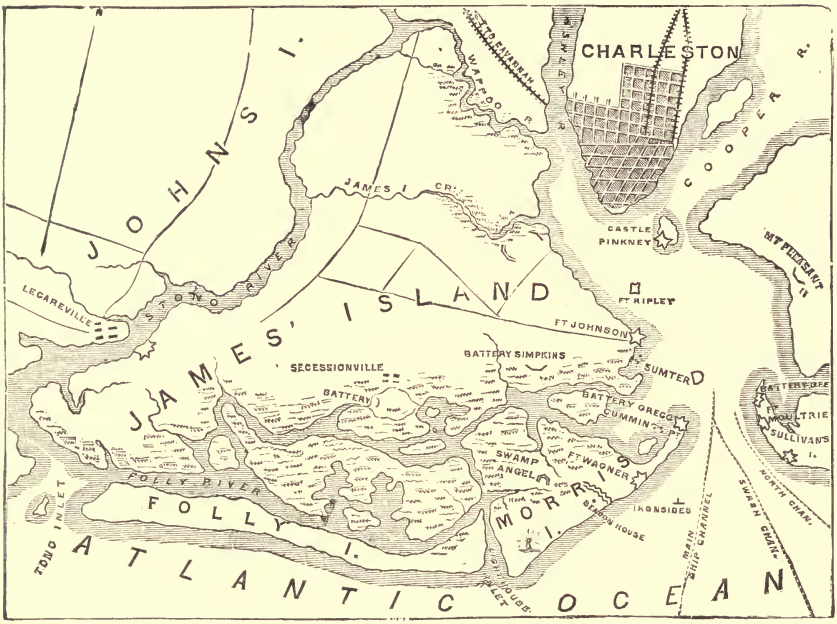
Morris Island is long and narrow, and is held by the Union forces on the south and by the Confederates on the north. The western side is a marsh, while the eastern or seaside is a succession of sand hills, thrown together in the utmost confusion, and looking like the waves of the sea on a magnificent scale. This strip is only about half a mile wide, and all the troops have to be encamped on these billows, so that to look

at the tents almost makes one seasick. Next the marsh is a narrow flat, then an enormous ridge, beyond a valley filled with little hillocks, then a smaller ridge, after which the beach. Between this mammoth ridge and the beach are our tents. Mine is on a little mound on the edge of the beach, and looks out upon the harbor in full view of the blockading fleet and the ironclads. The surf is excellent, and I take an early bath, for all the troops stand to arms from 3.30 to 5 a.m., between which and breakfast there is an hour unoccupied. The sand hills cease at our works and the land beyond is perfectly flat, being mostly marsh, except a small strip next the beach, where we made the attack. There are no trees, and scarcely a bush on the island, and we have great trouble to get fuel, which has to be brought from Folly Island. There is no shade, and the power of the sun is terrific. Under that and the heavy work the men are sickening rapidly. I have 250 sick and 275 well. Think of that for a regiment that has always been so healthy! The soil is the finest of fine sands, and continually fills the air. It covers everything and penetrates everywhere. We eat and drink it in quantities. No idea can be formed of its annoyance except from experience. I think this is the meanest place I was ever in without exception, but we are all gay and we are bound for Charleston.

On the 25th Private C. P. Lufkins of Company C was fatally injured in the spine by a ball, which entered the breastwork, behind which he was. He died Aug. 1st. Notwithstanding oppressive heat and vexatious sand there are inspections and dress-parades. Picket duty is frequent and, as a preventive of malarial effects, whiskey is issued to those on duty. All of the mentioned besetments of the locality do not keep the sutler away, and on the last day of July he appears and opens shop.

August finds the regiment still warring in front of Wagner. No one complains of lack of excitement, for every one is learning what it must be to dwell on or near the sides of a volcano. One man declared that the constant cannonading makes so much noise that he cannot hear the orders read at dress-parade. The second day brings back Lieutenant Edmands from Newbern and with him twenty convalescents,

welcome additions. Of the officers who came up from Seabrook all are sick except Lieutenant Wheeler, and the companies themselves, C, E, F and I, left there July 7 because they were then the largest, averaging 65 men each, are now the smallest, as they now number or average only ten men each. Large reinforcements are arriving, the trenches are steadily



By kindness Capt. Daniel Eldredge, 3d N. H.

pushed forward toward the enemy, and heavy guns and mortars are carried to the front and mounted every night. On the 5th of the month there were over 300 sick in the Twenty-fourth, and 250 well enough for duty. Very early in the morning of the 5th, Captain Redding, with Companies A and G, was sent to the front to support an outpost, near which Capt. L. S. Payne of the One Hundredth New York with his boat party had been captured.

There is always fatigue duty and vigorous men are at a premium. One of them records his helping unload cargoes of shells by the thousand, and his labors in getting ten-inch mortars ashore. Owing to recent hard work the regiment is excused from turning out at 3.30 on the morning of the 8th, and orders are received that no one should send by letter or otherwise any information which might contribute to the enemy's knowledge of what was doing on the Union side. In the matter of supporting the physical man, the scarcity of fuel is noted and men take whatever they can find, in one case appropriating the hard pine used in planking for one of the heavy guns. Of course, the theft was discovered, and what was left of the piece was carried back, but the fagot-takers breathed easier when no further investigation was made. The first watermelon, "cool and delicious," is recorded on the 8th, and most delightful sea-bathing is some compensation for excessive heat.

Apprehensions of an attack by the Confederates brought the regiment under arms soon after 2 o'clock in the morning of the 10th. The brigade marched to the beach and lay a short distance back of the first parallel. Nothing further happening, all returned at 6 a.m. On the 17th the Union batteries and ironclads opened on Sumter, which remained silent. Forts Wagner and Gregg also failed to reply: the only return firing came from the batteries on James' Island. During the day an old friend of the officers in the Twenty-fourth was killed. Captain George W. Rodgers of the Catskill, who with them had exchanged so many civilities at Seabrook, lost his life through a shot striking the top of the pilot house, thereby loosening a bolt which struck the officer in the head, inflicting a mortal wound. The flags on the monitors were at half-mast during the afternoon.*

*Son, nephew, brother and cousin of distinguished naval officers of the name of Rodgers, besides being a nephew of both Commodores Perry, through his mother, George Washington Rodgers had a right to hold a prominent place in the sea service of the nation, and he deserved well

On this same day Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson writes from Boston to Colonel Osborn as to the trials he is having in trying to secure recruits for the regiment: "I am of the opinion that we shall not get a single man out of this draft, but I presume another one will be ordered. General Devens' orders are to give two hundred men to each Massachusetts regiment in the Army of the Potomac first, and then to fill up to the number specified on the list. To do this it will take about 7000 men, and there is no telling what department will be filled up next. As conscripts do not come in faster than seventy-five per day, you see it is going to take a long time to fill the Army of the Potomac. * * I am very anxious to be relieved and ordered to rejoin the regiment, so if you will do anything for me in this respect I shall be exceedingly obliged."

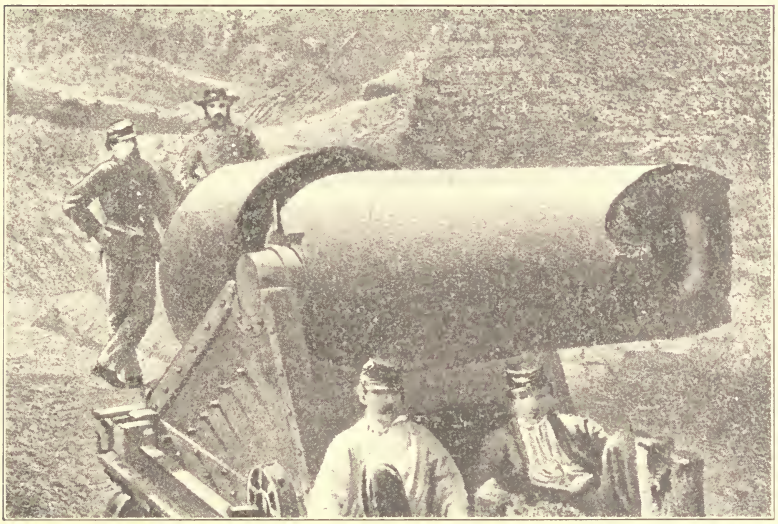
The next day, the 18th, Lieut. Chas. G. Ward, also on detached service, writes in a similar vein from Boston: "I think it is going to be a long time before the men are assigned to the Twenty-fourth, from what Mr. Stevenson (General Stevenson's father) says, and I shall prefer returning to Morris Island, where I know I can be of service, rather than serve the State of Massachusetts by guarding conscripts on Long Island."

One day differed very little from another on Morris Island, only now and then a larger gun than its neighbors is put in position, and then its effects are watched as it plays upon the enemy's works. On the 19th, the 300-pound Parrott, over which so much muscle has been exercised, is got into position and great results are expected, and one observer reports that

for his own sake. The soul of honor, a blameless, Christian gentleman, his sudden taking off was a severe blow to the cause he loved. His death drew from Colonel Charles G. Halpine, the "Miles O'Reilly" of the press, the following stanza:

> Ah me! George Rodgers lies
> With dim and dreamless eyes,
> He has airly won the prize
> Of the sthriped and starry crown.

she made a big breach in Sumter, and then during the evening of the 23d burst about 18 inches from the muzzle. On the 21st came Dr. Wm. S. Tremain to take the place of Assistant-Surgeon Hall Curtis, who had resigned, June 18th, for the surgeoncy of the Thirty-third Regiment. During these days, of course, the men are doing almost constant duty on picket, in the trenches or policing their camps. No one is getting any great amount of rest, and so the days of routine



10-INCH PARROTT RIFLE (300-POUNDER) BURST AUG. 23, '63.

and expectancy passed till Aug. 26th, when, at dinner, Colonel Osborn was summoned to the quarters of General Alfred H. Terry, who told the Colonel that he wished the Twenty-fourth Regiment to drive the enemy's pickets out of certain rifle-pits that they occupied about seventy-five yards in advance of our fourth parallel. As for the incident itself, let the commanding officer speak for himself:

Our lines had been pushed forward towards Fort Wagner by regular approaches until they arrived with-

in seventy-five yards of the gentle elevation sloping equally towards us and the rebels, on the further side of which the enemy had dug rifle-pits and ensconced sharpshooters, who annoyed our troops and interfered with the progress of the work. It was necessary to dislodge them before proceeding further, and it was attempted with artillery with no success, as they were lying in deep holes just behind the crest of the ridge, which protected them from the shot. It was determined to do it by assault. General Terry sent for me, told me what had been decided and said that my regiment was to do it. He then instructed that I was to take the regiment very secretly up to our most advanced lines, and, at a given signal, was to rush over the breastworks and charge upon the enemy with all my men, except seventy-five (Companies F and K), who were to remain behind with two shovels each. I explained to the officers the nature of the work we were to undertake, and told them to tell the men that I should require a fierce, impetuous charge, which would accomplish the end most surely, and with the least cost of life. We then marched up and took our positions, all sitting down, concealed behind the breastwork. When all was ready, I saw a flag waving in the rear which was the signal to charge. I cried, "All up," when every man stood up and faced the enemy. "Forward," and in an instant we were over the works and rushing upon the enemy at the top of our speed, shouting like mad. They fired but one volley, and then those who dared to take the chance of being fired at by us leaped out of their holes and ran. The rest crouched down and surrendered.

In the first pit I looked into, which was a large, deep square hole, I saw eight men sitting, one of them waving above his head an old red handkerchief in token of his having relinquished all hostile intentions. We disarmed them and sent to the rear, collecting seventy in all, less than twenty having escaped. As soon as we had gained possession of the ridge I called up the shovels and we commenced throwing up a line of defense on our side of the crest. As Fort Wagner began to throw canister and spherical case at us about that time, every man dug for his life and a very substantial earthwork soon rose. For a while our position was a pretty hot one, for besides Fort Wagner, Fort Gregg and the batteries on James' Island, all opened on us and got our range with great accuracy. I really cannot see how it is possible for

shot to come so close and do so little damage. Our loss, barring scratches, was only one officer and two men killed, and four men wounded. I expected to suffer much more heavily. Lieut. James A. Perkins of Company I, who was killed, was a splendid fellow, brave to rashness, and a most excellent officer. He was a favorite with all of us, and his death cast a shade of gloom over the exultation we felt at our success. We made the charge at 6 p.m., and remained on the ground till midnight, most of the time in a pouring rain, when we were relieved by another regiment and returned to camp. I immediately reported to General Terry, and received the most flattering compliments on the behavior of the regiment. He said it was a most brilliant and dashing affair, and seemed hardly able to say enough in praise of it. * * Sumter is a mass of ruins and is occupied by only forty men.

Another story of the charge is told in most graphic manner by one who appreciatively sees the men go in:

For some time General Gillmore has been making all sorts of attempts to get hold of the rifle-pits in front of Wagner, and very close to our own batteries. He has cleared them out several times with artillery, but has never succeeded in holding them, in consequence of the enemy's being so careless about throwing grape and canister around. Well, yesterday, the brave and undaunted Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, the best regiment here, and without doubt the best in the service, volunteered to make a charge of it. General Stevenson, although it was not his day in front, of course felt a great anxiety that his old regiment should go through well and, consequently, went to the front to see it. He gave us an invitation to go with him, so we mounted our steeds and started for the scene of action. Arriving at the front we saw the boys drawn up in line behind our own rifle-pits. I knew the whole rank and file of the regiment, and as I saw them drawn up for a charge I could not help feeling a little kind of stickling about the throat, for it was a desperate thing and I knew that the boys were determined and would not falter in their purpose, if they were annihilated. All this time our batteries were playing lively on Gregg and Wagner. At 4.30 our 200-pounder on the left exploded, wounding four men. About 4.45 the rebels saw that something was up, and they opened very lively. * * When Terry came up and ordered the

CHARGE OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH ON THE RIFLE-PITS, FORT WAGNER.

charge, I forgot all about shot, shell and everything else except the charge. The Twenty-fourth forms behind the trenches, Colonel Osborn waves his sword, and with a hearty cheer our brave Massachusetts boys start on the double quick. Crack! crack! crack! quicker than thought go three volleys of musketry, away come grape and canister from Wagner and Gregg. "Steady, boys, steady!" cries out Terry. Not a stagger, not a line broken, but as true as God's my judge, those men go on as steady as though they were on dress-parade. The smoke has cleared away; they are in the trenches. Osborn waves his sword and with a victorious yell they leap into the rebel rifle-pits, while the skedaddling rebels are making up the bank on the double quick. Our point is gained and Osborn holds the works. The trench-guard is ordered up to support him. Helloa! What is this? Here come twenty-four rebels and a rebel lieutenant, whom our boys have brought out of the ditches with them. I tell you, if you could have seen that charge, under such a murderous fire, you would be willing to be sent into the other world during the excitement, without a murmur. * * Terry was perfectly delighted with the whole thing, and pronounced it the most brilliant dash and the best executed he ever saw, and your humble servant felt as if he wanted to shake hands with everybody he met. I was so delighted to see old Massachusetts go in so nobly! The men of the Twenty-fourth immortalized themselves in that charge * * and if you could only have seen it you would have grown an inch for being a son of the Old Bay State. On our route down we called in to see General Gillmore, and I declare I never saw a man who seemed so well pleased as he did. He rubbed his hands, and said, "By Jove, that is splendid. Just what I wanted," etc. We are now within 150 yards of Wagner.

How the Confederates regarded the affair is learned in an extract from a paper on the siege read by Col. Charles S. Olmstead of the Confederate Army before the Georgia Historical Society March 3d, 1879:

The line of rifle-pits in front of Wagner had been gallantly held by our men during the siege, and had sorely troubled the besiegers. On the 21st of August an infantry force attempted the capture of these pits without success. On the afternoon of the 26th, a heavy artillery fire was brought to bear upon

them without dislodging the holders, but that night a dashing charge of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment gained the position, capturing the most of the Confederates who held them, about seventy men. General Gillmore's fifth and last parallel was at once established on the ground thus won, and before dawn on the 27th, under cover of the flying sap, the trenches were pushed about 100 yards nearer the fort.

If the enemy were familiar with the beautiful lines of Robert Lowell, with which he opened his famous "Relief of Lucknow," very likely some of them might be heard repeating:

> Oh, those last days in Wagner Fort!
> We knew they were the last;
> That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
> And the end was coming fast.

The event of the 26th should not be dismissed without some reference to what the men in the ranks thought of it, how it looked to them. Says one of them:

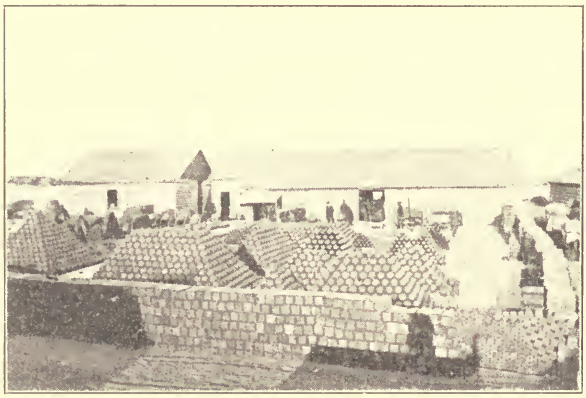
After cleaning up this afternoon I had a few minutes of leisure time, so I went over the bluff to see some men in the Sixty-seventh Ohio. On my way back I met certain fellows who wanted to know where the regiment had gone, and when I replied, "Nowhere," they said, "Yes, it has, and has been gone more than a quarter of an hour." I ran back to my tent, put on my equipments, filled my canteen with water, grabbed my rifle and started to find the regiment. I found them out on the beach and having twenty rounds of cartridges given out. I got ten rounds and a place in the ranks. Lieutenant Perkins was in command of the company, and it was surmised that we were to charge on Fort Wagner. When the signal was given to advance, the waving of a white handkerchief, the guns that had been firing on the forts suddenly stopped firing, and, in less time than I can write it, we were over the works, charging on the rebel rifle-pits and capturing the men who occupied them. It was done so quickly that the enemy could fire but one volley, and from Fort Wagner there came only one round of shell. Then the shovels came up and our men dug for dear life and threw up a breastwork right on the embankment the rebels had thrown up. All this time Fort Wagner was firing grape and canister at us, but we could

see the flash of their guns and would fall on our faces. Lieutenant Perkins was killed after we took the works.

I blistered my hands shoveling, and one man who had a long-handled shovel, in drawing back to throw up a shovelful, was rather careless and hit me on the eye with such force as to knock me senseless for a minute. I thought that I was shot, but I soon got over it and went to work. After we had got up a good shelter, about six feet high, I went to work firing at the batteries in Fort Wagner, trying to keep them from firing so often on our men. I didn't think to look into the pits, but kept firing at Wagner. There was a pit beyond the one against which I was lying, about twelve feet from me and right in my range. About half an hour after, I had begun firing, and I was taking aim, when a head popped up from the second pit. I thought it was one of our own men and I spoke rather sharp, telling him to keep down, for I was firing right over where he was. I fired and loaded again, when a white cloth on the end of a stick appeared above the pit. I called out, telling him to come in, that no one would hurt him. At this four rebels jumped out of that pit, and four more out of the one nearest me, and came running in.' It rather startled me to find that I had been lying so near the enemy and not know it. Soon I heard some one groan in another pit, and when I called out a voice said, "I wish you would come and bring me some water." I made sure that he was alone and that there was no danger of my being taken prisoner, and then crept out to him and gave him a drink. He was badly shot through the thigh, the ball passing out through the groin. I placed him in a better position and comforted him the best I knew how. He seemed to worry about his children in case of his death as to what would become of them. I told him that the All-protecting Power would care for them. He seemed to be much affected and said that he did not expect me to care for him. I told him that our men would take him out before morning. Soon it began to rain and we got a good drenching. Then came the relief and we got back to camp at about one o'clock in the morning.

Private Bullard of Company G writes from Cleveland, Tenn., "It commenced to rain about dark and we heard some one moan outside the works, so Orderly Sergeant White told Michael McGraw and myself to jump over the works and see

who was hurt out in the front. We found a wounded reb, and when we brought him in he said, "Lay me up close, boys;" he had no use for the bullets from his own side. Those were strenuous moments when the Yankees reached the rifle-pits of the enemy, and the Johnny who did not at once throw down his gun need expect little mercy at the hands of the attacking party. Men of Company I relate how they threw up John Connor's weapon as he was aiming at a rebel, upbraiding him for his attempt on the life of a surrendered man, "And sure,"



ORDNANCE HEADQUARTERS, MORRIS ISLAND.

says John, "wasn't the t'ief aimin' at my Captain (Amory)?" who was one of the first to leap into the pit.

One of the shoveling party has left an excellent impression of the fray, written at the time, and from it the following lines are taken:

Our First Lieutenant, always anxious for a fight, formed the company out on the beach, and as soon as we were formed he told us what he wanted of us, and added if any man wanted to step out, now was his time. I am sorry to say that one man stepped out; you can have an idea of the hazing the men gave him as he walked to his tent. Companies F and K were ordered to take two shovels to each man, which we received

on reaching the trenches, besides our guns. * * The eight companies were formed next to the breastwork, and the two companies with shovels just in the rear. Every man stood with fixed bayonet and we did not have long to wait before the signal was given, when we charged right over and into the rifle-pits, where the rebs were so taken by surprise that they yelled out, "Don't shoot; we surrender," etc. While the eight companies were attending to the rebels we, the other two companies, went to digging to reverse the rebel works for our own protection, and never did men shovel dirt livelier, since Wagner had got to work with grape and canister, which fortunately passed over us, it being difficult to depress the guns to our level. * * The rebels in the pits were composed of one company of the Sixty-first North Carolina Regiment; their captain and two or three privates had escaped. We came on them so suddenly that they had no time to reload. The rebels lost four killed, eight wounded and sixty-eight taken prisoners. The latter were escorted to the rear and were fed on hardtack at the Provost Guard's headquarters. It was about half-past nine when we got through turning the rifle-pits, and in the meantime another regiment was trenching out to us, so that when the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania came out to relieve us, we had a covered way to pass to the rear in. While passing other regiments on our way to camp we received all sorts of congratulations, such as are familiar to soldiers.

In his Journal of Engineer Operations on Morris Island Major Thos. B. Brooks has the following for August 26th:

The general commanding ordered General Terry to take and hold the ridge, and placed the resources of the command at his disposal for that purpose. It was accomplished at 6.30 p.m. by a brilliant charge of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, Col. Francis A. Osborn commanding, supported by the Third New Hampshire, Captain Randlett commanding. Sixty-seven prisoners were captured. They were afraid to retire on account of their own torpedoes, as they informed us, and had too little time, even if there had been no torpedoes. No works, excepting rude rifle-pits in the excellent natural cover afforded by the ridge, were found. Sand-bags of a superior quality had been freely used for loopholes and traverses.

The moment the ridge was gained the work of intrenching was begun under the superintendence of Capt. Jos. Walker (of the Volunteer Engineers). The fifth parallel was opened from the sea to the marsh, a distance of 140 yards, advantage being taken of the enemy's pits on the left, and cover was rapidly obtained, under the stimulus of a severe grape and shell fire from Wagner. The right of the parallel is 245 yards from the fort. In this work the Twenty-fourth proved themselves as proficient in the use of the shovel as they had in that of the bayonet a few moments before. From the right of this line an approach was at once opened by the flying sap. This was extended to the marsh, and later in the night the sap was continued to the beach, within 100 yards of the fort, by a second line running near the edge of the marsh.

The thickly placed torpedoes in front of Wagner occasion the following also from Major Brooks: "The discovery of these torpedoes explains what has been to me one of the greatest mysteries in the defense of Wagner, i. e., the fact that no material obstacle of any amount could be discovered in front of the work, not even after our two almost successful assaults. Torpedoes were the substitutes."

The works thrown up so hurriedly on the 26th formed the foundation of the fifth and last parallel in the approaches to Wagner. The remainder of the month passed with nothing of note so far as our regiment was concerned. There was no abatement of work. There always was an abundance of that. On the 27th there were funeral services over the bodies of the dead, and that of Lieutenant Perkins was sent to Hilton Head in care of Lieutenant Sargent and four men, thence to be accompanied to Boston by Sergeant John C. Turner of Company I. The record for the last day of the month, like that for the first, was "Heavy firing."

While it may not relieve the discomforts of those days it will prove a source of pleasure to know that our enemies were quite as uncomfortable as ourselves. In the story of the Sixty-first North Carolina, the one whose men were captured in the rifle-pits, we may read as follows:

Going from Savannah to James' Island, S. C., was about

what I would imagine, with my limited knowledge of the two localities, very much the same as dropping out of paradise into hell. We found James' Island a little Sahara, having plenty of wind, rolling and twisting clouds of sand, millions of black gnats, much greater pests than mosquitoes, and a very scanty supply of devilish poor beef that a respectable Charleston buzzard would not eat. We had to sink holes here, there and everywhere to get a supply of tadpole water—at the same time there being a well of good water at Fort Pemberton, which no Tar Heel was allowed to sample. * * From James' Island we went to Sullivan's, date not remembered, but the change was gladly welcomed by all. We were willing to go anywhere to get away from James' Island. While quartered on Sullivan's Island our regiment did its full share of duty in the defense of Morris Island. During the four years of my experience in the army I found no place so uninviting as Battery Wagner on Morris Island. The bomb-proof, the only place of safety, cannot well be described, for all its dreary loathsomeness and horrors, and I will not attempt it.

September starts off not unlike the immediately preceding months. The nights resound with heavy artillery firing, the batteries on Sullivan's Island sending their compliments to the Union camps, and the monitors offering iron greetings to Fort Sumter, just the regular order of events in this limited portion of the world. The second day of the month Colonel Osborn was Brigade Field Officer of the day. At night Captain Redding, with Company A, and Captain Maker, with K Company, were sent on a boat expedition with Major O. S. Sanford, Seventh Connecticut, in command. Captain Redding and men landed at a wharf near the harbor, while Captain Maker went out nearly to Sumter, in neither case meeting the enemy. It was on this day that the men beheld a bit of military discipline in the camp of the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts. A culprit, with one-half of his head shaved, and bearing on his back a board inscribed "He stole money from his wounded friend," accompanied by a drum corps, was marched up and down Morris Island and then went over to *Folly*, a proper ending for such a wretched beginning. All of the

regiment, except A and K, went on picket where the Swamp Angel is mounted. The latter is a 200-pound Parrott, mounted after infinite labor and fated to be one of the notable features of the siege. Its location is the nearest point to Charleston in our possession, yet the city is not visible from it. The range and distance are determined mathematically and with sufficient accuracy to hit St. Michael's Church several times. General Beauregard protested, under a flag of truce,

MARSH BATTERY OR SWAMP ANGEL, MORRIS ISLAND.

against the use of such offense, and the British Consul demanded a cessation of firing on her majesty's subjects.

Its situation with reference to the camps of the supporting troops is set forth by one of the note takers as follows: "It is in a swamp about a mile and a half from our left batteries, and on the edge of a creek running from Lighthouse Inlet into Charleston Harbor, and is approached either by boats or on land." By the latter way there are planks laid, tandem, on posts, and on this walk, single file, troops must proceed to the battery. Many boats were retained in this creek for the purpose of making expeditions into the harbor. Late in the

night of the 5th, such a trip was started under the command of Major Sanford of the Seventh Connecticut to attack Battery Gregg in the rear. Owing to the remissness of the oarsmen, or other reason, the men returned without landing. There were no men of the Twenty-fourth in the party. Coming back to camp in the early morning of the 6th the walking is better than it was going out, when, in the misty darkness, a number of the men slipped off from the planks into the swamp.

On this 6th of September the final assault on Wagner is considered. All of the colonels of regiments are called together to meet Generals Gillmore, Terry and Stevenson at 9 p.m., and to receive instructions. The men, too, hear rumors of what is afoot, and with the giving out of twenty rounds they are pretty sure that work is impending. As one man puts it, "There is a great deal of talk in camp. Some look pale and more have a grave smile on their faces. We expect hot work before sunrise to-morrow morning." General Terry's instructions to the several brigades were very explicit, and for Stevenson's, reinforced by the Fourth New Hampshire and the Ninth Maine, they were to occupy the trenches immediately in rear of the advance party. At the giving of the signal, viz., the raising of a signal flag on the surf battery and on the right of the fifth parallel and the American ensign on the Beacon House, "the men will spring out on the beach, rush forward at a double quick, pass between Wagner and the sea, and extend themselves along the rear of the fort to the marsh. They will mount the parapet and fire down the parade." The troops are to move to their assigned positions before 1.30 a.m., having their breakfasts in their haversacks. When the works are carried they will be garrisoned by General Stevenson's brigade. No men are to be allowed to leave the ranks on any pretext; even the wounded must wait for attention till the affair is over.

All of the directions were obeyed to the letter. The men were called out shortly after midnight of the 7th. Nearly

15,000 soldiers are alert to accomplish the downfall of Wagner, so long a frowning menace. There were men in those lines who recalled the verses of Bayard Taylor in his Crimean Episode, when, before the terrible assault of the Malakoff, British soldiers sang Annie Laurie. There were Marys and Noras in far-away homes sighing for these men in blue just as devotedly as did those of Britain when, in 1855, as the poet expresses it:

> The guardsmen say,
> We storm the fort tomorrow;
> Sing while we may, another day
> Will bring enough of sorrow.

But all apprehensions proved groundless, for, before the advance was ordered, there appeared a deserter who said that Wagner was forsaken. Moving up and over the space, so long fired over, it was found that the fortress was empty, and another stretch to Gregg revealed that also void of defenders. Wagner was in a deplorable condition. Our bombardment had dismounted the guns, smashed the gun-carriages, and dislodged the timbers. The stench that pervaded the ruins was enough to stagger the visitor. The torpedoes that were planted over much of the intervening space were dug up by the engineers. At daylight the regiment marched back to camp and, during the day, beheld the forts on James' and Sullivan's Islands firing on their former allies, Wagner and Gregg.

The Confederate Colonel Olmstead, already referred to, page 215, remarks further:

The ground between Gillmore's front and Wagner was thickly studded with torpedoes; his left flank was searched by the unremitting fire from our batteries on James' Island. The head of the sap was slowly pushed forward under the ceaseless fire of howitzers and sharpshooters from the entire front of the fort, while last, though not least, the besiegers had now reached a point where every onward step compelled him to dig through the bodies of their dead who had been buried some weeks before. In the emergency General Gillmore

availed himself of his superior resources in artillery to keep down the active resistance of Wagner, and to this end every gun ashore and afloat was turned upon it. The final bombardment began at daybreak on the 5th of September, and for forty-two hours continued with a severity and awful terror beyond the power of words to describe. That night, as witnessed from Fort Johnson, where the First Regiment was stationed, the scene was magnificent in the extreme. The lurid flashes of the guns, the unceasing roar, the shells of every description of tremendous artillery that could be tracked

ENTRANCE TO BOMB-PROOF, FORT WAGNER, SEPT. 7, '63.

through the air by flaming fuses; the mortar still rising in stately curve and steady sweep, the Parrott shell darting like lightning in its mission of death, the missiles from the fleet booming along the water and bursting in Wagner with cruel accuracy, the glare of calcium lights bringing out every detail of our works as in the noonday—all these filled the souls of Confederate spectators with awe and found their painful antithesis in the SILENCE OF WAGNER. The end had come.

All through the 6th the bombardment continued, and that evening the sap had reached the counterscarp of the work, and only the ditch and parapet separated the combatants.

The assault was ordered for nine o'clock in the morning of the 7th, but by midnight of the 6th the place was evacuated by the Confederates, the whole force being taken off the island in row-boats. Some few of these boats were intercepted, but the garrison as a garrison was saved. The enemy at once occupied both Wagner and Gregg, and Morris Island in its entirety was in their possession.

September 8th General Terry issued a special order to the following effect, that an attempt will be made to-night to carry Fort Sumter by assault. The regiments detailed for this purpose are the Tenth Connecticut and the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, with the Colonel of the Twenty-fourth in command. Major Sanford of the Seventh Connecticut of General Terry's staff, having carefully reconnoitered the route, will accompany the expedition and advise Colonel Osborn as to the proper direction. The men will embark at the bridge immediately after sunset, and the assault will be made at the earliest practicable moment. One hundred additional men are detailed as oarsmen from the Seventh Connecticut and One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania. A signal officer will accompany the party. How the affair terminated is best told by Colonel Osborn in his report to headquarters:

I have the honor to submit the following report of a boat expedition, planned to take possession of Fort Sumter by surprise and assault. In obedience to orders from Brig.-Gen. A. H. Terry, and in conformity to verbal instructions received from him, I took command of the Tenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, Major E. S. Greeley commanding, and the Twenty-fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, Major Chas. H. Hooper commanding, each regiment numbering about 300 men, and sent them to the picket station near the left batteries immediately after dusk on the 8th inst. At that place Capt. Chas. R. Brayton, R. I. Artillery, reported to me with two howitzer launches, and Lieut. J. A. Newell, One Hundredth Regiment, New York Volunteers, with a light boat, to act as guides to the howitzer launches. These boats, with others, carrying fifty men of the Tenth Connecticut, under command of Capt. E. D. S. Goodyear, I immediately sent to the mouth of the creek to wait for the arrival of the rest of the

party. Captain Brayton had with him a sergeant and four men selected from the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, carrying a bag of powder and a quick match, for the purpose of blowing in the gate of the sally-port. The rest of the troops were then embarked in the boats, an operation which occupied nearly three hours, as but one man could enter at a time. The tide was completely out, causing the boats to ground frequently. At about 11 p.m. all was in readiness, and the expedition moved out of the mouth of the creek, Maj. O. S. Sanford, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, whose assistance and advice were invaluable to me during the whole time, leading, and I followed in the second.

Arrived at the mouth of the creek, Major Sanford directed his course toward the gorge and sea faces of the fort, and Captain Brayton on our left, towards the sally-port or cityward face. On approaching the fort, he was to send one of his howitzer launches a short distance towards Charleston to prevent the arrival of reinforcements from there. The boats proceeded in excellent order and in perfect silence until I estimated that I was a half mile from Fort Sumter, which could then be seen distinctly. At that time I saw and heard what I supposed to be two musket-shots fired from a face of the fort most distant from us. This I concluded to be a signal of some kind, perhaps that our approach had been discovered. I had been informed that the Navy contemplated an attack on the same night, but as the hour was late I had come to the conclusion that they had relinquished the idea. It did not, therefore, occur to me that it was on their account that the shots were fired, and I pushed on. It was then 12.30 a.m., as well as I could judge. Presently I saw the flash of a musket from the parapet (others also report hearing the challenge of a sentry), and immediately a volley was fired from the surface of the water, coming evidently from boats lying apparently at the angle of the gorge and sea faces. Signal-lights and rockets then appeared on the fort, answered from the batteries on James' and Sullivan's Island, which immediately opened on the fort. Shots were distinctly heard to strike it, and one shell from a mortar fell within it and exploded, lighting it up brightly. The fire continued from the boats, though not with the same vigor as at first, and howitzers were also used. The voices of officers giving commands were plainly heard. But very little resistance was made from the fort. A few musket-shots were fired, some flashes might have been grenades, and there were one or two explosions which seemed to be from a

field-piece. I could see no indications of an attempt to land on the part of the attacking party. As the Navy had anticipated my attack I could do nothing but return. At my request, Major Sanford then took the direction of Vincent's Creek. Soon after we put about the musketry entirely ceased, and I judged that the boats were retiring. The affair lasted for about twenty minutes. The batteries continued firing for twenty minutes afterwards, and when we had nearly reached the landing in Vincent's Creek the battery on James' Island commenced shelling the creek where we had embarked. All the troops were landed before four o'clock, and were dismissed. In conclusion, I desire again to express my grateful sense of Major Sanford's services. His experience in such expeditions and his acquaintance with the position were of inestimable aid, and had the affair been carried to a happy termination, its success would have been in a very great measure due to him.

Subsequent to the foregoing, Colonel Osborn wrote as follows concerning his interview with General Gillmore and its bearing on the event: "General Gillmore said that there was a difference of opinion between him and the commander of the naval forces as to which had the prior right to make an assault upon Fort Sumter; that both considered an assault practicable, and each claimed the right of his arm of the service to deliver it; that they had been in active correspondence on the subject, but had failed to come to an agreement; that the siege guns of the army had reduced the fort to its vulnerable condition, and that, consequently, the army should have the honor of attempting to capture it; that to this end he was going to send that night a boat expedition, of which I was to have the command against the fort; that he would provide boats equipped with good oarsmen in one of the creeks; that I was to make all haste possible to anticipate the Navy, who were also going to send an expedition for the same purpose; but that if the Navy should succeed in making the first assault I was not to take any part in it with them for fear of complications, but to return to land immediately by a creek different from that through which I had set out, and that he would

send with me as a guide a staff officer who was familiar with the harbor.

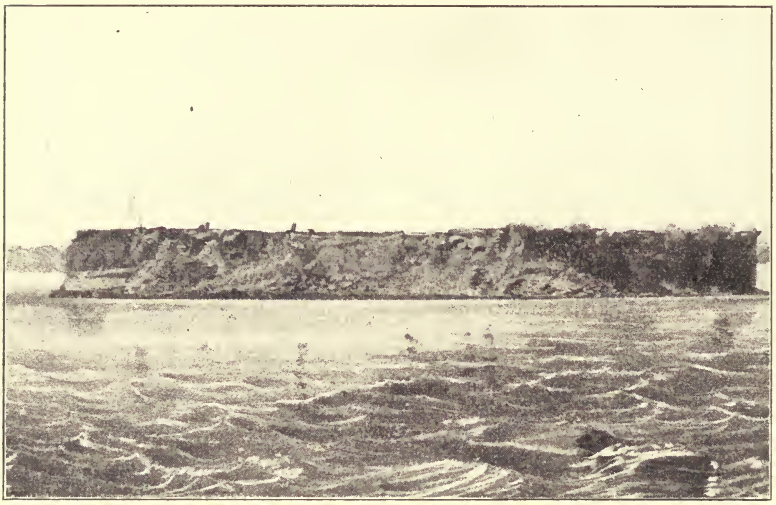
"These instructions were verbal, but they were explicit and positive and they were punctually followed, notwithstanding the feeling of shame caused by being compelled to withhold from the Navy the aid which it was the natural impulse to render.

"It was a consolation to learn afterward that such aid would have been ineffective and would only have involved the capture of a detachment of the Army as well as of the Navy. The engineer officers who had surveyed the fort through their field glasses from Fort Wagner and had pronounced it practicable for assault, though honest in their belief, were mistaken. Such an attempt should not have been made. Further, the open preparations of the Navy had given alarm to the enemy, and caused them to make special arrangements for resistance, so that the element of surprise, upon which General Gillmore had largely counted, was absolutely wanting."

Again it is interesting to see ourselves as others see us, and for this purpose reference is once more had to the paper of Colonel Olmstead, wherein he says:

On the afternoon of Sept. 8th notice was received by the commanders of batteries within the range of Sumter that a boat attack would be made upon that fortress during the night, and they were ordered at a given signal to open upon the point where the boats were expected. The signals of the enemy had again been intercepted, and upon our side there was perfect readiness. The garrison of Sumter prepared to meet the enemy upon the slope with a shower of musketry. The guns of our continuous batteries were carefully trained upon the right spot before dark, and as soon as night had fallen a Confederate ironclad moved into position to add the fire of her powerful guns. Silently the night wore on; for hours not a sound broke its stillness; the men sat drowsily by the guns, and the belief gained ground that the proposed attack had been abandoned, when suddenly there was the twinkle of a musket from Sumter's, then a rocket soared in the air, and

the bellowing of the great guns and the explosion of shells instantaneously and startlingly contrasted with the sleepy quiet of our long hours of watching. The assault was repulsed with considerable loss to the assailants, but with none to the garrison.



FORT SUMTER, SEPTEMBER, 1863.

It is singular to note from General Gillmore's report as an evidence of a want of harmony between the land and naval forces, that the two independent expeditions were organized in this attack—one by Admiral Dahlgren, the other by General Gillmore. The report says: "The only arrangements for concert of action between the two parties that were finally made, were intended simply to prevent accident or collision between them. Each party was deemed in itself sufficiently strong for the object in view." The naval expedition, consisting of some twenty-five or thirty boats, came directly from the ships, in tow of steam tugs, and, reaching Sumter first, at once delivered its attack. The land forces, about 490 strong, embarked in their boats in Vincent's Creek. The windings of the stream probably delayed them and they had not quite reached the fort when the naval assault was made and repulsed. All hope of a surprise being at an end, the second force retired.

After the Sumter incident comparative quiet prevailed with the accustomed routine of camp life. A delightful variance, however, is had along about the 10th and 12th, when, through the generosity of Northern friends, ice is sent down to the regiment, and the unwonted luxury of ice-water, on the torrid sands of Morris Island, is enjoyed. Also there is the record of the construction of an oven and the consequent ration of "soft bread." On the 13th General Stevenson goes to Hilton Head, on his way homeward, to enjoy a respite of twenty days. When the regiment went on picket, the 14th, Captain Redding was in command, the Colonel being detained in camp by other duties. Captain Clark leaves for Hilton Head to accompany General Stevenson to the North. An incident of the 16th was the racing of two parties of colored troops, one having on wheels a twenty-pound Parrott gun, the other a carriage for the same. For a quarter of a mile they ran like rival fire companies. The 18th sees Companies C, G and F on picket at Fort Gregg, the other companies in Wagner and the parallels. "We had 'plum duff' for dinner," writes one careful observer, "but I'd rather have pudding at home." Hard boys to please, sometimes, these soldier lads.

While the general orders of General Gillmore do not particularize the Twenty-fourth, they are in place here as an estimate of the work done by all the men who warred against the Charleston defenses:

Department of the South, Headquarters
in the Field.
Morris Island, S. C., Sept. 15, 1863.

It is with no ordinary feeling of gratification and pride that the Brigadier-General commanding is enabled to congratulate this Army upon the signal success which has crowned the enterprise in which it has been engaged. Fort Sumter is destroyed. The scene where our country's flag suffered its first dishonor you have made the theatre of one of its proudest triumphs.

The fort has been in the possession of the enemy for more than two years, has been his pride and boast, has been

strengthened by every appliance known to military science, and has defied the assaults of the most powerful fleet the world ever saw. But it has yielded to your courage and patient labor. Its walls are now crumbled to ruins, its formidable batteries are silenced, and, though a hostile flag still floats over it, the fort is a harmless and helpless wreck.

Forts Wagner and Gregg—works rendered memorable by their protracted resistance and the sacrifice of life they have cost—have also been wrested from the enemy by your persevering courage and skill, and the graves of your fallen comrades rescued from desecration and contumely.

You hold now in undisputed possession the whole of Morris Island, and the city and harbor of Charleston lie at the mercy of your artillery from the very spot where the first shot was fired at your country's flag and the Rebellion itself was inaugurated.

To you, the officers and soldiers of this command, and to the gallant Navy which has coöperated with you, are due the thanks of your commander and your country. You were called upon to encounter untold privations and dangers; to undergo unremitting and exhausting labors; to sustain severe and disheartening reverses. How nobly your patriotism and zeal have responded to the call the results of the campaign will show, and your Commanding General gratefully bears witness.

Q. A. GILLMORE,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Official: Adrian Terry, Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

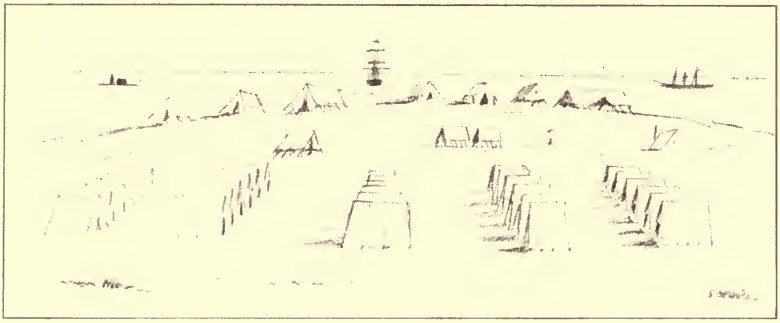
—R. R., Vol. 28, Part 1, p. 39.

While the Confederates are building new fortifications, and the Union forces are doing likewise, the men on Morris Island are discovering some of the possibilities of their locality, and find that the marshes abound in sea fowl, that oysters may be had for the digging and a reminder of home comes in the shape of dried apples, whence is made sauce, though it is not exactly the season of the year for the latter viand in northern realms. On the 22d there is a liberal display of bunting on the forts and at the mast-heads of the Navy, all on account of the reception by General Gillmore of a Major-General's commission, and every one agrees that the honor is well earned.

In recognition of the honor done to the Commanding General, there is a review of all the troops on the island Sept. 24th. The bands of the Twenty-fourth, Tenth Connecticut and the Third New Hampshire were united, and made a most delightful combination as the forces passed in review.

And thus the records read down to the end of the month. There is continuous building of fortifications; the rebels keep up a fire on Wagner and Gregg, though they accomplish very little. Occasionally the Union batteries reply and all the time there is the endless alternation of camp-duty and picket. The Swamp Angel has its share of attention at the hands of the Twenty-fourth and, seemingly, there is not a foot of the island that is not again and again patrolled by the weary feet of its members. On the 26th Lieutenant Ward writes from Boston that he learns, at the State House, that promotion to second lieutenancies is blocked because of the numbers of the regiment being below the minimum, thus showing the inroads that disease and battle have made upon the organization. Sept. 29th comes the order for the regiment to proceed at once to St. Augustine, Florida, and there is need enough of the change, for, while there are many names on the rolls, very few of them are those of men able to respond to any call of duty. North Carolina malaria and the exactions of the campaign in the South State have done their work till scarcely more than a tenth part of the men are reported as well. It is time that Christian charity should get in a little work, and these fever-wasted, sun-stricken men should go away for a chance to recuperate. On the last day of the month Colonel Osborn rides down to pay his respects to General Gillmore along with Colonel Guss of the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, who, with his regiment, goes to Fernandina. Returning, tents are struck and all preparations made to go aboard the steamers Escort and Monohansett. As the men are making their preparations to depart they are closely watched by other soldiers who have to remain, ready to appropriate anything that, in the hurry of moving, may be overlooked. There was the utmost economy of resources among those warriors

of Morris Island. Company D of the Tenth Connecticut did a comradely thing in preparing a cup of tea for the departing men of G in the Twenty-fourth. Though the liquid drank may not have been that of which the Bard of Scotland sings, yet it was none the less a cup of kindness taken "for auld lang syne." The tents went down at sunset; soon after it began to rain, and September ends with the survivors of the Twenty-fourth all aboard and awaiting their departure for the Land of Flowers.



From pencil sketch by Lieut. J. M. Barnard, Co. G.

CAMP OF 24TH MASSACHUSETTS, MORRIS ISLAND.

When at 9 a.m. of Thursday, Oct. 1st, the regiment steamed away from Morris Island, called by some "The Land of Sand and Fleas," there were no heavy hearts at leaving. For Newbern, there was with many a genuine attachment, but aversion would better express, if the word be strong enough, their impressions of the stay in front of Charleston. They were leaving with a consciousness of having done their duty and of having borne a part in the capturing of the city's defenses, but barren and sand-wastes are not calculated to arouse much sentiment anywhere or at any time. The trip for the day ends at Hilton Head at 3 p.m. for the Monohansett, and at 5 for the Escort. After getting express matter, and finding that the mail had gone to Morris Island, also taking on a new supply of coal, at 8 and 10 o'clock respectively, the transports

started again to the southward. About noon of the 2d, the vessels made the harbor of Fernandina, it being impossible to reach St. Augustine at high tide. There, the officers were the guests of those of the Eleventh Maine, which had been ordered to this point for the sake of health, and the rank and file also found old friends who entertained them in a way to make many hungry boys happy. Of the town itself there was very little approval, the name being much prettier than the place, but the old Fort Clinch and the building of a new fortification are especially noted. The third start is made early in the morning of the 3rd, and, with the shore in sight all of the way, the trip was delightful, none the less so for a race which the two steamers had, resulting in a draw. The distance of fifty-one miles seemed very short to the men, every one of whom was blessing the memory of Ponce de Leon, if he ever heard of him, for his discovery of the Flowery State, though these Yankees are not so much in search of perpetual youth as they are seeking for a renewal of health and strength. Arrived off the oldest settlement in America, a pilot was taken on board, and, in the afternoon, the regiment debarked and found temporary quarters in St. Francis' barracks, really an old monastery, converted into military use. While the men complain of crowded accommodations, so much so that some prefer to bunk in the outer air, they are none the less grateful at the change from their recent stopping place.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

The Forty-eighth New York, one of the regiments that suffered so severely in the 18th of July charge on Wagner, is here, having been sent down some time before, August 2d, and has been having a most pleasant and profitable time among the orange trees, but it must now give place to the Massachusetts men. However much the New Yorkers may have regretted the necessity, there was nothing of displeasure in the three rousing cheers with which they greeted the men who were to replace them. The Forty-eighth ceased its duties as garri-

son on the arrival of the Twenty-fourth, and, on the 6th, in the steamers which brought the Yankees, sailed away to Beaufort, S. C., reporting to General Rufus Saxton, and some of them soon after were sent to Seabrook to perform duties so long the task of the Twenty-fourth. In the evening of this first day in St. Augustine, the Forty-eighth Regiment gave a theatrical performance to the Twenty-fourth, a free show, and to these sand-permeated men it was one of the times of their lives. The fixtures of the theatre had been brought from Fort Pulaski, Georgia, where the Forty-eighth, months before, had given many hours to amateur dramatics, in this way disposing of tedious time otherwise spent in idleness. Saturday, the day of landing, Colonel Osborn dines with Lieutenant-Colonel D. W. Strickland of the Forty-eighth, and presumably is informed by the latter of some of the peculiarities of the position he is about to occupy. The first Sunday in town is marked by both colonels attending the Catholic Church. Monday, the 5th, sees the Forty-eighth on shipboard, and consequent wider opportunity for their successors. Companies C, G and I are sent to Fort Marion and the other seven find quarters in the barracks.

With the departure of the New York regiment on the 6th, before noon, the Twenty-fourth was left in sole possession of the ancient city, thus by courtesy, for to men from the North it always seemed strange that the South gave the larger name to places that elsewhere would hardly be fair-sized villages. There may have been 500 people in St. Augustine, but the greater part of the men able to bear arms were away in the Confederate army, while the U. S. government was largely taking care of their families in the old Spanish town. There were residents, however, who had come down from the North before the war and they gave hearty greetings to the newcomers as they had to their predecessors, and something like society was found in St. Augustine, a fact that was particularly agreeable to many of the officers and men who for a year and a half had seen little of civilization, not to mention

home life. Some of the features of the place are well set forth in a letter from Colonel Osborn:

I shall live in a house now occupied by the late commandant of the post, Lieutenant-Colonel Strickland. It is a fine old house, with great rooms. There is a veranda around both stories, and it is surrounded with trees and shrubs. There is a banana tree in the yard and flowering plants. The climate is delightful and the place one of the most healthful in the South. There is a plenty of oranges, limes, lemons, bananas and guavas, and fresh vegetables will soon appear and last all winter. There is some society left in the town which is said to be quite agreeable. It is a quaint old place, one of the oldest in the United States. Every one assures us that we shall have a delightful time. * * * * There are very few of the enemy in the neighborhood and they have given very little trouble.

As to the fruit in Florida, the men expected lemons and limes to be sour, but they were disappointed to find the oranges having the same characteristic. When the Forty-eighth went aboard their vessels, the three companies assigned to Fort Marion went thither under command of Captain Richardson of G, and proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible, pitching their tents upon the ramparts, at least some of them. Lieutenant Barnard, who has been acting adjutant, returns to his company, G, and Lieutenant Edmands of B Company takes his place. The 6th brought with it the necessity of a deal of police duty and considerable extra work in making ready for a stay in the new location. As the Forty-eighth went away the men were greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs by ladies who had gathered to see them off, and their own cheers for the Massachusetts men as they passed the fort were most heartily returned by the new garrison, and thus separate the organizations, not to meet again till in the Battle Summer of '64, when they will participate in the campaign waged in that year by the Army of the James. Again a letter written by the Colonel graphically describes the duties which devolved upon him in his new position:

(17) S. M. Wakeman. (16) V. Lanchez. (15) Court House. (7) Catholic Church. (8) Masonic Lodge. (6) Capt. Cobb. (14) Rev. Myers. (13) B. A. Putnam. (16) Monument. (12) Trinity Church.

THE PLAZA, ST. AUGUSTINE, 1863.

I have now been in this place almost a week and begin to feel somewhat settled. The only place at which the people who have money can buy provisions is at the commissary's, and for all such purchases my order is required, so I have to be employed a great part of the forenoon writing orders for five pounds of pork, two pounds of candles, etc. I seem to have set up a retail grocery without any profits. Besides, I have visits from people wishing to make my acquaintance, people wishing to cross the lines or bring in some relative, people claiming property or asking protection, and people making complaints, so that with all of them my ante-room is full all of the time. * * The wives of three of the officers of the Seventh Connecticut (which the Forty-eighth New York had succeeded) are yet staying here and purpose remaining all winter. They are Mrs. Hawley, Mrs. H. L. Wayland and Mrs. C. C. Mills, wives of the Colonel (later General Joseph R. Hawley), the Chaplain and a Captain respectively. I have called on them and like them very much. They are boarding with Miss Mather

and Miss Perit, who are Northern ladies. * * I met there Mrs. Anderson, who is also a Northern lady, and is spoken of very highly. (To these three ladies Lieutenant James M. Nichols in his history of the Forty-eighth devotes a paragraph, in his brief reference to the stay here, referring to their admirable qualities of hand, heart and head.) * * Though the people are called of Spanish descent, they are really Minorcans, or descendants of early settlers from the Isle of Minorca in the Mediterranean Sea.

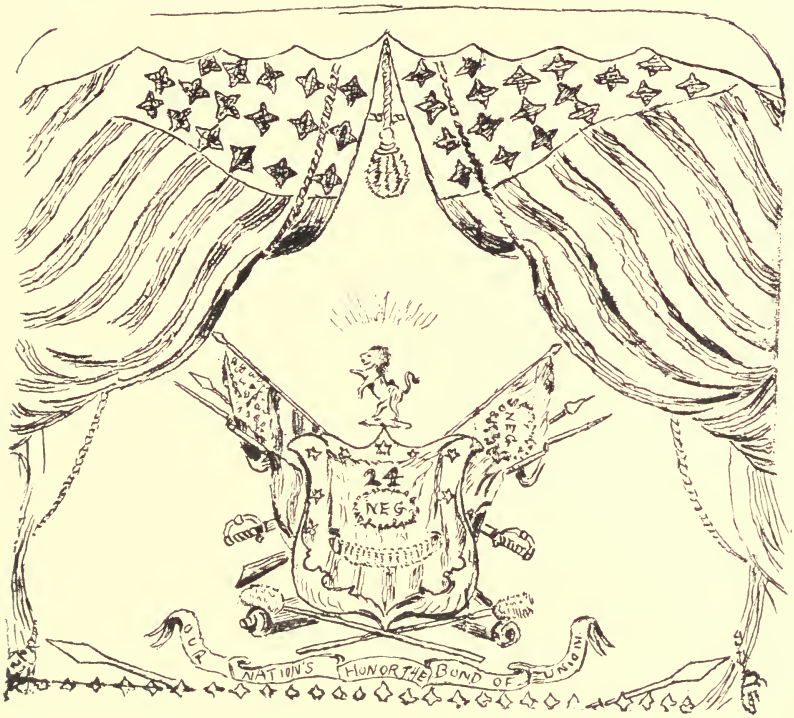
While the officers are finding some semblance of their old home-life among the Union-loving citizens, the enlisted men are living on the fat of the land and the commissary, their troubles in the past being more from a lack of stomach supplies than from any social wants. They chronicle the presence of fish, eggs, milk, pies, cakes, and almost everything known to the culinary art, while the shores themselves furnish an abundance of oysters which these men from the seaside, many of them, know how to dig and prepare for the table. "Eight bushels," says one truthful narrator, "I helped open, and what a rich treat we had for dinner." The theatre which the New Yorkers had inaugurated, the men from the Bay State keep up, and thus furnish occupation and fun for all concerned. On the evening of the 16th, there is a record of "Toodles" being played, and the comment, "Singing and romance under difficulties." It would be an error to suppose that the favorite occupations of the regiment were in the least neglected. Drills, inspections and parades immediately came back to all of their pristine importance. While the men in the barracks kept at their former course, those in the fort had to take in something new in the shape of heavy artillery drill. Sergeants of the Forty-eighth had been left to coach the officers, and they in turn imparted their new acquirements to the soldiers. Young ladies enliven the dress-parades with their presence, food is abundant, the duty by no means hard, the climate perfect, and some of the men are banking on the possibilities of their staying out their term of service in the charmed locality. Their favorite hymn has become—

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing itself away,
To everlasting bliss.

On the 17th, Companies A and E, under Captain Redding, were sent outside of the lines a short distance to get some cattle, a Mr. Black accompanying them. They came back at 3 p.m. with three head, the remainder having escaped into the woods. Writing on the 26th, the Colonel says of the theatre, which the men call the Olympic: "We have had three performances and, probably, shall continue them. The actors are enlisted men. The drummer boys impersonate the female parts. It is very amusing to see how awkwardly they set about it at first, and how ungainly their motions are. They have obviously improved, however, and in time will do quite well."* The 30th of October brings the steamer Cosmopolitan with some troops and a number of sick with the rumor that a convalescent hospital is to be established. The

*Few survivors of the Twenty-fourth fail to dwell with pleasure on the Olympic Theatre memories, and well they may, for nowhere was the versatility of the regiment better shown. The entire management as well as delineation was in their hands. The stage was capacious, some thirty feet in depth, with a proscenium curtain thirteen feet by twenty-six. Costumes, properties, everything that could be purchased of the New Yorkers were secured. The drop-curtain bore an enlarged picture of the seal of the New England Guards, drawn by H. B. McLellan of "A," and painted by him along with John Griffith of "K" and J. G. Duffy of "E." The walls were painted in chocolate and gold by Griffith and Duffy, who also depicted, in the center of the panels, scenes from St. Augustine and vicinity, sketched by McLellan. A few months later Griffith and O'Brien, one of the actors, were to paint with their own life blood the soil of Virginia a deeper crimson than their brushes had ever known. A rendering of "To Paris and Back," Dec. 24, introduced the following men: W. N. French and McLellan of "A," S. O. Covell of "B," G. W. LaFavor, F. A. Carney and F. E. Hall of "H" (the latter playing a feminine part), Jer. O'Brien of "I" and A. J. Varney of "K." The season afforded a wide variety of plays, including To Paris and Back for Five Pounds, The Bachelor's Bedroom, My Wife's Second Floor, Bombastes Furioso, An Object of Interest, A Blighted Being, Aunt Charlotte's Maid, Number One Around the Corner, An Ugly Customer, The Two Buzzards, and possibly several others. The regi-

next and last day of the month is significant in the annals of the regiment in that its old friends of the Tenth Connecticut come down to bear it company in the pleasant occupation of regaining health. The latter goes into camp beyond the fort, having been received with an artillery salute. Surgeon Green is also on one of the steamers with Lieutenants Ward and Walker, and a number of enlisted men, returning from



THE DROP-CURTAIN.

mental Glee Club was frequent in song, and players from the respective Twenty-fourth Massachusetts and Tenth Connecticut Bands made up the orchestra. To the players of feminine parts should be added the names of S. O. Covell of B and A. J. Vining of K. The costumes and other outfit, procured from New York, cost about $500, an amount quite equalled by the admissions taken at the door.

furlough. Paymaster Porter is sighted and his prospective benefits make him a welcome visitor to the place.

As compared with life in South Carolina, the Italian motto, "*Dolce far niente,*" might be adopted by the regiment as indicative of the course of events in St. Augustine. The old Spanish town exemplified fully the procrastinating spirit of their favorite *manana* and, with their everlasting to-morrow in mind, not a few of the men are wondering how the male portion of the inhabitants ever mustered resolution enough to enlist. However, they were absent, and as representatives of the sterner sex, Massachusetts and Connecticut Yankees were much in evidence. Some of them enjoyed much the opportunity to study so old a place. The coquina of which the fort was erected was also the principal building material of the city itself. Compressed sand and shells as it was, it afforded an easily worked and fine looking substance for walls, and when laid on the roads it made them hard and smooth. The fort completed by the Spaniards in 1756, a hundred years in building, passed into the keeping of the English, who in turn gave it back to the Spaniard. The latter at last yielded to the Americans, and all its former appellations, as San Juan, San Angelo and St. Mark, gave place to that commemorative of General Francis Marion, the famous Swamp Fox of South Carolina and Revolutionary days. Every portion of it was thoroughly ransacked by the Northern soldiers, and not a few of them tasted the solitudes of its dungeon, in whose darkness they were immured for offenses from which even the delights of Florida did not exempt them. Of this fortress Chaplain Trumbull of the Tenth Connecticut writes in the following terms:

This fort, with its castellated battlements, its formidable bastions, its lofty and imposing sally-port, still surmounted by the royal arms of Spain; its portcullis, moat and drawbridge; its round and ornate coquina sentry-boxes at each principal parapet angle; its commanding lookout tower, its stained and

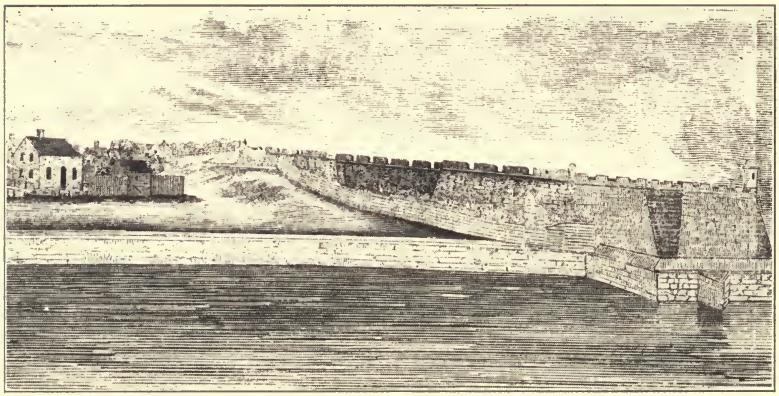
moss-grown massive walls,—impressed an observer as a relic of the long-gone past. Its frowning guns and its guard of veteran soldiers combined to make it at the time a representative beleaguered fortress. Its heavy casements, its gloomy vaults, its dark passages, and its then recently-discovered dungeon (where, according to popular report, were found skeletons chained to rusty ring-bolts); the dark tally list on the moldering walls, speaking of weary prisoners in other dreary days,—all were calculated to awe or solemnize an imaginative mind.

While the Italian sentiment indicates that idleness is sweet, it is not to be inferred that the Twenty-fourth was absolutely freed from work. Of course, there were the regular duties of camp life. They drilled and paraded; they were inspected and they had to keep their surroundings in the neatest of order. They went on picket periodically, but in this duty there was a variation from their former performance of the task. Here they had a wide range of food to choose from, and while one portion of the post kept his eye out for possible danger or approach of any kind, the other might be preparing a toothsome repast of sweet potatoes and oysters, in which the waters of the region abound. A good soldier never forgets his stomach, and as these men were in Florida to recuperate they were doing their best to accomplish the desired results.

Of the town itself one of the regiments writes: "There are only four streets parallel to the principal one, and the place is only about half as deep as it is long. * * The climate is very much like our September, or perhaps more like our Indian summer. Flowers are in full bloom, and the fruit hangs ripening on the trees. Early vegetables are peeping above the ground, radishes are fit to eat, and lettuce will soon be ready for the table. Green peas will have their turn in about a month," and yet with all the fruits of Florida these men from the Bay State are sending North for barrels of apples, confirming the statement that one brought up to eat apples never gets beyond hankering for them. When the

good Massachusetts fruit reached the southland, the owner of apples had no difficulty in selling what he did not himself wish for five cents apiece and, as a writer remarks, "Some of them were small, too."

On the very first day of the month Colonel Osborn relinquished the command of the regiment to Major Hooper, Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson still being absent, and devoted his time to the duties of commandant of the post. As the Tenth Connecticut is also in St. Augustine, his duties are somewhat like those of the commander of a brigade. Gene-



FORT MARION.

ral Gillmore is having a hospital erected in the place for the sake of convalescent officers and men of the department who will be sent here to hasten their recovery. Until the 7th there was nothing worthy of note, but on that day Major Hooper, with 250 men, went out on a foraging trip, supporting a Mr. Black. Their object was cattle, and for the same he goes to his own (Black's) place on the St. John's River, and the men follow to Sampson's Creek, twenty miles from the town. The party returned on the 9th, bringing in twenty-five head, and the appetites of hungry soldiers are appeased with dinners of real roast beef.

It was in these days that one of the men discovered in one

of the citizens an acquaintance from his own town "up North" and, as a sequel, he had the privilege of sitting at a table for the first time in over two years. He felt considerably exalted thereat, and was quite delighted to find that he had not forgotten all of his table manners. One impressionable fellow dilates on the beauty of the St. Augustine ladies, calling them the handsomest he ever saw. What a rating his best girl at home would give him could she know his feelings! "They dress richly in spite of the war; perhaps they had their fine clothes before the same began." Plaza de Constitution is the open space extending backward from the water and around which are the principal buildings of the place. Along the whole water's edge there is a great wall, built of stone looking like Quincy granite. It was seven years in building, and cost $100,000. It is the favorite promenade for the city.

November 12th the Masonic soldiers in St. Augustine had a lodge-meeting, and to light the room occupied had to go to the citizens for candles, since the supply of the commissary was exhausted. It was on the 16th that Colonel Osborn reviewed the regiment and, while the exercise was in progress, there came a variation when a young bull, at large, attacked one of the guidons, whose bright color seemingly was offensive. The boys were certain that he was a secesh animal, hence deserving of death. Nov. 17th, Corporal John Atkinson of Company G died in the hospital, having been ill ever since the arrival of the regiment. His remains were given a military burial the next day outside of the cemetery at the upper end of the town. After the interment, some little girls appeared and covered the grave with flowers and set out rose and geranium slips, rather a pleasing instance of that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

Decidedly the most interesting day in the entire month was the 26th, the Thursday that friends in the North were observing as Thanksgiving Day. Of course these far-away sons of Northern homes were not to allow the day to pass unob-

COMPANY G AT ARTILLERY DRILL, FORT MARION. (A REVERSE PICTURE.)

served, hence quite a varied programme, having more the character, however, of a 4th of July performance at home than the steady-going Thanksgiving in whose observance the men were reared. The companies in the fort had a regatta of dugouts, firing at targets, climbing a greased pole, chasing a greased pig, wheelbarrow and sack races, and all the odds and ends that fancy could devise. Then came a dinner, having oyster-stews, roast beef, potatoes and onions, plum pudding and beer, with nuts and raisins. The afternoon presented a performance at the theatre, and some of the boys went calling, while pumpkin pie at supper gave the day a closing that was a

reminder of home and mother. November 30, at dress-parade, there was read an order by General Truman Seymour to the effect that the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts and the Tenth Connecticut were as good and well-drilled volunteer regiments as he had ever seen, an indication that Floridian ease was not in the least impairing the efficiency of the men.

The last month of 1863 finds the Twenty-fourth still enjoying the fruits and pastimes of Florida. Until the end of the month, there is little variance from the preceding two. It goes without saying that all of the routine duties are carefully attended to, and that all the pleasure the men can get out of their surroundings is had also. The companies in the fort plume themselves on becoming quite expert artillerists, at the same time losing none of their skill as infantrymen. Owing to the scarcity of fuel, wood-chopping expeditions are sent out several miles to cut wood; the services of prisoners, i.e., men doing extra duty as a penalty, are utilized for this purpose under guard. Others not prisoners have to do the same at times. On the 10th, news reaches St. Augustine of the Union victories of Grant in and around Chattanooga, and a national salute is fired from the fort at noon. While no time is wasted thus, many a glance is cast towards the water upon which enter the steamers carrying the mail and other communications from home. Complaint is common over the irregularity of the vessels. Now and then a cold snap, with ice in evidence, reminds the men of what their friends are having in the far-away North. Officers complain because of General Gillmore's unwillingness to grant leave of absence and wonder what the reason is.

By the middle of December, talk of re-enlistment becomes quite common, and a movement is made towards trying to convert the regiment into one of heavy artillery, and thus go home to recruit to the maximum number. Rebel deserters are common, and some of them express a willingness to enlist in an organization to be formed after the model of that in Washington, N. C. On the 14th, Chaplain Trumbull of the

Tenth Connecticut, who had been captured at Wagner, and who had had a particularly hard time with the rebels, returns. The Confederates tried hard to hang him as a spy, but even they did not dare to go that far. The 15th, Colonel Osborn is interviewed by a party of men who came to the lines asking the privilege of organizing to defend themselves against guerrillas, but as they were unwilling to take the oath of allegiance, their proposition was not regarded favorably. December 17, the steamer Maple Leaf came in, bringing not only Major Porter, the paymaster, but also the Rev. E. B. Willson of Salem, Mass., the new Chaplain for the Twenty-fourth. Just down from his Northern home, the change to the skies and climate of Florida must have been strange to him. As there was evidence of misuse of express matter sent down on the Maple Leaf, the craft was searched with a consequent arrest of several white and colored employees, who evidently had broken open packages intrusted to their care, but for other people. On the 19th the three companies at the fort were paid off, and many of the men went up to the hospital of the Tenth Connecticut to hear Chaplain Trumbull tell his experiences in the hands of the enemy, his story being a thrilling one. It was at this time that his many friends in the Tenth presented him with a sword and field glass. The 21st was pay-day at the barracks, and some of the regiments recall the day as that on which the cavalcade of officers and ladies came near being stampeded by the approach of a wood-team, the throwing from her horse of a lady rider, and her rescue by one of the guard. In the evening there was a ball at the Florida House, attended by the officers and the Northern people, who just then were repairing to St. Augustine in great numbers.

The life of the regiment on Christmas Day was almost a repetition of that at Thanksgiving, with the small improvement in rations at dinner, and in the evening a performance at the Olympic Theatre, which the soldier boys pretty well filled. Sunday, the 27th, marked the first appearance of the

new Chaplain, Mr. Willson, in the pulpit, that of the St. George Episcopal. Music was furnished by the Regimental Glee Club, and one of the band played the organ. The men who were present liked their new officer very much, and were rather pleased that his position, so long vacant, was at last filled. No day in the St. Augustine stay made a deeper impression on the regiment than the 30th, for on this came the attack on the party that had gone out to chop wood. As told by a participant, the story is vividly portrayed:

It was reported that Dickison's cavalry had got this side of the St. John's River, and it was thought possible that they might make a descent on our wood-choppers with the intention of capturing them. As wood is very scarce within our lines, the choppers, twenty in number, have been cutting about a mile outside the pickets, with a guard from the Twenty-fourth and the Tenth Connecticut of thirty men, alternately. Wednesday, the 30th, the choppers and escort were proceeding out, as usual, with their advance guard thrown out, when, as they neared the chopping-place, a party of the enemy sprang out of the bushes behind the guard, and at the same moment another party in front of them, completely hemming them in. The choppers and the reserves were a hundred yards in the rear. So sudden was the attack there was very little for the men to do but take to the bushes, which many of them did, so escaping death or capture, for the rebels were shouting, "Surrender and we won't hurt you." As the advance guard, this day, was furnished by the Connecticut regiment, luck was on the side of the Twenty-fourth. One man of the Tenth, Wm. A. Burns, was killed, and twenty-one were captured. Of the Twenty-fourth, three men were taken prisoners, Bullock and Taylor of Company K, and E. R. West of A, while Lieutenant O. H. Walker of Company D was mortally wounded, he being in command of the party. Bullock and West died the following May in Andersonville.

In a formal report, dated January 1, 1864, concerning the skirmish of the 30th ult., Colonel Osborn says:

During the past month it has been necessary to send the wood-choppers about two miles outside the lines to procure

fire-wood, the supply within the lines having become exhausted. At first, having learned from my scouts that there were no rebel forces east of the St. John's River, I furnished them with a guard of only ten men. About three weeks ago, however, I heard rumors that some cavalry were expected to cross the river very soon for conscripts and deserters, and I accordingly increased the guard to thirty men, requiring the twenty choppers to carry arms also, making fifty armed men, which, after careful consideration, I deemed an ample force. I constantly sent out scouts to ascertain whether the enemy had crossed the river, intending, if he should come in this neighborhood, to go out and attack him.

On Wednesday morning, the 30th ult., one of the scouts came in and reported to me that he could find no indication of any cavalry in the vicinity. On that very morning, however, the guard, which was moving cautiously out to its position, with an advance thrown out, was suddenly attacked by a party on their right and front, who had been lying concealed in the low palmetto shrubs with which the whole country is covered, and which furnishes such perfect concealment that a man might pass within twenty feet of such a party and never suspect its presence. The guard halted, faced towards the enemy, and prepared to return the fire, when they received another volley from a corresponding position on the left of the line of march. This, unfortunately, dangerously wounded Lieut. Oliver H. Walker, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, who was in charge of the party, which threw them into some confusion. At this moment a body of cavalry was seen on each flank, riding rapidly to get into their rear. This increased the disorder caused by the loss of the officer, and they commenced falling back. In doing this, having about two miles to go before they reached the outposts, and being closely pursued by the cavalry, they became somewhat scattered and lost twenty-four men taken prisoners. News of this affair having been brought to me on brigade drill, in less than an hour after I received the report of the scout mentioned above, I immediately went out with the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, but the enemy had gone. As they had two hours the start of me I did not pursue them. If I had had a company of cavalry, I am confident I could have overtaken them, and not only have rescued my own men, but could have captured some besides, for from their trail they were mounted on small horses.

I deeply regret to report such an unsatisfactory result of this affair, but I impute it all to the unfortunate circumstance of Lieutenant Walker's being wounded. Had he remained unhurt, I am confident he would have beaten the enemy off, for he is a brave and skillful officer, and had his men well in hand when he fell. I am grieved to say that his wound is considered a very serious one by the surgeon in attendance.—R. R., Vol. 28, Part 1, page 752.

Never was there a better illustration of the difference induced by the point of view than in the Federal and Confederate estimate of the above incident. To our forces it was a skirmish; to the rebels, according to General R. B. Thomas, commanding the district, a "brilliant exploit." While the rebels had seventy officers and men they allude to the Union soldiers as a "superior force." No word is given to the advantages arising from their ambuscade, but special mention is made of the bravery of the two commissioned officers. In grandiloquent terms, General Thomas refers to the affair as one of regular recurrence. The sword of our lamented Lieutenant Walker was presented to Sergt. J. S. Poer of Dickison's company for "his gallantry."

With a vivid recollection of the affair of the 30th no chopping party went out on the last day of 1863, a year which, beginning for the regiment in the Old North State, had given the men an extended taste of the South State, and, later, had seen them favorably placed in Florida, is ended.

1864.

New Year's Day in St. Augustine was an institution. To begin with, it was the first anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation or of its application, and the colored population made the most of it; nor was the celebration confined to them, since the regimental bands played the old year out and the new one in. A stage or platform had been erected on the plaza for the speakers and, at 11 a.m., the colored people, several hundred in number, came marching up to the stage by twos, old and young, and of both sexes. Union officers and

men were also present and, first in order, was the reading of the famous proclamation; the bands played, Judge Stickney presided, Chaplains Trumbull and Willson spoke, and the colored preachers told the people what was expected of them. The negro children sang songs, such as "John Brown's Body," "The Year of Jubilo," etc. Then came an invitation for the officers of both regiments, the two bands, and other people to partake of a collation prepared in the Court House Hall. The two bands united in playing Hail Columbia, and then all started for the building. The negroes formed on the plaza, while the officers and musicians devoured the food within the hall. The soldiers standing around had infinite amusement in hearing the colored folks sing their own peculiar melodies. After the bands had filled up with food, they came out and again tuned their instruments, giving many national airs, ending with "Yankee Doodle." Later came amusements of their own in the several quarters of the companies. Gander or stag-dances were the order of the evening, and if the music was primitive, the "light fantastic" was energetic, and the fun ran merrily on till a late hour, and well it was that it should, for as yet these men realize nothing of the exactions of the approaching Battle Summer and, ere the year is ended, many a brave boy in blue who on this New Year's night is so blithe and gay, will sleep beneath the soil of Old Virginy, an offering for his country's need.

This month also is to prove quite uneventful save as the subject of re-enlistment is considered. The Government needed trained soldiers, and these men with their experience gained in actual service, were worth many times their number of raw recruits, hence the inducements offered: long furloughs, big bounties and fine chances for promotion; it took considerable determination to withstand the temptations. Many a man who, in diary and letter, recorded his decision to go home and stay when his time was up, recanted and ended the deliberations by adding his name to the list of veterans who would see the campaign through. One young man wrote thus to his

home, "I think I have done my duty to my country. Money is no object to me with such a hard life as I have led the past two years. Therefore, I decline binding myself for another three years, though I have no idea the war will last that length of time. * * After all, when the war is over, I think I shall feel much better than if I had not enlisted; enough better, indeed, to pay me for all of the suffering thus far." Yet this same man later signed the re-enlistment roll with his comrades, and was one of the bravest in the terrible

(23) BARRACKS, ST. AUGUSTINE.

campaign of 1864. All sorts of motives promoted enlistments. Captain Amory of I relates with great pleasure the story of a call he had from Fitzgerald at the very end of the excitement, the man asking how many men in the company had signed the roll. On being told that forty-nine had agreed to fight it out, he again asked, "And is it a fact, Captain, that if fifty sign, ye can go home with them?" Being assured that such was the case, the warm-hearted soldier said, "Then I'm goin' to put down me name. I wasn't goin' to do it, but I want ye to have the fun of a trip home wi' the b'ys," and the name of Dennis is found with the other immortals.

Just a little before this time Colonel Osborn had addressed a letter to General Gillmore suggesting the propriety of organizing a regiment of loyal Floridians for the defense of the State. He mentions the presence in St. Augustine of refugees who would gladly embrace the opportunity, and the existence of more still in Fernandina and Port Royal. He thinks the rebel cause is losing ground in that part of the State held by the Union forces, and that with a regiment started, enlistments would be rapid. Also, he mentions the dissatisfaction existing in the ranks of the Confederate soldiers in Florida, and that the projected matter would draw many recruits by way of desertion from the immediate troops of the enemy. He thinks that the State is now ready to listen to reason, and with a little management would resume her place in the nation.

To the communication of Colonel Osborn, General Truman Seymour replies from Hilton Head Jan. 2, 1864:

Colonel: Your communication of the 20th ult. is just received. I will take the first occasion that offers to represent fully to the Major-General commanding your views, with which my own coincide. The organization of native Floridians must cause great disgust in and, if actively employed, great inconvenience to the Southern cause. From every source accounts come in of increasing distress among the rebels, and this year, if well improved, will doubtless see an end to the Rebellion.

An interesting entry for the 2d is that ice formed an inch thick the night before, a fall of fifty degrees in thirty-six hours. On the 3d came the paymaster to the barracks, and in the forenoon Lieutenant Walker, wounded Dec. 30th, died at the home of Mr. Gardner, where he had boarded. The companies in the fort were paid the 4th, and on the 5th there were funeral services for Lieutenant Walker at his former boarding place. The band escorted the body to the Maple Leaf, playing a dirge on the way. From Hilton Head the remains were to go directly to Massachusetts. With others, the name of the

Lieutenant appears on a memorial tablet placed in Berkeley Temple, Boston, late in 1864. During these days, so soon after the December episode, extra guards accompanied the wood-choppers on their trips beyond the lines. Jan. 6th returned Lieutenant Ordway to his company, G, he having been absent for some time on detached service; his men greeted him with cheers, and at the same time the men of the Tenth Connecticut were shouting themselves hoarse over the coming back to them of their beloved Lieutenant-Colonel Leggett, with, as they said, "a new leg," having lost at Wagner the one nature gave.

Sunday, the 10th, General Gillmore and staff arrived on the Ben De Ford, or came on the same as far as the bar; in a small boat the remainder of the way. The General visited the fort, and was present at the dress-parade in the evening. It was on this day that General Gillmore addressed a letter to Colonel Osborn, requesting him to announce to his regiment and the Tenth Connecticut that all veteran volunteers re-enlisting will be sent home in a body to enjoy their thirty days' furlough in their own State. An officer will be sent at once to muster them in and a steamer will convey them to New York as soon as their furloughs can be made out. Also a commissioned officer, not to exceed one for every fifty men who re-enlist, will be allowed to go North with the men, and will have leave of absence or orders issued to them for that purpose. The foregoing was read at a review on the 11th, or its equivalent was given to the men orally by General Gillmore, who went back to Hilton Head in the afternoon. The appearance of the General in camp and his representations had an inspiriting effect on re-enlistments. The next day at the fort Lieutenant Barnard made an address with reference to the subject, and Captain Richardson introduced Chaplain Willson, who gave a "homespun" talk, which was very effective. Notices are posted up to the effect that tickets for Boston, via Stonington, are for sale, and baggage is checked through. The other reads, "Ho! for New York and Boston, Massachusetts.

Fifteen more men wanted to fill up the company. Walk up to the Captain's office and settle."

On the 23d, Colonel Osborn received permission to organize a regiment of Florida cavalry. Having been informed of the proximity of rebel cavalry, the Colonel sent out Companies E, F and K, one hundred men under Captain Maker, some fifteen miles into the country, if possible, to intercept them. They returned the next day, bringing a prisoner, one Pacetti, brother of the local barber, who was himself a suspect, and later was sent outside the lines.

No better ending to this Florida January can be had than the following extract from one of Colonel Osborn's letters, written on the 30th:

I presume you have sleighing, skating, cold fingers, blue noses, and all the accompaniments of a Boston winter, for I am told that it is a very severe one, so you can hardly imagine the perfect beauty of a day like this, when we sit on the piazza in the shade, after dinner, admiring the flowers, and asking ourselves if this can be January. I will put some violets into this letter, for I am told that they will preserve their fragrance for a long time. Also, some lovely yellow jessamine, which I admired so much on St. Helena Island, if I can get them. They are just beginning to blossom, but are not very plenty.

One more month begun in the old Spanish town. There are calls and horseback rides for the officers along with the Northern ladies who are spending the winter in the flowery land. For the men, there is the usual routine with an occasional variation, as on the 2d of February, when, at 7 a.m., 200 men of the Twenty-fourth, under Captain Richardson, are sent out on the Picolata road after cattle. Crossing the river on a scow, and accompanied by certain deserters as guides, the march was along roads abounding, at times, in water "as high as one's knees," at other affording tolerable footing. The trip was not particularly eventful, though there were several interviews with the natives who were on their way to town to

sell farm products, some of which the men took without paying for, but for which Lieutenant Foster made up to the people at the running prices. A squad of men accompanied their guide several miles further than the main party went, for the purpose of getting the family and furniture of said guide. The expedition camped with pickets thrown out, and with all care taken to avoid surprise. A man with sugar for Dickison's Cavalry was apprehended, and two rebel soldiers, one

Etching by H. B. McLellan, Co. A.

ON PICKET.

of them just down from Virginia on a furlough, were also taken. After getting together forty-five head of cattle, the men started back, reaching town, tired but happy, entering St. Augustine whistling merry tunes and ready for supper, roll-call and rest.

RE-ENLISTMENT.

Sunday, February 7th, Chaplain Trumbull of the Tenth Connecticut preached a telling discourse to his men, and among his hearers were many from the Twenty-fourth, and

the same gave wonderful impetus to re-enlisting. The Chaplain himself tells the story in part as follows:

The text was: "Shall your brethren go to war and shall ye sit here?" Numbers xxxii, 6. At first I gave Hebrew illustrations and situations, then came down to the application as to the going of the regiment to the front and doing its part. It was evident that the Bible parallel set before the men in this case reached their hearts. Officers and men vied with each other in expressions of agreement with me. One prominent officer who had been forward in his complainings over the contemplated move, now said that he had felt this way all along, and was glad that the Chaplain was looking at it in the same light. My Colonel requested the sermon for publication in order that it might be carefully read by all the regiment. The next day the surgeon in charge of the convalescent camp came to me asking, "Chaplain, what did you preach about yesterday? I was kept up till near midnight making out discharges for officers who wanted to go back to their commands. When I asked the reason they said they had been down to church, and heard a sermon that gave them a different view of their duty."

Some of the enlisted men said grimly, "The Chaplain's spoiling for a fight," but the current was too strong for anyone to make head against it. The sermon, as printed and distributed, was entitled, "Desirableness of Active Service." Months afterwards, when campaigning in Virginia, and we were moving by the right to take our places in the trenches before Petersburg, we were overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, so severe with its blinding flashes of lightning and its torrents of rain that we were compelled to halt, drop down in the mud and wait for daylight. In the morning as I moved along the wavy line of reclining soldiers, I was greeted good-naturedly by a soldier with the words, that could be heard far and near, "I suppose, Chaplain, this is what you would call the desirableness of active service," then he chuckled over the general laugh that greeted his sally.

As a sequel to the Chaplain's effort more than fifty men in his own regiment put their names down at once. On the 8th, Colonel Osborn chronicles the enlistment of ten Floridians in the regiment of cavalry then forming. The following day the

news came that Jacksonville had been occupied in force, and that Generals Gillmore and Seymour were both there. February 10, the number of re-enlistments for the regiment stood at 352. When they were mustered the next day, the list rose to 395. Men signed the papers one day who the day before had declared they would not under any circumstances. Some things are contagious. The record for the fort as preserved by one who was there is wonderfully even, thus: Company C had 47; G, 46; and I, 47; or 140 from the three companies. On the 12th the re-enlisted men turned in their guns and equipments, and were allowed to act pretty much as they liked. The 13th saw the departure of the veterans on the Monohansett, 406 in number; and the Tenth Connecticut, 175 strong, went on board the Mary Burton. All of the boys who were not going home were out to see those who were departing, and the townspeople, also, were not lacking. Hearty cheers were exchanged by the men going and those remaining. Colonel Osborn sent Company B back for the stand of colors, and as they came down the landing the enthusiasm was great. It is this moment that Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull seizes for an illustration and certain eloquent words particularly applicable to the Massachusetts men:

When the re-enlisted veterans of the Tenth Connecticut and the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts were going North at the same time from St. Augustine on their veteran furlough, there was a lively scene at the pier where lay the transports that were to take them to Hilton Head for a new start homeward. Those who were to go were exchanging hearty greetings with those who were to stay; for even a brief absence in war times involved peculiar possibilities, and was exceptionally impressive. Residents of the old Spanish city were also present to bid good-bye to their friends, or to watch the veterans depart. All seemed absorbed in each other's words and ways as they chatted merrily together, crowding the head of the pier, when the sound of drums and fifes, coming up the street, called the attention of all. Permission had been granted the veterans of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts to take with them one stand of their regimental colors on their veteran fur-

lough, and these were now being borne to the transport under a guard of honor. Instantly every voice in that crowd was hushed. Without orders, the soldiers drew themselves into line on either side of the pier and stood at attention with bared heads and reverent mien as the colors and the guard moved down the length of the extended pier to the waiting vessel.

RE-ENLISTMENT FURLOUGH.

Every soldier-heart was thrilled and eyes glistened with tearful pride and tender affection as the dear old flag was before them once more.

As the vessel steamed away from the landing and passed the fort, they were greeted with a salute from the men left

behind. Soon the two steamers were outside the bar and were forcing their way northward with their precious burden of patriotic soldiers. Did space permit, it would be a pleasure to follow every one of these men to his own home and to record the greetings there received, then to accompany him back to his scene of duty. Suffice it to state that the men landed at Hilton Head, there go into camp, sign for their bounties, and on the 15th are paid; they leave Hilton Head at about 4 p.m. of the 16th for the North. On the 18th they encountered a snow-storm and sighed for the warmth of St. Augustine; reached New York at 8 a.m. of the 19th; late in the afternoon, on board the steamer Empire State, they took the Fall River line for Massachusetts, and the 20th found them in Boston.

Boston was ready to give the veterans an appreciative reception, and the following from the Evening Transcript of February 20th, 1864, sets forth how it was done:

Four hundred and fifty brave volunteers of the Twenty-fourth (N. E. Guards) Regiment, who have again enlisted to see the end of the war, and, accordingly, have been granted a short respite from active service, arrived here at 9.30 this morning from New York by the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad. One week ago today the whole regiment was at St. Augustine, Florida, where those of the command not with the returned detachment are still posted. These number about 200 men. Portions of all the companies are comprised in the body which now comes home to pass an honorable furlough. Company B has sent the most men, fifty-three in number; Company I comes next with fifty-two patriotic volunteers. The officers in command of the different companies are as follows: A, Captain Redding, commanding the detachment; B, Captain G. W. Gardner, Second Lieutenant Williams; C, Captain Bell, Second Lieutenant Perkins; D, Captain Nichols; E, First Lieutenant Sargent; F, G and H, no officers; I, Captain Amory, Second Lieutenant Wheeler; K, First Lieutenant Rea.

The boys of the Twenty-fourth, as they appear today, are in the best of spirits and trim. They had been stationed at St. Augustine for the four months previous to leaving that place. (The Transcript résumé of the service of the regiment

is omitted.) It was natural that the return of the veterans, who had proved their bravery on so many well-contested fields, should excite unwonted enthusiasm in the community that sent them forth, and among the organizations which had aided in the formation of this noble band of citizen soldiers. The Twenty-fourth was emphatically an off-shoot of the New England Guards, and, therefore, the Guards very appropriately took a prominent part in the reception today. The Forty-fourth (nine months men), springing from the same parentage, likewise pertinently joined in the festivities. After the Twenty-fourth had breakfasted at the Beach Street barracks, they were received by an escort consisting as follows: Brigade, Germania and Gilmore's bands; Independent Cadets, Lieutenant Colonel Holmes, which turned out in full numbers; South Boston State Guards, sixty muskets; members of the Forty-fourth Regiment, Colonel Lee, about fifty in number; New England Guards, 150 strong, in citizens' dress, commanded by Captain J. P. Bradlee and Lieutenants Howe, Saltonstall, Atkins and Hunt of the Forty-fourth, 450 re-enlisted men of the Twenty-fourth.

About 12 m. the regiment and their escort took up the line of march for Beach Street, and passed into Chauncy, thence to Essex, through Boylston to Arlington, to Beacon Street, making a halt at the State House to receive Governor Andrew and other State officials; the route was then directly to Faneuil Hall to partake of the collation prepared by the city. Along the route the veterans were received as such patriotic and self-sacrificing men deserved to be received.

The Faneuil Hall banquet was spread at the expense of the city and on the initiative of Alderman W. W. Clapp, who presided, and, after the viands had been discussed, he welcomed the veterans to the city and hall and introduced Governor Andrew, who said: "I ascend the rostrum to salute the men of the Twenty-fourth Regiment with all the honor that the old Bay State has paid or can pay to her bravest and best. The doors of Faneuil Hall are wide open to receive you to the grateful hospitality of the city of Boston." The Governor alluded to the last time he had received the regiment; it was in December, '61,* at Annapolis, Md., together with other

*The Governor was wrong in that his Annapolis visit was made Nov. 17, '61, at which time the Twenty-fourth was still at Readville.

Massachusetts regiments, in the presence of the Secretaries of War, Navy, and State, along with other civic and military officers, recalling the praises they had received. Replying to certain taunts made by a certain United States senator concerning the services of the soldiers in the East, he continued: "The Army of the Potomac shall ever receive undying honors for meeting with heroic bravery the best armies the rebels could form. Not only has a large portion of Massachusetts soldiers been connected with the Potomac Army, but in every army of every department. She helped to win North Carolina; she helped to win South Carolina. She helped to gain Florida, and who, more than she, under the leadership of General Butler, opened New Orleans? Who more than the Massachusetts Thirty-third, in the recent miracle of Lookout Mountain, under the leadership of Hooker, himself a son of the old Bay State, startled the rebel hosts with the thunder of the skies. Who opened the Mississippi—a question every school boy can answer, let alone statesmen in the halls of Congress—but one N. P. Banks and his Massachusetts boys, in loving and friendly rivalry with the brave troops of the West and the Middle States." His Excellency also referred in most complimentary terms to the services of General Stevenson, the former commander of the Twenty-fourth, and also the latter's receiving into his brigade the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, a colored regiment. At the conclusion of his address the men cheered him most heartily. Then came some words from their first Colonel, General Stevenson, and when was there a time when his "boys" did not hear him with delight? The cheers that greeted him must have been a pleasure to his loyal heart. His father, the Hon. J. Thomas Stevenson, had in many ways endeared himself to the men of the regiment and, when he arose, he, too, gained an appreciative reception. After his remarks the men were dismissed to go to their respective homes for the delights of a furlough, something that only a soldier can fully appreciate.

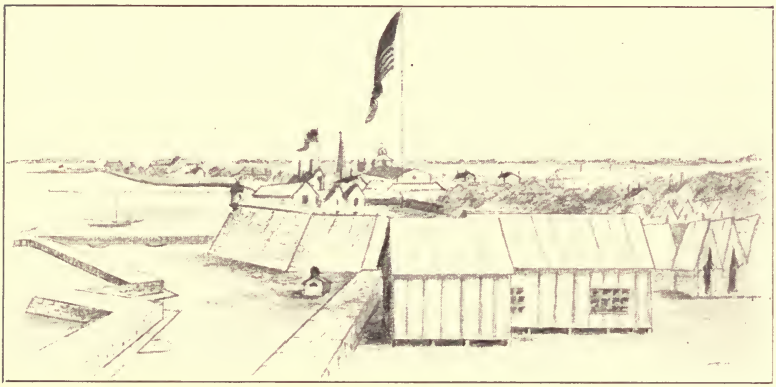
JACKSONVILLE.

In Florida there was still the regimental organization, and on Sunday, the 14th, Chaplain Willson preached and orders came for the Twenty-fourth, except two companies, to move to Picolata. Those left in the city were to garrison Fort Marion. The bearer of the orders from General Gillmore was John Hay, private secretary of President Lincoln, and the subsequent famous Secretary of State in the cabinets of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. Accepting the statements of competent observers that Florida was ready for re-instatement in the Union, the President had commissioned Hay as Major and sent him down to accompany the expedition that Gillmore was fitting out to exploit the State of Florida. Preparations to leave were made at once, while Lieutenant Ordway was sent to Jacksonville for confirmation of orders. The 16th, the latter returned with orders from General Seymour, who had been placed in command of the district of Florida, to proceed to Jacksonville at once and take command of the post. The 18th of February saw the last of the regiment as an organization in St. Augustine, for it sailed at daylight on the General Hunter, arriving at Jacksonville at 5 p.m. Old friends were found among the officers of the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, some of them former members of the Twenty-fourth. The officers and men were glad, rather than otherwise, at the prospect of active service, the long rest having quite restored their normal tone. The 20th there was no difficulty in realizing the cannonading in the battle of Olustee,* then in progress. It proved to be a Union defeat, the enemy calling the engagement "Ocean Pond." This battle, fought forty-four miles due west of Jacksonville, was the result of the rashness of General Seymour, and was undertaken contrary to the express orders of General Gillmore. The Fortieth Massachusetts [Colonel Guy V. Henry's] was one of the most prominent in the engagement, and the Fifty-fourth Massa-

*Colonel Osborn, in a letter, mentions this phenomenon thus: "As much by pressure upon the body as upon the drum of the ear."

chusetts, with the First North Carolina [both black], saved the army from total rout; at least this is the statement of Horace Greeley. The same author says of Olustee that it was Braddock's defeat repeated after the lapse of a century.

As General Seymour was reported in retreat, followed closely by the foe, it was necessary to fortify at once. Accordingly, every available man was set at work with a shovel. The 22d, General Seymour was reported as making a stand



Pencil sketch by Lieut. J. M. Barnard, Co. G.

PARAPET, FORT MARION, '63.

at Cedar Creek, six miles distant. Every day brings reinforcements, and on the 25th appears General R. S. Foster, not "our" General Foster, the early North Carolina leader, but one whom the Twenty-fourth will follow on many a field, and with him came General Adelbert Ames. Sunday the Chaplain preached in the Baptist Church, and on the next day, the 29th, the Chaplain accompanied to his grave a negro soldier, shot by order of a court martial for mutiny.

In the annals of the regiment, March, 1864, played a very small part. More than one-half of the organization was on furlough in the North, and the remainder, doing garrison duty in Jacksonville, was not in the active military life which wins renown. There was plenty of work and, while building

breastworks and keeping one's camp well policed, are eminently desirable and useful, those committed to such tasks are never specially happy thereat. Jacksonville, where the fortunes of war had stationed the Twenty-fourth, was then, and is still, the most important place in the peninsula which de Leon so beautifully named. Located at the elbow of the St. John's River, on the west bank, twenty-five miles from its mouth, it seems a little strange that more account of its importance was not made by the Union forces earlier in the war. It was first occupied in March, 1863, by the First South Carolina Regiment [colored], under the command of Col. T. W. Higginson, but, at the direction of General Hunter, it was soon after abandoned and burned, to the terrible discomfiture of the Union inhabitants, who, by this ruthless act, were reduced to severe suffering. Feb. 8th, '64, it was again occupied with very little resistance by the Federal forces under General Truman Seymour, and it was this move of the latter officer that brought the Twenty-fourth to the place.

While affairs within the city were quiet, nothing more doing on the 1st than a review of the troops by General Gillmore, those at the intrenchments, several miles out, were reminded of the proximity of the enemy. Colonel Henry led his Fortieth Massachusetts (mounted) out on a reconnoissance, and had little difficulty in finding his foe. Indeed, it was a characteristic of the Johnny Reb everywhere to be so near that very little searching was necessary to find him. On the second day General Seymour ordered a commission to sit on Tuesdays and Saturdays to consider the excuses of officers who had been absent without leave. Of this commission Colonel Osborn was Chairman and Major Charles H. Hooper, the third member, was recorder. Of these early March days Colonel Osborn writes:

Military matters here remain pretty much the same. The enemy are about six miles out and manifest no intention of attacking us. We are strongly fortified, have an abundance of men, and feel quite secure. In the meantime, I am living

very quietly in a snug little house which I have taken. It is by no means so large and elegant as my St. Augustine residence, but I like it very well. It is two stories high, with four rooms on a floor and a kitchen adjoining. In front, each story has a piazza, over which the yellow jessamine runs in profusion, covered with flowers. The street is pleasant and is pretty wide, bordered with shade trees. In the yard are oleanders, crape myrtles, flowering aloes, and other southern plants of which I do not know the names. Lieutenant Edmands, Post Adjutant; Lieutenant Sweet, Provost Marshal, and Lieutenant Thompson, Post Quartermaster, live with me, and Major Hooper, who lives in camp, joins our mess. We find, as we always do, a great many friends, and rarely sit down to table without a guest. My life here is very quiet, and I do not find as much business to do as at St. Augustine.

March 4th Adjutant Wm. L. Horton, who was so severely wounded at Newbern, came back, though his stay was to be brief, for he resigned on the 12th. March 17th Captain Maker returned from Hilton Head, and the 27th brought General J. P. Hatch to supersede General Seymour, who was ordered to Washington to appear before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War. The next day the mess of Colonel Osborn and fellow officers was broken up, and the former went to board with Mrs. Zewadski. General Gillmore came in on the Ben De Ford, March 29th, but in the night went to Palatka. In the later days of the month there was much speculation as to the future disposition of the regiment. The re-enlisted and furloughed men having been ordered to report in Washington instead of Jacksonville, naturally the query rose as to the reasons. It was well known that Gillmore did not wish to lose the regiment, and so would not permit the same to go in a body, when the veterans went away, but apparently his plans for the retention of the Twenty-fourth in his department were to be headed off. Some thought and hoped that the hand of Burnside was in the case, and that they were again to follow their favorite leader. There were rumors and theories sufficient to occupy all of the spare time of officers and men, but facts were exceedingly scarce.

HOME.

Meanwhile, those who were away on furloughs were happy beyond the power of pen to describe. Never had home seemed half so dear as when they saw it through eyes that had been opened wide in the bitter experience of war. Mother's cooking, good as it always had been, now was better still, and every one had a pleasant word for the boy in blue, one who was willing to stand between the Government and its assailants. Though his uniform had become very common in the Northern world, yet to some one every wearer was a hero, and the soldier enjoyed the distinction accorded him. As, however, the day of his departure neared, there began to come a choking sensation in his throat. Though he knew not the exactions of the coming season, yet he was certain that the death struggle of the Rebellion was at hand, and he must steel himself for his part therein. How tenderly he said "Good-bye" to father, mother and the companions of earlier days; if a father himself, with what unutterable longings he took the last glance at the faces of wife and children, and turned his course southward. Thus they were gradually centering on the appointed rendezvous, as their terms of absence grew to an end, all the better and stronger for the favors accorded them by the Government. Of one such returning brave, Chaplain Trumbull wrote:

As I was returning from my home, after a brief leave of absence on one occasion, I saw a young soldier waving a kindly good-bye to friends as our train left the station. He was in the seat just before me. As the cars moved off he dropped his head on the back of the seat in front of him and sobbed as though his heart would break. Presently, he mastered his feelings and, straightening himself up, he sat with a stern face and fixed expression as a cold, immovable soldier. Reaching forward, I touched him on the shoulder, and asked tenderly: "Have you been long in the service, my friend?" "Two and a half years," he replied, "and now I have enlisted for three years more. I've just had my thirty days at home, and I am going back to my regiment. I can move

forward under fire without flinching, I can see men drop at my side, wounded or dead, and not quiver, I can suffer all I have to in camp or on the march and not mind it, but I can't bid good-bye to my wife and children for three years and not make a baby of myself.''

WASHINGTON.

From different parts of Massachusetts and from further points, in Maine even, the veterans of the Twenty-fourth had been repairing for several days to the Beach Street barracks of Boston, whence, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Stevenson, the southward route was begun March 22d, at 5 p.m., via Fall River and the steamer Empire State, bound for New York city, reaching the latter place at 8 a.m. of the 23d. Thence the party crossed to Jersey City and took the train for Philadelphia, where all had supper at the Volunteer Refreshment saloon maintained by the ladies of that patriotic city. The food, consisting of bread, butter, boiled meat and coffee, was highly appreciated, and the men were enthusiastic in their approval of the institution. From the City of Brotherly Love the veterans rode to Baltimore in baggage cars which had been seated for the transportation of troops, and had an all-night ride to the Monumental City, reaching the same the morning of the 24th. Marching through streets that three years before had resounded with the attack on the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, they had breakfast at the Soldiers' Rest, and thence marched to the Washington station, leaving the same at 11 a.m. Owing to many stops, the capital was not reached till sunset. Finding harborage in the capital barracks, they had supper and a chance to see a little of the city. There was a whole day under the shadow of the Capitol, and on the 26th the line of march was taken up for the Long Bridge and the Virginia side of the Potomac, ending at Convalescent Camp. March 28th a camp was staked out about one-fourth of a mile from that of the convalescents, and along the railroad running from Washington towards Brandy

Station. In the regular system of camp life, subject to the peculiarities of March weather, the month came to an end with this part of the Twenty-fourth taking distant views of Washington and wondering what the coming month would bring forth.

April 1st Captain Redding of Company A came to camp, and twenty-seven recruits for the regiment appeared. On the 7th a serious case of small pox developed, the victim being John W. Pittsley of Company G, who was immediately removed to Washington, while his tentmates were compelled to move their quarters to a nearby hill, near which their rations were subsequently carried. The unfortunate Pittsley died on the 14th of the month. Some of the men found a deal of pleasure and derived much benefit from the ministrations of the Christian Commission in the Convalescent Camp, hearing among others there Dr. E. N. Kirk, the famous pastor of the Mt. Vernon Church, Boston, and Geo. H. Stuart, president of the Commission. The latter stated in one of the meetings that 2500 conversions had taken place in that chapel. April 12th came a move to Camp Distribution, where all were quartered in barracks and were safe from the rain, which fell profusely. After just one day's respite, the men were marched back to their late camping-ground, and again pitched their tents. The 15th, the ten companies are merged into five, and all march beyond Fort Richardson, and again encamp. The camp is in plain sight of Washington, and Captain Richardson is acting Major. Squalls of snow are not infrequent in the mid-April days, and the men are thinking it could not be much more wintry in old Massachusetts.

Just beyond the middle of the month the several companies went into Washington to receive their so-called ration money, i. e., compensation for the food they did not eat while away from the regiment. As this was just so much more than many of them had expected, it was used up pretty quickly by some, and often in a manner that got the users into trouble. On the 21st Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson puts the men

through a battalion drill, while football and boxing-gloves prevent the men rusting out. The boys had not a little fun at the expense of one poor recruit, who, during the drill, was so mixed that he was found successively in four different companies. That he was on earth at all must have astonished him. Sunday, April 24th, camp was struck and the men marched to Alexandria, accompanied by the Eighth Maine, reaching the ancient city at sunset. Transports were at once boarded for some place; rumor had it Fortress Monroe, but it was midnight before a start was made. Owing to the crowded state of the decks and the falling rain, the highest degree of comfort was not attained. The fortress was reached at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 26th, and again the most of the men had the privilege of reviewing some of the scenes of the days, more than two years before, when here was finally arranged the famous Burnside Expedition. While the vessels are lying at the wharf, his old former associates were pleased to recognize Major Stackpole, the first Captain of Company I, now on staff duty. Leaving the fortress at 2 p.m., the ships steam up the Chesapeake to Yorktown, opposite which, at Gloucester Point, a landing is made at 4 p.m., the Tenth Connecticut and the Eighth Maine debarking at the same time.

Marching back from the water some three miles, and passing many other camps, the veterans pitched their tents by the side of the Eleventh Maine some time after dark. The familiar faces of Quartermaster Thompson and Lieutenant Ordway were seen, these officers announcing the approach of the remainder of the regiment from the South. There is a large assemblage of troops at this point, and some big project evidently is afoot. The 27th it is learned that the regiment is once more to be under the command of General Terry, a fact that pleases all. Drills begin at once in all their forms, and the Twenty-fourth is announced as in the Third Brigade, First Division of the Tenth Army Corps. The last day of the month was devoted largely to a review of all the troops. At first Generals Ames and Foster reviewed, then General

Terry rode onto the field, and he did his part; next a salute from the harbor announced the arrival of General Benjamin F. Butler, and, after his coming on the gounds, there was another review and finally all passed in review, so that it was dark by the time the men reached their quarters. The Twenty-fourth was mustered for pay at 9 o'clock in the evening.

FLORIDA AND VIRGINIA.

Returning to that portion of the regiment left in Jacksonville a month ago, the same is found doing its duty as usual. Perhaps the most noteworthy record for April 1st was the blowing up of the steamer Maple Leaf, a familiar craft to the regiment. She was on her way down from Palatka when she ran upon a torpedo, seventeen miles from Jacksonville, and was destroyed. On the 4th it was learned that the veterans had gone to Washington instead of coming directly back to the organization. Though nominally in the enemy's country, life in Jacksonville was hardly more lively than that of the veterans in their Virginia camp. It was in these quiet times that an officer found time and disposition to write some pleasant words concerning Chaplain Willson:

"He is a man of great intelligence and refinement, genial and agreeable in conversation, with a keen perception of the ludicrous. He has commended himself to all of the officers, and has made his tent a place of common resort. It is very delightful to me to have such a refining influence present. * * His sermons are a great treat; he prepares the subject, but speaks extemporaneously, and never fails to rivet one's attention closely and to give me food for thought."

April 11, word comes from Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson announcing his presence with the veterans near Washington, and on the 13th, Lieutenant Sweet went out with a flag of truce to escort a Miss Dummett beyond the lines. The next day the regiment received pay from Major Porter, the paymaster, and the Seventh New Hampshire Regiment steams

away in the Cossack. Troops come in from Palatka on the 15th, that place having been evacuated, in compliance with orders which Captain Maker had carried up two or three days before. April 16 the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York departed for some point further north, and on the 19th came General William Birney to command the District of Florida. On the 22d, Colonel Osborn was relieved from his command of the post, his regiment having been ordered northward. In the afternoon of the 23d, the regimental baggage was put on board the steamer Dictator, there being a deal of it, including as it did the arms and equipments of the absent veterans. The men went on board after nightfall.

Jacksonville was left behind on the 24th, the steamer running down to the mouth of the river, where she anchored to wait for the tide. The next morning at 8.30, the bar was crossed and the Twenty-fourth Regiment departed from the Land of Flowers, reaching Hilton Head soon after dark. April 26th the regiment and its effects were transferred to the Varuna, a propeller lying in the stream. While awaiting orders to depart, an officer from General Gillmore came on board, stating that he had been informed that the regiment was carrying off furniture, the charge doubtless arising from depredations made by a certain regiment which left Florida before the Twenty-fourth did. It is needless to state that the officer had his labor for his pains; the Massachusetts men were not getting furniture that way. In the afternoon of the 27th, the Varuna steamed out of the precincts of Hilton Head, and North Carolina with all its memories is soon to be left behind, as, during the 28th and 29th, the vessel ploughs her way northward. It was 4.30 p.m. of the 30th that Fortress Monroe was reached and Colonel Osborn went ashore to report his arrival to General B. F. Butler, by whom he was ordered to Gloucester Point to report to General Terry.

May 1st, before daylight, the steamer started up York River and reached Gloucester Point at 9 a.m. Colonel Os-

born at once landed and reported to General Terry, after which he rode out to camp and found himself in the midst of such a reception that he felt almost like getting home. In the afternoon the band went down to the landing and escorted the arriving portion of the regiment up to meet their fellows, both sides getting no end of handshakes and the heartiest kind of greetings. Arms and equipments were given out, and with their old weapons in their hands once more one of the veterans says, "It seems like soldiering again." This reunion of the two divisions of the Twenty-fourth was almost a family affair; so long had the men camped, marched and fought together that officers and men alike welcomed the sight of familiar faces. But the long separation involved a world of extra work for those who were responsible for the munitions and general well-being of the organization. There were musters and inspections, besides no end of detail, to get the men where all could be accounted for. The second day of the month produced one of the most violent thunder-storms, accompanied by hail, that even that region ever knew. The men had just got their shelter tents pitched when the storm came up; so violent was it that the soldiers had to hold on to their tents to prevent their blowing away and, when doing this, they found the pelting of the hail grievous to bear. The busy surroundings in which the regiment finds itself is in great contrast to its former quiet and, on every hand, there are indications of going somewhere. Artillery is loaded upon the steamers on the 3d and orders for departure are received.

BATTLE SUMMER.

Not having the gift of prescience, these men did not know the magnitude of the task they were about to essay. General Grant, like the young Lochinvar, had come out of the West, and like the Scotch knight he was resourceful, determined and bold. The campaign of the Battle Summer was carefully planned, the movement along the James River being only one of the many steps taken Rebellionward by the sev-

eral armies organized under the careful eye of Grant. On this very day, the 3d of May, while the men of the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps were receiving orders as to their duties on the morrow, their brothers on the Rapidan had forsaken their winter quarters and were pushing their way towards the Wilderness. They are to advance on Richmond from the north; the Army of the James, under General Butler, is to make a demonstration from the south. The assembling of his forces at Yorktown and Gloucester Point had given to the Confederates the idea that another effort, like that of McClellan in 1862, is to be made up the Peninsula. This command of Butler consisted of the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps, led by Generals Q. A. Gillmore and Wm. F. (Baldy) Smith, respectively, and a division of cavalry, commanded by General A. V. Kautz. The three divisions of the Tenth Corps were led by Brigadier-Generals Terry, Turner and Ames, while the divisions of the Eighteenth followed Brooks, Weitzel and Hinks. In the Tenth Corps there were 684 officers, 16,128 enlisted men of infantry; 36 officers and 1,078 men of artillery, with 44 guns and 2 siege howitzers. The Eighteenth Corps had present for duty 653 officers and 14,325 enlisted men of infantry, with 36 officers and 987 enlisted artillerymen, having 36 guns. General Hinks' division consisted of colored troops. In Kautz's Cavalry there were 97 officers and 2,808 enlisted men, with 6 guns. Also, there was a brigade of colored cavalry, under the command of Colonel R. M. West, some 1,800 strong.

The approaching days will familiarize the people of both North and South with many names of men and places hitherto unknown, but upon the mighty chessboard of war, on one side of which sits the incomparable player, Grant, the Twenty-fourth Regiment, with which is our chief concern, is scarcely more than a pawn. Only that one who takes a comprehensive view of the entire field can describe all the plays and checks in the decisive game, whose premonitory moves are just beginning. Whatever the peril or prowess of knight

or bishop on other parts of the board, we must keep near our own, whose trials and triumphs we are set to chronicle. May 4th, Wednesday, began early in the camp of the Twenty-fourth, for the moment of their departure was at hand. The reveille sounded at 2.30, and half an hour later the men were taking a breakfast which cooks must have risen still earlier to prepare. An hour afterwards all were in line ready for the start, but when did armies ever move just when expected? Arms were stacked and time for rest was given as the hours wore on. With the thought that active campaigning was at hand, men went through their effects to see what could be thrown away without really impoverishing, and thereby lessen their burdens in the long and heated marches they felt were impending. As blankets and rubbers or ponchos, with duplicated garments like coats, pants, boots, shoes, and even some culinary appliances, contributed to the heaps of cast-off and out matter, many a man wished himself where he could realize on such a mass of necessities, here to be of no other use than to enhance the possessions of sundry white and colored natives who were ready to seize all that was thrown away. What was doing here at this point was in progress all along the Union line as the men made ready for the fray; they were literally stripping themselves for the contest. Finally, the welcome "fall in" was heard, and between 1 and 2 p.m., along with the One Hundredth New York, old friends of North Carolina days, the regiment goes on board the George Leary. The horses of the field officers are taken on board, but those of the staff have to follow in a barge.

General Kautz and his cavalrymen are already a day away on their raid, and the Potomac Army is fighting in the tangled mazes of the Wilderness, when the transport, on the 5th, drops down the York River and makes its way up the James. Sergeant Carruthers, of Company G, with six men, had been left at the Point to look after final matters. The river is filled with the shipping necessary for the expedition, and those on history bent are not unmindful that they

are again in historic scenes. While the remnants of Jamestown are not numerous nor conspicuous, it is something to see where Captain John Smith, Pocahontas and others helped make some of the earliest pages of American history. Progress was slow, for many of the steamers had heavy tows and the waters themselves contained possibilities of mischief. Some thought they might land at Harrison's Landing, made famous in the retreat of McClellan two years before, but when at 6 p.m. the vessels passed on without pausing, it was evident that something further was in the eye of the leader. Anchors are finally cast after dark.

BERMUDA HUNDRED.

Just at daylight of the 6th the George Leary moved up to the south bank of the James, about one mile above the mouth of the Appomattox, and at Bermuda Hundred* landed its regiments. General Hinks, with his division of the Eighteenth Corps, at the same time was taking unopposed possession of City Point, for so many coming months to be the base of supplies during the siege of Petersburg. While breakfast is the first item on the day's programme, there are those who improve the opportunity for a plunge into the waters of the James, and still others who again reduce their baggage to lighter marching order. That the march is made in the enemy's country is evident from the cautious manner in which the brigade, Plaisted's, advances, in the entire day

*Few if any Union soldiers ever spoke this peculiar name without wondering what its origin could be. "Hundreds" were divisions of counties, common among the English from their earliest history; hence, on the settlement of Virginia and Maryland by the English, what would be more reasonable than that the latter should retain home forms and names? This particular Hundred, located between the James and Appomattox, received its Bermuda prefix doubtless because of the shipwreck on the Bermudas or Sommer Islands of Sir George Yeardley, one of the first settlers of Virginia and one of the early governors. With the name of the scene of his misfortune fresh in mind, he gave it American perpetuity by applying it here.

accomplishing only six miles. In the day's march General officers were evident, and the boys of the Twenty-fourth had a chance, which they improved, of giving three cheers as General Butler rode along the lines. The day had been extremely hot, and thereby exhausting to these soldiers after their winter's rest. Nothing was seen of the enemy, and only distant indications of his position. So near is the camp of the Twenty-fourth that during the night the sound of cars on the Petersburg & Richmond Railroad, doubtless transporting troops, is plainly heard. Bivouac for the night is had in the woods, the Tenth Connecticut being detailed to throw up light defenses in front.

The story of May 7th is best told in the official report of Colonel Osborn, the same bearing date May 8th, '64:

I have the honor to report that, in accordance with orders from division headquarters, the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, under my command, took its position under arms in the Third Brigade, Col. H. M. Plaisted, Eleventh Maine Volunteers, commanding, at 8 a.m., May 7, and shortly afterward took up the line of march toward the railroad connecting Petersburg and Richmond, which was reached at about 3 p.m. My regiment was formed on a wide and well-traveled road, parallel with the railroad, and separated from it by a narrow belt of brush and low wood and a meadow. Three companies were sent into this wood to support a line of skirmishers. They soon sent back a report that the skirmishers already occupied the railroad, when, by direction of Colonel Plaisted, I sent my pioneers to destroy as much of it as possible. Previous to this the poles of a telegraph running along the road were cut down, the wire removed, and the insulators broken. At this time the right wing was sent a short distance to the rear to guard a cross-road. There were in that vicinity a sawmill and a large quantity of lumber, which they burned. After having occupied the main road for about an hour and a half the left wing was ordered by Colonel Plaisted to rejoin the right, after calling in the detached companies, which was done. As these companies left the railroad a large force of the enemy appeared upon a hill beyond and poured a volley upon them, fortunately without effect. The pioneers report having torn up about 100 feet of rail before the order to fall

back, and another line of telegraph. The bed of the road was very hard, and the tools which they had were of inferior quality; otherwise, they would have accomplished more. They inform me that there was a large number of surplus rails and ties lying along the road. Soon after the regiment became reunited the brigade was dismissed and returned to camp. Only the detached companies were exposed to a direct fire, and I have therefore no casualties to report in my command. —R. R., Vol. 36, Part 2, p. 84.

May 8th is Sunday, but in active campaigning there is little distinction in days. The regiment was turned out at 4 a.m., and later moved back, establishing the camp in rear of a breastwork just begun, and on which 250 of the men are detailed to dig, notwithstanding the heat, which is a reminder of a northern mid-summer day. At 5 o'clock the regiment goes on picket, relieving the Thirty-ninth Illinois. There was loud cheering in the rear, which subsequently was found to be on account of the reported victories of Grant over Lee on the Wilderness route. The 9th was spent by the regiment on picket and, during the day, large forces marched out towards Petersburg and destroyed about six miles of the railroad; also another force demonstrated in the direction of Fort Darling. The Thirty-ninth Illinois and the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania occupied a position at Weir Bottom Church, about a mile in advance of the line held by the Twenty-fourth. Colonel Osborn was field officer of the day. While the Twenty-fourth is doing picket duty another portion of the division, including the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, are winning the hotly contested field of Arrowfield Church. May 10th finds the regiment still on picket with considerable fighting near Weir Bottom Church, the enemy attacking our forces under Colonel Joshua B. Howell of the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania. Others of Terry's division finally came to his aid with hard fighting for several hours. The rebels at last withdrew and sent in a flag of truce for the purpose of burying their dead and caring for the wounded. The request was granted, after taking pre-

cautions against any subterfuge on the part of the enemy. At 5 p.m. the regiment was relieved by the One Hundredth New York and moved back to its camp.

May 11th, though the time was spent in camp, there was enough to do, since there was fatigue work in the way of building abatis in front of the line of breastworks behind which the camp was made. Also, there was inspection, that the condition of the men subsequent to their hot march, when so many items were thrown away, might be ascertained. Some, in their desire to lessen their burdens, even threw out their ammunition, and it is recorded that they were charged up for such loss to the tune of twenty-five cents per round. Then, too, where blankets were missing, a debit entry was made against the individual. This was the day when some excitement was had along the line by the report that a spy was inspecting the works with evident intent to report his observations to the enemy, but when he had been run down he developed into one of the engineers simply attending to his proper duties. The morning of the 12th drew the men from their rest at 3.30 o'clock, and they marched into place behind the breastworks and remained there till breakfast. A severe rain-storm did not prevent the tired soldiers getting needed rest. At noon came orders to march with two days' rations, though "not expected to go far." The object was understood to be the support of a cavalry column that was going out to cut the Richmond & Danville Railroad. The boys declared the direction was towards Richmond, since they found a milestone which read "12 miles to Manchester," a place just across the James River from Virginia's capital. The regiment bivouacked about four miles from the starting place, and Colonel Osborn, being appointed general officer of the day, had to post pickets, after dark, in a section entirely new to him, hence a difficult task.

Of the 13th General Butler says, "The enemy making a stand at their line of works, General Gillmore was sent to endeavor to turn their right, while Smith attacked in front.

Both movements were gallantly accomplished after severe fighting. Meantime, I endeavored to have the Navy advance so as to cover our right, which rested near the river, from the fire of the enemy's fleet. But from the correspondence that ensued it was obvious that we should have no assistance from the Navy above Trent's Reach." The last paragraph refers to the fact that soundings had revealed the disagreeable truth that the depth of water would not admit the passage of the gunboats. The day's record, as told by Humphreys, is that Smith, with his Eighteenth Corps, crossed Proctor's Creek to within 800 yards of the enemy's outer line of intrenchments, which were in open ground and were held by infantry and artillery. So strong was the line that General Smith reported to General Butler that, if held in force, it could not be carried by assault. General Gillmore in the meantime had, as directed by General Butler, moved to the left to turn the right of the intrenchments at the head of Proctor's Creek. The enemy was in force there, their right on Wooldridge's Hill, a commanding position half a mile west of the railroad. Terry attacked unsuccessfully, and while preparing a second attack the enemy abandoned their line, passing down towards Drewry's Bluff, Gillmore pressing them till dark and getting a mile of their works.

DREWRY'S BLUFF.

The part borne by the Twenty-fourth began early in the morning, when, with the intent of getting in the rear of certain works of the enemy, it moved off to the left, reaching the same by a circuitous route of about seven miles at 4 p.m. The attack upon the rebel line in reverse was made by the Third New Hampshire, and it was most gallantly done. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts and the One Hundredth New York were sent to drive the enemy out of some woods in front of the works. This was successfully accomplished by skirmishing. It was during this movement that Lieutenant Edgar Clough of Company F was killed by a sharpshooter.

An old New England Guardsman, he had come out with the regiment as first sergeant of his company. Five men were wounded. After dark, the men fell back and spent the night inside the enemy's works.

General Butler has very little to offer as to the 14th in connection with the drawn-out engagement in front of Fort Darling, his words being these: "General Smith drove the enemy from the first line of works, which he occupied." Humphreys is a bit more extended, thus: "Brooks' division of Smith's corps occupied a part of the enemy's intrenchments on the left of the pike. Gillmore's two divisions, Turner's and Terry's, occupied them on Smith's left. About two and a half miles of the enemy's outer line of works were thus held by our troops. The Confederates occupied their second line, the right of which was well refused." The day alternates in rain and shine, but the weather is not specially considered in sight of the fighting that the early morning presents. The attack of the Eighteenth Corps is plainly visible and the Twenty-fourth is ordered to its support, deploying on its left. The enemy had a strong line of skirmishers behind a Virginia fence and beyond a wide open field. In this advance the regiment had the Tenth Connecticut on the left and the One Hundredth New York on the right. Four companies, under Captain Partridge, were sent out as skirmishers, and, on the Captain's being wounded, he was relieved by Major Hooper.

The firing was so vigorous that ammunition was exhausted, and a new supply had to be secured from the reserve. The enemy was driven back, but skirmishing continued all day and the most of the night. With a loss approaching thirty men for the brigade, the regiment was relieved at 11 p.m., and bivouacked in the rear of the position held during the day.

A general assault of the Confederate works had been ordered for the 15th, but it was abandoned for lack of disposable troops to form the column of attack. During the day Gillmore's skirmishers were constantly employed, his artillery

a part of the time. Every hour was adding to the forces under the Confederate General Beauregard, till now he had fully as strong a force as that of Butler, and a disposition to attack is more prominent in him than in the Union leader. The nine days since the landing at Bermuda Hundred had served to change the relative situations of the two armies remarkably. Of the condition a writer says: "General Butler could not assault the Drewry's Bluff intrenchments, he could not move to turn them, and he could not fall back to his Bermuda Hundred lines, or to a new position on the river without abandoning his campaign against Richmond with the Army of the James. In other words, he was completely paralyzed so far as offensive operations were concerned." Yet in spite of all this there were to be precious lives lost in a vain effort to carry the works at Drewry's Bluff. For our regiment it was Sunday in reality, since it was a day of rest, not being called out. There was picket firing all day and shots from an enemy's battery passed through the wood in which the men were lying, some of them striking inconveniently near, but no one was hit. Worse than any direct attention of the enemy was the confirmation of the enemy's work elsewhere, viz., that of the 10th of May at Spottsylvania, General Thomas G. Stevenson, commanding the First Division of the Ninth Army Corps under his beloved Burnside, had been killed. The first Colonel of the Twenty-fourth, every man felt as though he had lost a personal friend. Killed by a sharpshooter, it needed no statement of the circumstances for his fast friends to know that he fell at the post of duty. A rumor of his death had been received earlier, but it was hoped that subsequent information would contradict. Of him the kindest, grandest words were expressed by all who knew him. As a man and a soldier his record was the brightest, but to these soldiers who had seen him at Roanoke and at Newbern, who had marched and fought with him, it seemed as though each one had lost the dearest of brothers. Had they lamented in song, their coranach would have been:

He is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain, when our need is the sorest.

Perhaps had the men known the work of the morrow, that Sunday in the woods had been less happily spent, but some one knew the impending ordeal, for in the excellent account of his experiences, left by John M. Spear of Company D, a helper of Surgeon Green, may be read the following:

"On the night of the 15th I lay down on the floor by the side of Surgeon Green and soon fell asleep. During the night, and it seemed to me it might have been about 3 o'clock, although I had no way of telling the time, I was awakened by some one touching me and asking if I was Dr. Green. I awoke the doctor, when the person whispered something to him which I soon after learned was a request for him to be ready for the bloody work so near at hand. Dr. Green directed me to have all of the hospital attendants got together whenever I could find them. As soon as it was light enough for me to move about, I looked them up. All through this series of battles I had charge of Dr. Green's case of surgical instruments.* So I was always where he was. After looking up the attendants, I hurriedly prepared a pot of coffee, for I had learned by experience that one of the most important of a soldier's duties is to feed himself, and there was no time for delay. The densest of dense fogs ushered in the morning, and I had just finished my coffee when the left, the Tenth Connecticut, was struck and stragglers began to appear. It was a surprise to the men to see great bodies of the enemy appear through the fog. As fast as we could dress the wounds, the men were placed in ambulances and started for the rear. Our men fall back and leave us between two

*Surgeon Green's "Medical Knapsack" was a present to him from the distinguished Dr. J. Mason Warren, who had imported from France three sets; one, as we know, was given to our surgeon, one to Surgeon Samuel Kneeland of the Forty-fifth, and the other to Dr. J. Franklin Dyer, surgeon of the Nineteenth Massachusetts. The long service that Surgeon Green's case of instruments saw sufficed to use them up, hence what might be a valuable relic in a military museum cannot now be found.

fires, but we stick to our work even though a rebel prison is in sight. The last man was in the ambulance when the enemy was upon us, cutting the traces and capturing wagons and men. By dint of hard running and some caution, the hospital force got away. It was a confused mass that struggled back to Bermuda Hundred, but I kept fast hold of the surgeon's instruments."

Under the circumstances it was singular that Surgeon Green got away at all. As he said of himself, he expected to be captured, but he was determined to work on his wounded men up to the very last moment, though some of the latter who were able to walk he told to look out for themselves. The enemy was in plain sight, firing with deadly intent. His station was near a small building, a location which a staff officer told him to vacate at once. His very last act was to pin the name of a dying man on his knapsack, that friend or foe might identify the body and then, in his own word, he "scooted" all alone, running through a nearby peach orchard, noting as he ran the constant fall of branches cut off by the hostile bullets. Soon he came to a brook, in whose partially dried bed he made his way, possibly stooping for partial cover. The water was very low, from three to six inches in depth, save in the occasional holes, where he usually fell, getting repeated duckings. In this way he kept going till out of immediate danger, when he stopped, wrung out his wet garments, and dried off. It was about 8 a.m. when he started from the field, and it was 2 p.m. when he reached the regiment where he had been reported as a prisoner sure. The hearty greeting accorded him as he came in, "Here comes the prisoner," was some compensation for the labors and perils of the day.

The facts concerning the 16th of May and the Army of the James, as the latter met the Confederates, are matters of history. Whatever the plans of the Union forces in the scheme of attacking the rebel lines, the enemy was earlier up and saved General Butler's men the trouble of an initiative. The foeman's purpose of turning the Union right, under General

Smith, was well carried out in the dense fog, which was so thick "that a horseman could not be seen at the distance of fifteen paces." The brunt of the attack falls on Heckman's brigade, and though the latter does all that men can do, they are completely enveloped by the enemy, and a large part of the same, including the commander and his staff, are swept off to captivity. Gillmore's men are largely employed in supporting those of Smith in the fierce attack on the Union right. With prodigies of valor on the part of individuals and organizations, the lines are gradually forced back till the end finds the Army of the James behind the defenses of Bermuda Hundred, and the dream of capturing Richmond from the South is dispelled. During all these hours the Twenty-fourth was giving a good account of itself. For it the day began with the regiment in reserve on the left, the brigade of General Hawley on our right. At 10 a.m. we were ordered to the right to support Hawley's men, who were hard pressed. As they, however, were driven back, and both flanks of the Twenty-fourth were exposed, it was compelled to retire also. Continuing to fall back, closely pressed by the enemy, we passed through a chaparral which badly broke the line. Thence we mounted a hill without cover, where we lost heavily. Lieutenants Ward and Rea, the former acting Adjutant, lost their lives and nearly twenty men were killed and wounded. Rallying on the brow of the hill, the enemy was driven back.

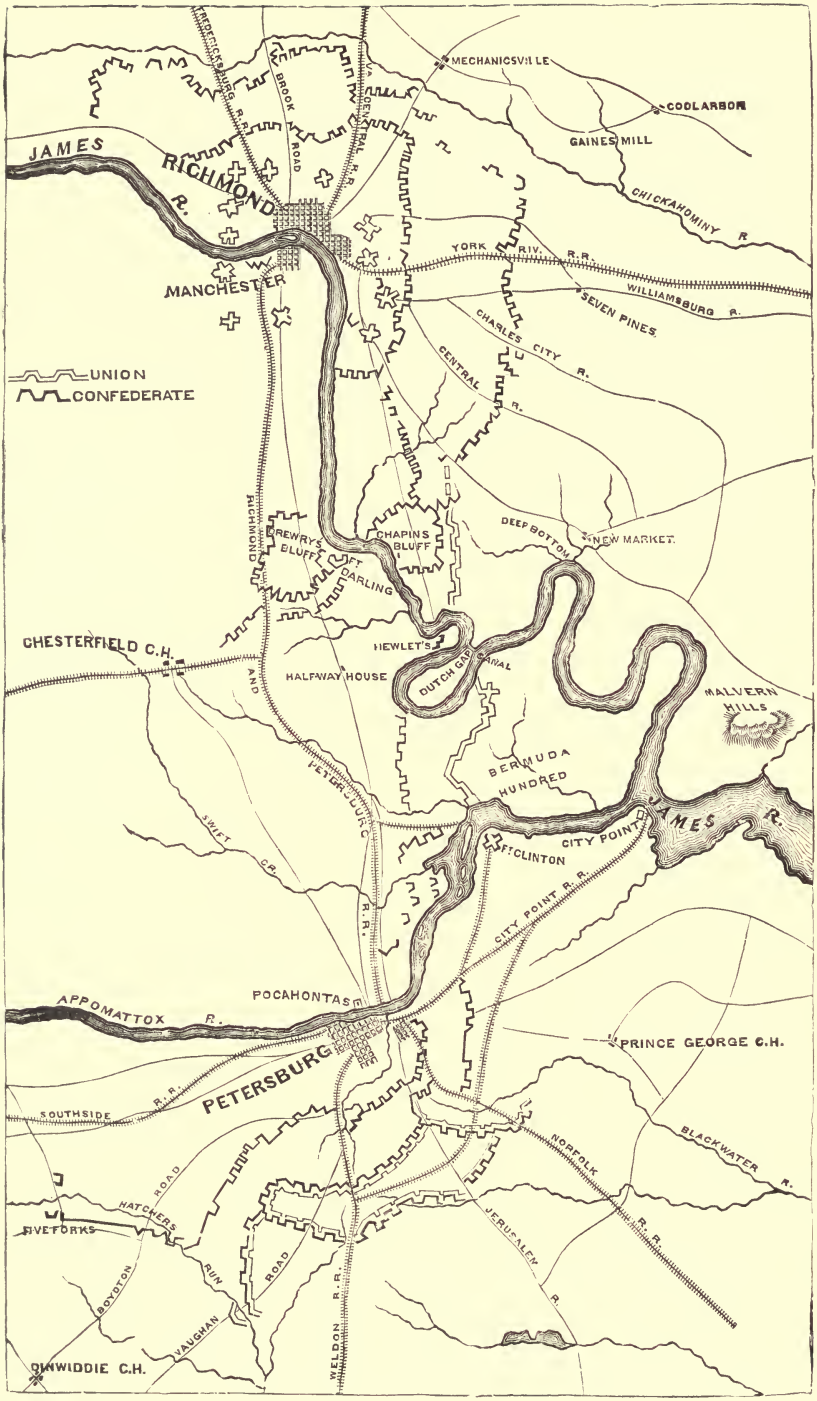
At this time the regiment was afar from the brigade, having been separated in the confusion of the flank movement. Colonel Osborn saw General Gilman Marston [Second New Hampshire Infantry], commanding one of the Eighteenth Corps brigades, and reported to him for orders. He directed the Colonel to form on the left of the Ninety-sixth New York on the hill, which was done, the Colonel throwing out his guides and making a perfect alignment. Evidently, this pleased the General, for he proceeded to put the regiment through the manual for a few minutes, not only steadying the

Twenty-fourth, but serving as a fine object lesson to other bodies, for the boys executed his commands admirably.* Varying stories of the halt on the brow of the hill are told to this day, but all agree in saying that never was the regiment steadier or its Colonel more determined. Facing the regiment to the front he said, "Twenty-fourth, you're going no further! Where is the man who wants to go to the rear? I want to see him!" Observing a nervous movement on the part of some, he exclaimed, "Keep in touch, men; be steady, they have only two men to aim at," referring to the enemy's cross fire. Long after, one of the observers said of the scene, "He stood there at our front as we faced towards the advancing enemy, a revolver in his hand, the embodiment of resolution, and the next moment it was give and take between us and the rebs."

*Of this episode, Captain E. C. Richardson, then on General Terry's staff, said, "Seeing the regiment in line on rising ground, doubting whether the position could be maintained, there being practically no near support, I joined the regiment, thinking, as I was mounted, I might be of service. The Twenty-fourth was as steady as if on Boston Common, in perfect control of Colonel Osborn. The enemy in immediate front came to a halt. I rode forward to get a better view, a Confederate officer doing the same. I did not learn anything and both returned."

Shifting the scene to Boston, immediately after the war, Major Richardson received a visit from a cousin who had been an officer in a Louisiana regiment. Chatting one day about the war, they learned that both of them were in this engagement, both on staff duty and that they were the officers riding towards each other. The Confederate said, "The thorough discipline of the regiment in our front, the line in such complete control, actually going through the manual as though no enemy were in sight, convinced me that there must be a heavy support and that a continued advance should be carefully handled." Again were the discipline and sometimes tedious drills vindicated.

Lieutenant Jones of Company F passing Fort Darling, soon after the war, fell into conversation with a Confederate officer who had commanded the very battery that gave us the most trouble on that fateful 16th of May, and he said he had always wondered what regiment it was that he had taken so many shots at. When the Lieutenant told him it was the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, he remarked, "Well, they did the best marching under fire that day that I ever saw."



Kindness of Capt. Daniel Eldredge, Third N. H.

Remaining in this position till Turner's division had passed to the rear, the regiment then retired about a mile and rejoined the brigade. The troops were moving slowly back to the turnpike, different regiments alternating in covering the rear. Then followed a halt for some time, next an advance with the Tenth Connecticut, about a mile to the Halfway House, where line was formed and a vigorous shelling was received, though without any harm done. After an hour of this, the line again fell back through the woods some distance and formed column in the road. When all of the columns had passed, the Twenty-fourth moved slowly back to the intrenchments, reaching them at about 9 p.m. thoroughly exhausted; and well they might be, for as rear guard of the retreat, they had by their vigilance prevented any surprise by the enemy, though the latter followed closely and needed constant watching. By making a new road parallel with the turnpike, but through the woods, the march of the regiment was not subjected to the raking fire of artillery otherwise had. During the day the hearts of our friends in the Tenth Connecticut were made glad by the arrival of their Adjutant, Henry W. Camp, who had been taken prisoner on Morris Island in July, and was this day just back from his home. He did not delay a moment in reporting to his beloved regiment, though the same was in the hottest of the fight on the left. This is the way he was met:

The head of the regiment came in view over the crest of a hill the riders were ascending. That the Adjutant was recognized, a wild shout of joy gave proof. As he drew his horse to the roadside, the regiment filed past and each company successively greeted him with hearty hurrahs while he sat, with cap in hand in all his manly beauty, receiving their gratulations. * * Not alone Colonel Otis gave him greeting, but General Plaisted, brigade commander, hastened forward to bid him welcome, and even General Terry, with all the responsibility of the battle on him in that imminent hour for his division, swung his hat in sympathy with the cheering regiment and spurred forward his horse to take the returned Adjutant by the hand. * * It was but a few minutes before

Camp was conveying orders along the line as naturally as though he had never been absent, while the bullets of the enemy whistled past his ears.

Of these middle May days, among the most memorable in the history of the regiment, Colonel Osborn has left a record in his report to brigade headquarters, dated May 19, 1864:

I have the honor to report that the regiment under my command marched with the rest of Colonel Plaisted's brigade at noon on Thursday, May 12, and joined the rest of General Terry's division at a point on the Petersburg and Richmond turnpike about three miles distant from camp. It bivouacked at that place for the night.

Friday, May 13, it marched with General Terry's division by a circuitous route, crossing the railroad at Clover Hill Junction, and at four o'clock came in the rear of the enemy's works, commanding the railroad and said to form part of the outworks of Fort Darling. Here the regiment was deployed to support the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers until the capture of the breastworks, which was speedily accomplished. A short time after taking possession of them the Twenty-fourth was ordered to their front to drive the enemy from a point of woods in which they had established themselves. The One Hundredth New York Volunteers was on my left. I deployed a strong line of skirmishers, and after a short but sharp struggle, forced the enemy to retire. It then being dark, I was ordered to withdraw the regiment and establish a picket-line along the railroad. At 10 p.m. the regiment was relieved and bivouacked within the works.

Saturday forenoon, May 14, marched with the rest of the troops to the attack of the second line; occupied a position in a field covered with low pines, my left resting on the railroad. In front was open field about 600 yards wide, on the opposite side of which were the enemy's skirmishers in great force, under the shelter of a Virginia fence. Being ordered to deploy a strong line of skirmishers, I sent out four companies; after some skirmishing the line advanced rapidly and drove the enemy back to their works. In the course of the afternoon I was compelled to relieve the four companies and to send others, they having expended all of their strength and their ammunition; these companies also expended all of their ammunition. I was supplied with enough by Colonel Plais-

ted to furnish the regiment with sixty rounds. Hardly had this been issued to the skirmishers when the enemy, stealing cautiously up through a thick undergrowth, made a rush upon them, but were repulsed with great loss. My regiment was relieved at 11 p.m., and bivouacked in the woods in rear of our position.

Sunday, May 15, the regiment was engaged in no operations.

Monday, May 16, the fighting commenced early in the morning. I was placed in reserve for Colonel Plaisted's brigade, but at about 10 a.m. was ordered to the right to support Hawley's brigade. On moving to the right found the troops falling back in confusion, and could see no regiments of Hawley's brigade. Finding myself far in advance of any other organization, with both flanks exposed, and the enemy advancing rapidly, fell slowly back through the woods until I reached the brow of a hill in front of the works captured on Saturday.

Having been separated from my brigade I reported for orders to Brigadier-General Marston, who was at that point with one regiment. He posted the regiment on the left of the Ninety-sixth New York Volunteers, where it remained until the whole of General Turner's division had passed to the rear; then rejoined Colonel Plaisted's brigade and marched to the rear, halting in the field in which we had bivouacked on Thursday night. An hour later was ordered forward again with the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers to the Halfway House, formed line on the right of the turnpike, and remained an hour—a portion of the time under artillery fire. On being withdrawn from this position, marched in the rear of the column back to the intrenchments, reaching camp about 8 p.m.

I deeply regret to report the loss of three valuable officers, who were instantly killed by musket balls in the head while in the discharge of their duty. They were First Lieutenant Mason A. Rea, Adjutant Charles G. Ward, and Second Lieutenant Edgar Clough. Captain John N. Partridge was also wounded in the head, but the wound is thought to be slight. The other casualties in my command were four enlisted men killed, forty-three wounded and seven missing.—R. R., Vol. 36, Part 2, p. 85.

The morning of the 17th of May saw General Butler's forces behind their Bermuda Hundred intrenchments, and

General Beauregard had this to say of the situation as it appeared to him: "The enemy is now hemmed in by our lines, which completely cover the southern communications of the capital, one of the principal objects of our attack. The complete success was lost by the hesitation of our left wing, and the premature halt of the Petersburg column before obstacles, in either case sufficient to have deterred from the execution of the movement prescribed."

On this day there was some needed rest for the tired soldiers. Late in the evening the sound of wagons on the turnpike indicated the movements of wagon trains toward Petersburg, and the Tenth Connecticut, with the Eleventh Maine, was sent out to support the cavalry in an effort to intercept the same. The result was a sharp encounter with a number of casualties, but with nothing accomplished. The Twenty-fourth went on picket with its right touching James River, whence was plainly seen the naval accompaniment of the army. With alternate rain and shine, and with firing all along the front, the regiment remained on picket during the 18th, being relieved at night. There were indications of the gathering of a heavy force of the enemy in front. The 19th was spent in camp with repeated alarms calling out the men. Earthworks were thrown up along the color-line as a protection to the men, forming quite a covered way. Picket firing was almost constant. The gunboats opened on a battery which the enemy was planting near Dr. Howlett's house at our right. On this day Colonel Osborn records that the regiment has lost in killed, wounded and missing fifty-seven officers and men. "The loss of officers is very disproportionate to that of the men, for three of the former have been killed and only four of the latter. Poor Ward was killed instantly during the retreat of Monday, the 16th; the ball struck him directly in the top of the head. I feel very sad at his death, for he was an old friend."

The report of General Plaisted, on the part performed by his brigade, in the vicinity of Fort Darling or Drewry's Bluff, from the 12th to the 16th inclusive, follows:

On the morning of the 12th inst. Terry's division moved out with other troops of the Tenth Corps in the direction of the Petersburg pike, the Third Brigade having the advance of the division. The division bivouacked in the open field near Purdue's, south of the pike and about one mile from the Halfway House; the Third Brigade occupied the left flank and bivouacked in line of battle, forming two sides of a square with four companies in the rear as a reserve. A strong picket of 200 men from each regiment was posted. Twice during the night, the men were called to arms by picket firing.

On the morning of the 13th, our forces moved upon the road to Chester Junction on the Petersburg & Richmond Railroad, which point was reached at 8.30 a.m., the Third Brigade in the advance. At this point I was ordered to cross the railroad, take a path through the woods by a wide circuit, with a view to gain the right and rear of the enemy's fortifications, having for guides a colored man and a Mr. Purdue. The brigade pushed forward with caution, the One Hundredth New York in advance, with skirmishers and flankers out, the advance being delayed by the skirmishers and flankers. Owing to the thick wood, I was ordered by General R. S. Foster, chief of staff, to push forward without flankers and skirmishers; at least they must not delay the column. The One Hundredth New York was advanced several hundred yards from the remaining regiments of the brigade and one company from that regiment thrown forward a hundred yards or more as advanced guard. Every bypath and thicket was searched by three or more mounted orderlies and my staff officers, and every inhabitant upon the way arrested and questioned. In this manner the movement was executed without a halt or check, except those occasioned by the obstacles of the way, defiles, etc., to the Chesterfield road, about one mile from the enemy's right flank, when General Gillmore and staff, with a squadron of cavalry, his body guard, took the advance, capturing on the Chesterfield road the enemy's mounted videttes. The One Hundredth New York Volunteers here was posted on the Chesterfield road to block up the way in the direction of the Court House, the enemy's cavalry having appeared in that direction. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers then took the advance to the Salem Church, a half mile further, where it was posted to guard the Richmond road, while our column was passing. The Tenth Connecticut Volunteers then having the lead advanced to within a few hundred yards

of the rear of the enemy's works, the skirmishers of the Twenty-fourth still holding the advance and moving up to within a few yards of the enemy.

Hawley's brigade was now moved to the front and placed in line of battle, the Tenth being deployed on the second line. The Third New Hampshire of that brigade soon engaged the enemy upon the left, the Twenty-fourth and One Hundredth were brought up, the Twenty-fourth formed in rear of the Third New Hampshire, and was ready, with fixed bayonets, to renew the charge, when the enemy, attacked by White's brigade in front, abandoned his fortifications on his right, and our forces moved in and took possession without further opposition, the skirmishers of the Twenty-fourth under the lamented Rea being the first to enter the works.

The enemy holding the left of his fortifications and a wood intermediate, the One Hundredth New York Volunteers was ordered to move down across the railroad and drive them out of the woods, which they did in the most gallant manner. Having pressed through the woods and advanced into the open space, they came under the fire of a rebel battery of three rifled pieces which ploughed the ground frightfully, two shots carrying away no less than eight legs. At the same time sharpshooters in the woods in front kept up a most annoying fire. In danger of being driven back, the Twenty-fourth was sent to the support of the One Hundredth. The Twenty-fourth advanced across the railroad into the open field to the right of the One Hundredth. The two regiments then advanced and drove the enemy back. In this affair both regiments behaved splendidly and suffered considerable loss, the One Hundredth New York losing twenty killed and wounded; the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, six, including one commissioned officer, Lieutenant Clough, killed by a sharpshooter. The regiments, holding their positions until dark, were ordered to fall back and establish a strong line of outposts for the night. This having been done on the line of the railroad, they were relieved at 11 p.m. by the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, and the two regiments, greatly fatigued and exhausted, bivouacked in the rain at midnight behind the captured fortifications.

At daylight in the morning of the 14th troops in two lines of battle, with skirmishers, were seen advancing against the left of the enemy's fortifications in the plain below. Colonel Otis, with his Tenth Connecticut, was sent forward to dis-

cover their character. They were soon discovered to be of Turner's division of the Tenth Army Corps. The right of the enemy's works having been captured by Terry's division, and his whole line turned, the enemy abandoned the left of his line in the night, falling back to his second line, and Turner and Smith took possession without opposition, except from skirmishers. The entire first line of the enemy's fortifications were thus secured. Terry's division was immediately put in motion and, descending into the valley, formed a junction with Turner. The Tenth Corps, thus united with the Eighteenth Corps upon the right, advanced to the attack of the second line of the enemy's fortifications. The Third Brigade being upon the extreme left of our lines was ordered to advance and commence the assault, expecting to take the enemy in flank and rear. The One Hundredth New York and Twenty-fourth Massachusetts were formed in first line, Tenth Connecticut in reserve. Charging front forward on my right and advancing, my left flank skirted a thick wood, from which the enemy's sharpshooters began seriously to annoy my line. Colonel Osborn was ordered to throw a company of skirmishers into the woods. This company was supported by one from the Tenth Connecticut. These companies failing to accomplish the object immediately, Colonel Otis was ordered with six companies of his regiment to clear the woods of the enemy, and to find out and to report his exact position upon my left, supporting his skirmishers with the balance of his regiment. Colonel Otis soon reported that he had skirmished through the woods on both sides of the railroad and discovered that the enemy's fortifications extended 800 yards beyond my left, that the front was flanked by two strong redoubts upon commanding ground, above which were two lines of rifle-pits. Reporting these facts to General Terry, he, with Major Brooks of General Gillmore's staff, reconnoitered the position in person. Positions were selected for artillery, and Langdon's and the First Connecticut batteries were brought up and put into position. At the same time, to protect the gunner from the enemy's sharpshooters, the skirmishers of the brigade were ordered to advance and drive the enemy into his works. It was now one half past two p.m., and a battle of skirmishers commenced along our whole line, which lasted till past eleven at night. Company after company, from each regiment, was sent to reinforce the skirmish line, until scarcely one was left in reserve. Our

skirmishers took and held a line within 200 yards of the enemy's fortifications, repelling charge after charge, and finally compelling the enemy to hide himself behind his works, and thus for the most part during daylight keeping down his fire. At half past ten p.m. was repulsed the heaviest and most determined assault of the day. The last reserve of the Twenty-fourth and One Hundredth had come up. All were well in position with replenished ammunition, when a cloud of rebel skirmishers was discovered stealing upon our lines. They were allowed to approach within thirty yards, when the rebel commander giving the order, "Rally by platoons," charged with a yell. His "platoons" were annihilated by the close and rapid fire of the One Hundredth, Twenty-fourth and Tenth, delivered with deadly aim in the bright moonlight. There was no more firing on that line for the night. The loss of the brigade in this combat of the skirmishers was six commissioned officers and eighty-four enlisted men. At 11 p.m. my three regiments at the front were relieved and bivouacked in the wood a short distance in the rear.

Sunday, the 15th, was comparatively quiet, the brigade losing but one man during the day, but the impression seemed general that a serious attack by the enemy was impending. The usual preparations were made in the Third Brigade; sixty rounds of cartridges per man and two days' cooked rations were supplied. The teams which came up at night with camp and garrison equipage were not unloaded, but sent to the rear. On the morning of the 16th the brigade was under arms at 3.30. The attack commenced by picket firing on the right, opposite our communications, at 4.30 a.m., and soon after raged with great violence. I was ordered by General Terry to advance my regiments to the open space in front of my camps, forming line on the left of the Second Brigade. The One Hundredth New York and Twenty-fourth Massachusetts were formed in line as directed; the Tenth was held in reserve. The Eleventh Maine had been sent to the left of the railroad the night before to occupy the works upon the heights captured by us on the 13th.

Soon after these dispositions had been made, I received information from General R. S. Foster, chief of staff to the corps commander, that a charge was to be made upon the enemy's works by our whole force from right to left, which I was to be prepared for. The One Hundredth New York was formed in first line, the Twenty-fourth in the second, and the

Tenth Connecticut in reserve. The first line was advanced to the ploughed field, within about 500 yards of the enemy's works. At 7.45 a.m., the right of our lines being hotly engaged, I received an order from General Terry to "push forward a strong chain of skirmishers vigorously and impress the enemy, if possible, with the idea that we are about to make an attack, the other brigade commanders having the same orders." The One Hundredth New York was immediately advanced across into the open space into the slashing, within one hundred yards of the enemy's fortifications, and were at once hotly engaged. The Twenty-fourth was advanced to the position vacated by the One Hundredth, and the Tenth was similarly advanced. In case the charge was ordered, the One Hundredth was to go in to the enemy's intrenchments, followed by the Twenty-fourth, and the Tenth would advance to the slashing as a support.

Three assaults in force were made upon the lines of the second and third brigades, but were repulsed with great loss to the enemy. The brigade held this position, the front line fighting constantly until 9.15 a.m., when I was ordered by General Terry to "leave a strong line of skirmishers in my front, then fall back and form my regiments in the open field back of me, not letting the enemy see the movement." At this time six companies of the One Hundredth were in the slashing as skirmishers, four companies at the edge of it as support. Not being certain as to the meaning of the order, whether the field in the rear of my *position,* or the field in rear of my *camp* was intended, I left the Twenty-fourth and moved with the Tenth through the wood into the field in rear of my *camp,* supposing the right was to be reinforced, at the same time sending to the General for instructions. I soon received orders to move the Twenty-fourth by the right flank into the same field, keeping close with the Second Brigade, which was executing the same movement. One of my staff was sent to conduct the Twenty-fourth. The Twenty-fourth had barely moved the length of its line when the enemy appeared in force, the skirmishers of the Second Brigade having suddenly retired. Pressed by a hot fire, Colonel Osborn was compelled to fall back in line, fighting through the camps and through a thick undergrowth, which, with a high fence he was compelled to pass, greatly disordered his line. In this condition, the enemy following closely, poured a most destructive fire into his ranks, killing two of his commis-

sioned officers and a number of his enlisted men. Under this fire, Colonel Osborn reformed his regiment and poured volley after volley upon the advancing enemy, driving him back in confusion. At the same time, the Tenth Connecticut formed nearly at right angles with the Twenty-fourth, on another side of the field, opened a cross fire upon the rebels, and in five minutes the whole square field and wood were cleared. It was here in repulsing the onset of the enemy that the loss of these two regiments mostly occurred.

Having conducted the Tenth to the rear along the left of the enemy's fortifications, captured by us two days before, and having notified my division commander, I rejoined the Twenty-fourth and One Hundredth, which had fallen back beyond the railroad. The Eleventh had been sent down the turnpike to report to General Ames. By order of General Gillmore, I conducted the Twenty-fourth and One Hundredth across the railroad, along the road to the rear of a new position taken by the General, to cover the retreat, and occupied strongly by his artillery. Here, joined by the Tenth, the brigade was moved into the open field and halted, to allow General Turner's division to pass. Soon after I was ordered by General Butler to move forward to the pike on the double quick and form a junction, as I understood, with Smith's corps. About the same time I was ordered by General Terry to remain where I was until he could get his division together, and then to follow Turner's division.

The brigade was moved to the pike, thence to the open field near to Purdue's house, and formed in line of battle. After about two hours, I was ordered with two regiments (the Tenth and Twenty-fourth) to move to the front again to the Halfway House, and there take a position to cover the retreat. The regiments were posted, the Tenth on the left and the Twenty-fourth on the right of the road, and at right angles with it, supported on the road by two pieces of artillery and the Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers, Colonel Abbott. The enemy having got his pieces in position opened on us smartly with rifled guns and with splendid range. The two pieces of artillery limbered to the rear in the liveliest manner and were not seen again for the day. All our forces having retired, dispositions were made to retreat. Six companies of the Tenth were placed parallel with the road in the sunken way. Four companies were thrown to the rear some 200 yards and placed in position

to cover the retreat of the six companies. Soon after, by order of General Terry, the Seventh New Hampshire and the Twenty-fourth were retired, when the enemy made his appearance in front of the Tenth, but were kept at a distance by its fire, and the Tenth was retired without losing a man, except a few slightly wounded, including one commissioned officer.

Retiring to Purdue's, I was directed by the General to move with my brigade and the Thirty-ninth Illinois Volunteers and take post at the junction leading from the pike to our intrenchments, leaving the Twenty-fourth with him to bring up the rear. The regiments were posted at the junction, where they remained till sunset, when all our forces had passed and the Tenth took the post of rear guard, reaching camp about 9 p.m. The losses of the brigade this day amounted to seven commissioned officers and 232 enlisted men, the One Hundredth New York suffering most. The regiment had the front as skirmishers. When the other regiments of the brigade were moved to the right, as was supposed, to support it, the One Hundredth was left at the front as a strong line of skirmishers in obedience to the following order:

Headquarters 1st Division, Tenth Army Corps,
In the Field, May 16th, 1864.

Colonel Plaisted:

Leave a strong line of skirmishers in your front, then fall back and form your regiments in the open field back of you.

Don't let the enemy see your movement.

[Signed] A. H. TERRY,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

"Received at 9.15 a.m."

The Tenth Connecticut had barely reached the field indicated by General Terry, and the Twenty-fourth moved from its position, when the skirmish line upon the right of the One Hundredth giving way, the One Hundredth was overwhelmed by the enemy upon its front and flank, and this gallant regiment, refusing to retire without orders, suffered the loss so much to be regretted. Throughout the expedition, this regiment had the advance and, always willing and always ready, was the first and foremost in the fight and the

last to leave the field. Upon every occasion under its gallant commander, its conduct indeed was most creditable to itself and the great State it represents. Great credit is due to Colonel Dandy and the One Hundredth New York Volunteers for the admirable manner in which they performed every duty. Of the Tenth and Twenty-fourth, I hardly need say more than that they maintained the splendid reputation which they have hitherto borne. For steady and soldierly behavior under most trying circumstances—circumstances, too, entirely new to them, for never before were their backs turned to the enemy—they may have been equaled but not surpassed. Under a fire in which eighteen fell from the left of the Tenth in almost as many seconds, not a soldier of the regiment spoke a word or moved a heel from the alignment. Too much credit cannot possibly be accorded to the commanding officers of these regiments, Colonels Otis and Osborn, for their coolness and self-possession under fire, and the skillful manner in which they handled their commands.

The Eleventh Maine was under my command but a small portion of the time during the expedition. On picket when the expedition started, it was not in the flank movement of the 12th and 13th. Ordered up on the 13th it joined Turner's division and did excellent service on the right, charging the enemy on the 14th where others had failed, driving him inside of his fortifications, losing in this gallant charge of skirmishers fourteen killed and wounded, including one commissioned officer killed. It rejoined its brigade on the morning of the 15th. On the morning of the 16th it was sent by order of General Terry to reinforce General Ames on the pike, who was resisting the enemy's advance from the direction of Petersburg. Its conduct throughout was reported as being unexceptionable in every respect. Lieutenant-Colonel Spofford reports the loss of three officers and forty-seven men. In his official report he says: "It affords me pleasure to say that too much praise cannot be awarded to every man of my command during the time reported, recruits as well as veterans behaving coolly, nobly. If less distinguished in battle than some other regiments, it was from lack of opportunity only, not of courage or desire. Many expressed a strong wish to wade in while they lay in line of battle behind Smith's right while the enemy was pressing him back on the 16th."

The aggregate loss of the brigade, during four days' fight-

ing and skirmishing, was 402: 19 commissioned officers and 383 men. Five of the officers were killed: Lieutenant Brannon of the Eleventh Maine, Lieutenant Hoyt of the One Hundredth, and Lieutenants Clough, Rea and Adjutant Ward of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, intelligent and brave young men and accomplished officers, whose early deaths are indeed to be lamented. Not untimely their fall, for they fell at the post of duty in a great cause, and long will their memories be cherished by a grateful posterity. Nor alone will these be remembered, but the brave lads, too, who stood as stoutly for their country and died so gloriously. Let it be remembered as an instance of the heroic spirit animating them all that Private James Bean (Company I) of the Twenty-fourth, who fell in the retreat mortally wounded, waved his handkerchief to his comrades and, calling them back, said: "Here, take my gun and equipments, carry them away safely; never mind me, I have but a few moments to live."

To Captain Amory and Lieutenants Sellmar and Mason of my staff I return unqualified thanks for their faithful and efficient service during the four days' campaign. Bravely and with zeal they admirably performed every duty assigned them. Trusting that the conduct of the Third Brigade, Terry's division, Tenth Corps, in the late affair was such as to meet the approbation of my division commander, I have the honor to be, Captain, with great respect,

Your most obedient servant,

[Signed] H. M. PLAISTED,
Colonel Eleventh Maine, Commanding Third Brigade,
First Division, Tenth Army Corps.

—R. R., Vol. 51, Part 1, Supplement, p. 1241.

Casualties at Drewry's Bluff, May 14-16, 1864, in the Twenty-fourth.

Killed: Adjutant Charles G. Ward, Second Lieutenant Edgar Clough, Company F; Corporal John Robinson, Private John Sullivan, Company H; Privates James Bean, Jeremiah O'Brien, Company I; First Lieutenant Mason A. Rea, Privates John Griffith, Richard Orpin, Jas. W. Thurber, Edward S. West, Company K.

Wounded: Corporal Thomas Lynch, Privates Albert F.

Barnes, Wm. J. Bowes and David Hendrick, Company A; Private Charles Pittsley, Company B; Corporals Edward Fay, Edwin A. Moody, Privates Fred E. Eastland, Fabian A. Fortier, Erastus Howes, Thos. D. Tebbets, Company C; Private Barnard Freeman, Company D; Sergeant Geo. P. Small, Corporal Stephen F. Davis, Privates Daniel Burke, John B. Carey, Rich. Clifford, John Collins, Wm. Cook, Patrick Dugan, David Fitzpatrick, James Fosberry, James Herk, John Sullivan, Nathaniel Swett, Company E; Captain John N. Partridge, Privates Arthur Kemp, Dennis Owens, Nicholas Wherrity, Company F; Corporal John A. Robertson, Privates Fred S. Cummings, Michael McDermott, Company G; Sergeant Geo. W. Nichols, Private Philip Shope, Company H; Privates Artemas Adams, John Connors, Eugene McCarthy, Frank Todd, Michael Whelan, Company I.

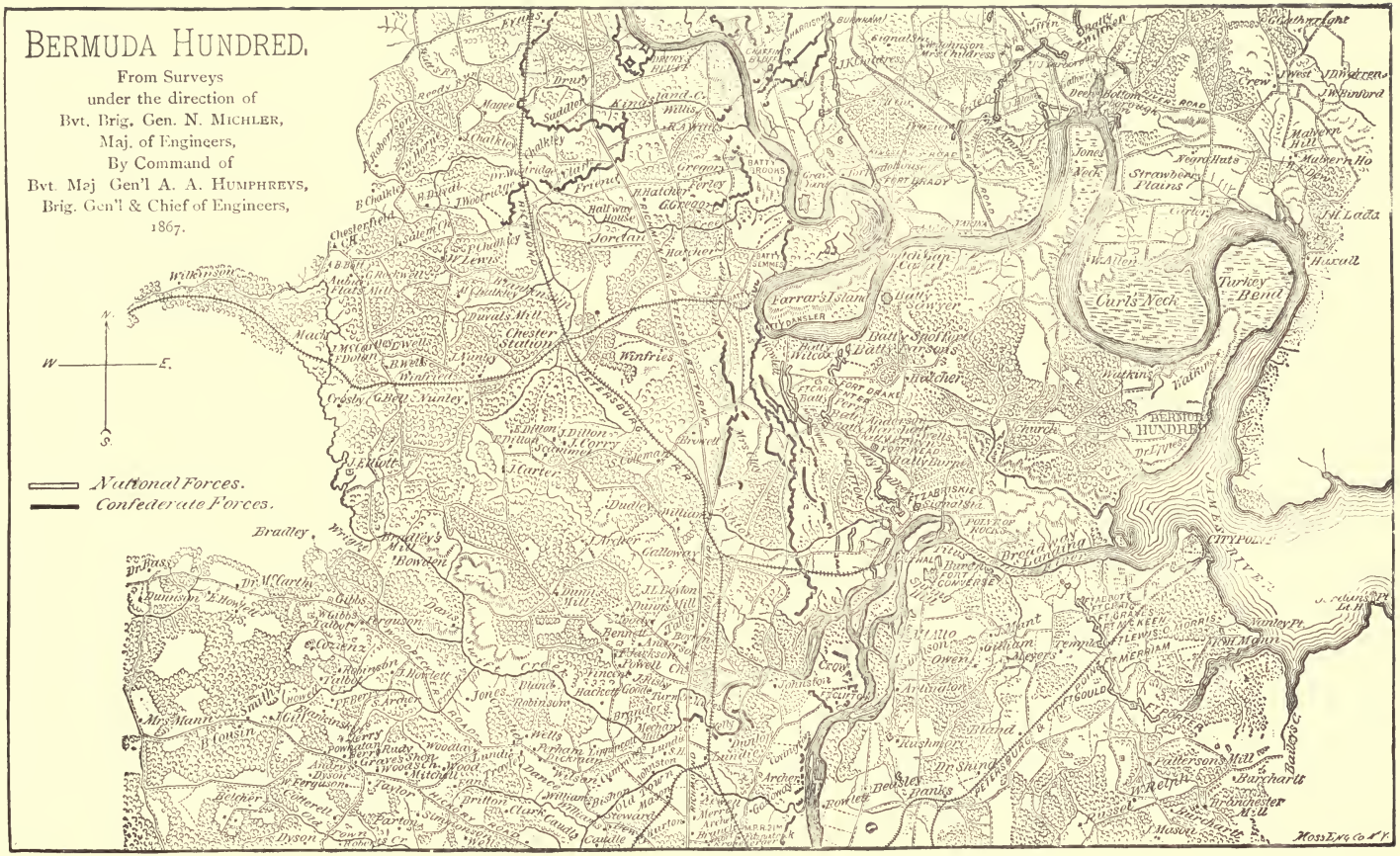
BERMUDA HUNDRED.

The 20th of May was marked with the usual amount of firing along the entire line, repeatedly calling the troops into position. There were several charges on our pickets, but all were repulsed. The most interesting item of the day was the capture of Confederate General Wm. S. Walker, who, in all his refulgent uniform, was taken prisoner, his horse having been shot under him. Colonel Osborn says: "He was second in rank and had assumed command, on the wounding of General Evans, who had had command of the attacking forces. The presence of two general officers so near the line of battle would seem to indicate that they thought they were fighting our entire force instead of merely the pickets." A Company G man writes: "Captain Richardson came riding to camp, wanting a stretcher for a rebel general just captured. The stretcher was sent and Brigadier-General Walker of South Carolina was brought in. The brigade rushed around to get a sight of him." Another said of the captured officer: "He was a rashly brave man. As many as 200 bullets were fired at him as he rode away in defiance of a summons to surren-

der. His horse fell dead, and he was wounded in head, thigh and foot." His leg was later amputated.* Plaisted's brigade was ordered out at 5 p.m., supposedly to support an attack on the pickets which they were receiving at the hands of the enemy, but it really was to go upon the picket-line itself. The Twenty-fourth relieved the Eighty-ninth New York on the extreme right and passed a very quiet night.

The 21st dawned beautifully, and Colonel Osborn was made officer of the day to relieve Colonel Dandy of the One Hundredth New York, who had been taken ill. The regiments were placed in the following order from the right: Twenty-fourth, Eleventh Maine, One Hundredth New York, and four companies of the Tenth Connecticut. Nearly all of the men were covered by rifle-pits. The enemy were watched as they threw up similar works not more than 200 yards distant. At 6.30 p.m., the Sixth Connecticut relieved the

*General Walker was captured by Company C of the Sixty-seventh Ohio Regiment, and there was an interesting sequel to the event in that, on the 24th day of the following September, General Wm. F. Bartlett, a New England Guardsman who received commission in the Twentieth Massachusetts and was captured at the Mine Explosion, was sent down the James in exchange for this same General Walker. The latter's wounds were severe, and he too, like Bartlett, had lost a leg. In 1884, while visiting in St. Augustine, Fla., E. B. Lyon of Dayton, Ohio, a veteran of Company K, Twenty-fourth, met a General Walker who was staying at the same hotel with the Yankee. Inquiry developed the fact that he was the subject of the incident of more than twenty years before. He was an entertaining story teller, held no rancor over the days of the war, saying that he had reached the lines only the day before from the South and while trying to learn the situation, and venturing too far, was summoned to surrender; when he wheeled about he was hit three times and sixteen bullets entered his horse. His intended attack of the afternoon was necessarily postponed. He still mourned the loss of his sword, a handsome one, which had become the personal trophy of Col. Alvin C. Voris of the 67th. His long brown beard of '64 had become short and gray in '84. He spoke in very grateful terms of the kind usage accorded him in the Union hospital. This incident of General Walker forms the burden of Col. John J. Craven's preface to his story of the imprisonment of Jeff Davis. Surgeon Craven, by the light of a bonfire, amputated General Walker's leg.



Kindness of Capt. Daniel Eldredge, Third N. H.

Twenty-fourth, and the Seventh Connecticut took a position further to the left. No casualties happened along our line during the day. At 11.30 p.m. there was an alarm at the pickets, with rapid firing all along the front, the batteries opening, the principal result being the explosion of a rebel caisson. Quiet followed. Sunday was once more a day of rest, and the 22d was spent in writing letters and resting, though a party for fatigue duty at the front was called for. Both rebel and Federals were anxious to make their respective lines so strong that neither one would be capable of going any further. It was from observations of the situation here that General John G. Barnard, whom Grant had sent down to report on the condition of affairs, used the figure of speech wherein he likened Butler's position to a bottle, the line of works extending from the James to the Appomattox being the cork which prevented the enemy's getting in, but the Confederate works were equally effective in keeping the Union forces from getting out. The appositeness of the illustration drew from General Grant the expression with reference to Butler's being "bottled up" at Bermuda Hundred. In his memoirs, Grant to all intents apologizes for his use of the figure.

May 23d is deserving of note, for on this day the Rev. E. E. Hale of Boston called on the Colonel and other friends. Though Dr. Hale had not then acquired his world-wide fame, he was known as a distinguished literary man. Possibly his "Man Without a Country," which had appeared in the December "Atlantic" of 1863, had not been generally circulated, yet it is fair to suppose that a regiment which possessed a private, who had brought his Greek Testament with him from the Boston Latin School, and professional man of note was by this time conversant with the greatest and best short story ever written in America. At any rate, the sight of his rugged face and the sound of his resonant voice were a pleasure to not a few of the Boston members of the regiment. It was on this day, also, that General Terry addressed a letter to Colonel Osborn as to the desirableness of less firing on the

picket-line. He directs that no firing whatever be allowed unless absolutely necessary, for the defense of the line or to prevent the enemy from erecting new works too near our lines. Late in the evening, 11 o'clock, came orders from General Gillmore, through General Terry, to push forward the picket-line, as there was a suspicion that the enemy was retiring. The Twenty-fourth had gone out at 5.30, and whatever the opinion of the officers, there was nothing to be done except to advance. "With the whole regiment, save one company, deployed, and the Tenth Connecticut being on the left in similar attitude, with the Seventh Connecticut for support, the line moved up somewhat after midnight. Finding the enemy in usual strength, we retired according to orders. The firing continued nearly an hour, the rebels evidently puzzled at our action, and to find out what it meant, repeated the act towards us and were themselves repulsed in turn."

Having thus felt of each other and finding neither absent, there was comparative quiet on picket, during the 24th, and the men had time to explore their surroundings. One man found the first ripe strawberries of the season, and with his tent-mates devoured them with relish, though without cream. As an illustration of the condition, along late in the afternoon, in front of A Company, a rebel came out and, holding up a paper in his hand, proposed to advance half way, apparently desiring to exchange Confederate with or for Union news. Lieutenant Shepard, however, had no nose for news at that moment and ordered him back. Relief came at 6 p.m. in the shape of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania and the Forty-eighth New York, Colonel Osborn passing his duties along to Colonel Strickland of the latter regiment. While the 25th was a quiet day, there was work for fatigue parties which were engaged in cutting, pointing and placing abatis in front of the breastworks. One party of tree cutters claimed to have thus cut down and captured a rebel sharpshooter who did not discover himself till the tree was top-

pling. He said he was after General Butler and him only, being anxious to secure the $1000 reward offered by the Confederates for his death or capture. At noon the men were called into line to hear an order from General Grant to the effect that he had crossed the North Anna River on his grand flanking movement toward Richmond.

May 26th was quite devoid of interest, the only item recorded being that tents were to be repitched and made more sanitary, but rain prevented. The coming of Northern papers only a day old is very satisfactory when compared with the long delays in news getting in the far Southern states. May 27th, at 6.30 p.m., the regiment went on picket again with the One Hundredth New York on the right, Colonel Dandy in command. On this day transportation arrived to convey the Eighteenth Corps to join the Army of the Potomac, thus "frustrating General Butler's plan to advance the next day against Petersburg."* The regiment came off the picket-line at 6 p.m. The 29th saw the departure of the Eighteenth Corps, and regimental headquarters received another call from the Rev. E. E. Hale, who was about to return North. The Glee Club gave him a specimen of their music. Much to the regret of all conversant with the fact, Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson sent in his resignation. Fatigue work for the men is still found in strengthening the fortifications.

Just to relieve the monotony on the 30th, as the regiment was going on picket late in the afternoon, indeed before the One Hundredth New York had been relieved, the Confederates opened a furious artillery fire on the pickets. On reaching the rifle-pits occupied by the pickets, it was found that one part of the line had departed quite too quickly, leaving this portion of the front entirely open. It was imme-

*General W. F. Smith's words to Dr. E. E. Hale, whose interest in the Twenty-fourth may have arisen in part from his personal friendship for Chaplain Willson, at whose installation he had preached. The noisy night of the 23d formed the basis for Dr. Hale's entertaining paper, "My First and Last Battle."

diately re-established by our men and quiet reigned through the night. By this attack of the enemy Privates George A. Slayton of Company I was instantly killed and Albert Taylor of D was slightly wounded. During the last day of the month, while the regiment was taking its dinner, the artillery attack of the previous night was repeated, though in this case without any mishap, the Union batteries replying vigorously. At 6 p.m. the Tenth Connecticut came out and relieved the Twenty-fourth. Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson having received an honorable discharge, bade his friends adieu and started for home. The exactions of an active campaign forbade a formal leave-taking of the regiment, but all, officers and men alike, conscious of the sorrow in his heart and home, mentally, if not verbally, wished him a hearty Godspeed and turned to their work of war once more.

The situation between the Union and rebel lines is very nicely expressed in the words of an observer, thus: "The Confederate works are so strong it would be folly for us to attack them, so our advance is effectually barred, while the rebels are in a similar position, for they would only dash themselves to pieces against our fortifications. Besides, they cannot go away, for they must remain to watch us. So we lie and glare at each other, and do nothing but skirmish a little on the picket-line. In all of those encounters they have thus far had the worst of it, and they are now disposed to remain quiet." Of the resignation of Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson, Colonel Osborn writes: "There is no officer whom it would pain me more to lose, for besides the confidence I feel in his ability is the attachment I have for him personally. He is kind, generous, truthful, and thoroughly reliable, and endears himself to everybody. He is very sorry to resign, but thinks it is his duty to his family to do so." In another letter the Colonel very graphically describes the situation as to the pickets, thus:

They are in the woods about half a mile in front of our works and, contrary to the usual practice, they have a line of

rifle-pits to lie in. These were not built by order, but were thrown up by the men in the course of events to protect themselves against the sudden assaults of the rebel pickets, who are very near. The rebels have done the same thing, so that the two lines lie within a hundred yards of each other. They seem to have come to a tacit agreement not to fire at each other, and latterly they have been very sociable. Their men have come half way from their lines to ours without arms, waving papers and tobacco, which they wish to exchange for our papers or for coffee. Many officers permit their men to meet them, to remain and converse, though I never do, as I think the principle a bad one. * * From the conversation of some of these men we learn of the presence of some of our old opponents in North Carolina. The Eighth North Carolina, which we captured at Roanoke Island, whose flag we took and sent to the State House, where it is now hanging, is about in front of our brigade. The Thirty-fifth North Carolina, which was at Newbern, and in whose tents we camped the night after the battle, are also here. * * The object of the rebel firing [on the 30th] was and remains a mystery. We can only account for it on the supposition that they were going to remove some of their artillery in the night, and made a display of it to cover the movement. Some of their pickets called out to ours, "You had better cover, Yanks, we are going to open on you." That was just before the firing commenced. I was just called from my writing to see two deserters from the Thirty-fourth Virginia, who have come in to my men. They are young fellows with full, fresh faces, bearing no signs of a meagre diet, good figures, and would be good looking if their hair had been cut and their clothes respectable.

It was in one of these paper exchanging incidents that drummer-boy Vining of K struck the enemy when he was not in a trading mood; result, a badly scared boy and a well perforated drum, though the latter has been a cherished relic these forty years and more.

June will not prove a very exciting month in the annals of the Twenty-fourth, since it will present little more than a repetition of picket duty and "turning out" to meet expected attacks of the enemy. June 1st the Confederates opened with their batteries early in the morning and repeated the act

at 11 p.m., but our guns did not reply. Of the events of this and the next day Colonel Osborn writes:

On Wednesday night [the 1st], the enemy opened upon us, but we, contrary to our custom, did not reply. The only thing which broke the stillness along our lines was the explosion of the enemy's shells. I thought that this would puzzle them, and induce them to make an attack in the morning to find out what our reserve indicated, and accordingly was not surprised to hear a heavy musket fire all along the picket-line at five the next morning. The rebels attacked with much vigor and pressed the pickets in front of our, Terry's, division back some distance, capturing some officers and men of the Seventh Connecticut. The change of line on the right was an advantage to us rather than an injury, so we adopted the new position, but on the left we retook the old one, as it seemed necessary, in our turn capturing many of the enemy. The regiment lay at the parapet all day. Having got started, there was heavy picket-firing all day and night. There seemed no reason for it, but it could not be stopped.

June 3d the picket-firing gradually ceased when daylight revealed the groundlessness of the apprehension. A flag of truce went out under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Plympton of the Third New Hampshire, accompanied by Colonel Osborn of the Twenty-fourth, conveying the body of Colonel Beaugler of a South Carolina regiment, who had been killed the day before. In the afternoon there came a similar body from the enemy, bringing letters from the officers captured on the 2d. The Confederates were exceedingly polite and conversed freely with the Union officers. Both expressed regrets over the noise of the night before and deprecated picket-firing. They asked what was the use of our fighting, since the South never could be subjugated. When Colonel Osborn asked what they meant by "subjugated," they were unable to give any satisfactory answer. Heavy firing is heard during the day in the direction of Richmond, both cannonading and musketry. It was a part of the dread engagements which made up the terrible aggregate of Cold Harbor. The

4th finds the regiment on picket with Major Hooper in command of the redan in front of Battery 1. The next day Companies A and H of the Twenty-fourth went out to help garrison Major Hooper's station, and twice during the day, by General Butler's command, the batteries opened on the rebels, "to see whether they were still there." A Richmond Examiner of the 4th brought into camp dilates on the affair of the 3d, claiming that the Union forces lost 6000 men and themselves 500, a report calculated to be believed only by the marines. A deserter who came in this morning seemed to have a pretty clear notion of things, for he said: "They tell us that Lee is beating Grant all the time, but Grant keeps getting nearer Richmond. I don't understand that."

Companies E and F went on picket at night the 6th, and the remainder of the regiment followed on the 7th. This was the day in which Corporal H. H. Manning reported to General Butler to undertake a personal scouting trip among the enemies. As his friend and comrade wrote: "He came to the picket-line about 1 p.m., bade us good-bye, and went outside of the lines as a scout." This was the beginning of the adventures which eventuated in the story of the "Captured Scout," Manning passing through a series of mishaps, whence his final escape appears wonderful. June 8th was the day of General Gillmore's reconnoissance toward Petersburg. We are told by General Butler in his book that he had intended to place the command in the hands of General E. W. Hinks, who was leading the colored troops of the Eighteenth Corps, but, at the request of Gillmore, the honor was conferred on him. He marched out and so did General Kautz of the cavalry division of Butler's forces, and the latter accomplished what he started to do, but, failing the co-operation of Gillmore, he and the latter returned with nothing substantial accomplished.

On this day also Colonel Osborn again records his feeling concerning General Stevenson and his impressions of his

character: "I feel General Stevenson's death very deeply, and yet I think I do not fully realize it. We have been associated so long and so intimately, and I have enjoyed his friendship so much, that I cannot bring it home to my mind that he is gone never to be seen on earth. He was a noble fellow and well deserved the praises that have been lavished upon him. He was straightforward and manly, with a tender heart, good principles, high moral courage, strong common sense, and a superior judgment. He was devoted to his duty and thoroughly reliable. With no greater love for the profession of arms than I have, yet he seemed to pursue it with a zeal that springs from a strong predilection. His social qualities were remarkable. I never met a man his equal for making and retaining friends, and this in all classes, whether superior or subordinate in rank, whether equal or inferior in education and social position. There was no one of my friends for whom I cherished a warmer affection, or in whom I had a more confiding trust. For counsel or aid, I would have applied to him unhesitatingly, sure of meeting the heartiest response."

In the same connection the Colonel gives this verbal picture of his camp life: "My tent has a fly spread in front of it, under which there is a table where the field and staff mess, where I write, and where most of the camp discussions are conducted. We take tea at seven; after that the band plays near by, and the officers begin to congregate. Just before dark the papers arrive and all gather eagerly around to get the latest news. Maps are brought out and the locality of the armies noted, while the points of difference between ours and the rebel papers are commented on. By the time we have squeezed the papers dry, Berry* appears with the letters and is assailed on all sides with, "Anything for me?" On the 9th there was the usual exchange of noisy courtesies between the opposing forces. Captain Partridge returned from his

*Charles H. Berry, Co. C, the efficient regimental postmaster during the whole term of service.

leave of absence, and at 3.30 the regiment resumed the picket-line. June 10th, by order of General Terry, Colonel Osborn was detailed to preside at a court martial to meet at General Terry's headquarters the next day.

Of these days Adjutant Camp of the Tenth Connecticut writes in a way to interest men of the Twenty-fourth: "The opposing pickets have been on the best of terms for the past few days. On Monday, the 13th, just before the firing commenced, the rebels at the outposts warned our men, 'Get into cover, boys, our guns are going to open right away!' and yesterday they called out to the men of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts that they had an ugly tempered officer as officer of the day, and very likely they would be ordered to fire on any Yankee whom they could see. 'But the first time,' said they, 'we'll fire high; after that you must look out.' Good-natured fellows, weren't they? Not such as you would care to kill on general principles,—only for special reasons." June 14th the troops that had been campaigning under Grant began crossing the James River, and for several days there was a stream of blue passing at right angles the tawny waters of the James. Repeatedly the regiment is called out to man the parapets during the night, which, with regular picket-duty, keeps the men from indolence.

WEIR BOTTOM CHURCH.

June 16th produced some variation in the regular routine. Early in the morning it was rumored that the enemy had abandoned their works and that our pickets had occupied them. Accordingly, the regiment fell in and marched out to the works. At our right was the Tenth Connecticut, its right resting on the Howlett House. On our left, Howell's and Hawley's brigades moved out beyond, with the Eleventh Maine in our rear at Weir Bottom Church. General Ames, coming down the line with the Ninth New Jersey and the Twenty-third Massachusetts, had orders to take one of General Plaisted's regiments and move out on our front, and Col-

onel Osborn was ordered to report to him, but the order was countermanded before it could be obeyed. Ames moved to the left with his two regiments and went forward. Companies E, G and I of the Twenty-fourth were sent out as skirmishers. There was some firing all day, but no indication of a heavy force. Meanwhile, General Turner went to the railroad and destroyed a mile and a half of track. At about 5 p.m. the firing ceased and the troops returned. It was known that Lee's army was passing our front on its way to Petersburg, a counter on Grant's passage of the James. The skirmishers of the Twenty-fourth were ordered in and then out again. We met the enemy's advance and engaged them and under orders retired, which we did as a line of skirmishers and formed in line back of the Eleventh Maine, which had thrown up rifle-pits at the church. The enemy attacked the formation, which was our original picket-line, but without success. The Twenty-fourth went on picket at the right, with the Thirty-ninth Illinois, Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania and Sixth Connecticut, Colonel Osborn being general officer of the day. There were three regiments in reserve, but at midnight they were ordered in. As directed by General Foster, chief of staff, the picket-line extended from the Weir Bottom Church to a point in front of and to the left of Battery No. 6, "and it must be maintained and held by us during the night and to-morrow, if possible."

That part of the line occupied by the left of Colonel Howell's and in front of Colonel Hawley's entire command will be posted so as to occupy the line of the enemy's intrenchments as they were this morning or, in short, occupy the old picket-line of the 20th of May, keeping videttes well to the front along the entire line, and more especially in front of Colonel Hawley's line and the left of Colonel Howell's. All details necessary for you during the night to make your picket-line secure will be furnished on application to the brigade commanders, who have been notified to furnish them upon your requisition. The Seventh New Hampshire, Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, commander, was left by me

near the picket-line in front of Colonel Hawley's brigade, with instructions to take any position he might be assigned to by you or in your absence by his brigade commander. The firing on our right is the gunboats and our twenty-pound battery trying to shell the turnpike. Communicate direct to me at General Gillmore's old headquarters the importance of any firing or other matters that may occur to you on the line. All other troops, save those required by you on the picket-line, you will order into the intrenchments. Information this moment received makes it necessary to relieve all the pickets in front of each [brigade?] except one regiment. All the balance will be ordered into the intrenchments. You will, if the regiment on the line in front of any brigade is exceedingly small, see it filled to what would make an ordinary regiment. The instructions just received render it impossible for you to call on the brigade commanders. If you are attacked in force, you will hold your position as long as possible, and, if driven back, will stubbornly contest the ground till driven within the intrenchments.

At 4.30 the next morning General Foster sent a note to Colonel Osborn from Battery 3, stating that he had ordered Colonel Hawley to send a regiment to support the picket-line, and had also ordered Colonels Plaisted and Howell to each send a regiment through the sally-port ready to move to the support of the line. It would appear that there was need enough of support, for at daylight the enemy was upon our lines, but without success. At 4 p.m., they came again and forced back the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania and the Thirty-ninth Illinois, leaving the left flank of the Twenty-fourth, which was on the right at Weir Bottom Church, entirely exposed. The regiment held its position admirably for over half an hour, until the right flank of the Thirty-ninth Illinois was advanced to make a connection. Late in the day Colonel Osborn was relieved as general officer of the day by Colonel Otis of the Tenth Connecticut, and passed over to his own regiment, which was relieved by the Eleventh Maine at 10 p.m. and returned to camp. A realistic picture is drawn of the day by a private as follows:

"We suffered a great deal for water, since it was very warm and our faces were black with powder. Our guns were so hot they would almost blister our hands. The rebels got artillery on their left and gave us a good cross fire. We had to lie on the tops of our rifle-pits and a shell struck the one we were on. It knocked a splinter that was eight inches long and four inches wide, which hit me on the hip. If I had been standing up at the time, it would have gone through me. Lieutenant Williams was struck by a piece of shell. The regiment next to us fell back, but we gave three cheers and told them not to give back and they went in again. About 6 p.m. the Eleventh Maine came charging up through the woods and helped us till after dark, when they left to go on picket. They had not got a great ways when the rebs attacked us again for half an hour, when we were relieved and marched to camp, where I got a good drink of water the first thing, then I had some tea. I did not feel like eating anything. I had a good wash all over and changed my clothes and turned in, thankful to God for preserving my life." These boys from eastern Massachusetts could hardly have made more noise at home in celebrating Bunker Hill day than they made here on the banks of the James.

The work of the Third Brigade, First Division, Tenth Army Corps, June 16th, is thus given in the report of Colonel H. M. Plaisted, commander:

Three regiments of my command participated in the movement, viz., 24th Mass., Col. Osborn; 10th Conn., Colonel Otis, and the 11th Maine, Major Hill. My orders were to advance to the line of works abandoned by the enemy and there await further orders. The 10th Conn. advanced rapidly, and at 7.15 a.m. were in possession of the main line of rebel intrenchments in front of Ware Bottom Church, and thence to the James River. Skirmishers were advanced to the second line of rebel works, about 700 yards in the rear of the main line, driving the enemy's skirmishers therefrom. The regiment had more or less skirmishing from the start. It captured thirty-six prisoners, including three commissioned officers. I was directed by General Terry to hold the last of the

enemy's fortifications from Ware Bottom Church to the river, about three quarters of a mile, with my brigade, while Howell's and Hawley's Brigades and Ames's Division on our left advanced to destroy the railroad. Intrenching tools were sent for and the pioneers of the Brigade were ordered up. A banquette was constructed on the front of the enemy's works, thus shifting their front and turning them on the enemy. The abatis and fraise constructed by the enemy were removed and numerous rifle-pits and some "regular approaches" in rear of the line [now our front] leveled off. These approaches extended to the [enemy's] rear to the road running parallel with the enemy's fortifications and had the appearance of having been made the night before.

The 11th Maine was strongly intrenched at the Church and free communications opened for artillery from the church to and through the enemy's fortification. The 24th Mass. occupied the works in front of the church. The 10th Conn. was on the right of the 24th to the James River, strongly occupying three inclosed works, two near Howlett House and one on the road leading past the Church. During the afternoon, while the Brigades at the front were warmly engaged with the enemy, three companies of the 24th and three of the 10th were thrown forward to protect Howlett's right. Two companies of the 10th were posted on the "parallel road" a mile beyond his flank in the direction of Drewry's Bluff, with scouts still farther advanced. A portion of the 11th Maine was brought up to the main works to supply the place of these detachments. The two advanced brigades, after having been engaged with the enemy the most of the day, and in tearing up the railroad, were retired about 5 p.m. through my line to the rear, closely followed by the enemy's skirmishers. After skirmishing with the enemy for half an hour I retired my regiments by order of General Foster, forming them in two lines in the rear of the 11th Maine at the church. The enemy's line of skirmishers following closely, advanced boldly with yells upon the new line [the old picket line of May 20] held by the 11th and a portion of Howell's Brigade. The enemy were met by heavy volleys and driven back to their fortifications. There they were rallied and pressed forward again more cautiously. Lively skirmishing was kept up by the opposing lines until after sunset.

About sunset I was ordered by General Foster, commanding division, to retake with my brigade the enemy's fortifica-

tions at the Howlett House if practicable, for the purpose of destroying a big gun [columbiad] reported by deserters to have been buried there by the enemy. I reported to General Foster that I did not consider the enterprise practicable for the following reasons: The only practicable approach to the left of the enemy's fortifications was by the road past the Ware Bottom Church, by reason of the ravine extending from the river to the church. His point at the head of the ravine, some 250 yards only from the enemy's fortifications in front of the church, was more than 800 yards from the enemy's left near the Howlett House, to attack which directly would expose the attacking force to a flank fire at short range the whole distance. Hence, to carry the batteries at the Howlett House, I would be compelled first to carry the enemy's fortifications opposite the Church, and then his whole left to the river. In front of the church was a heavy enclosed work capable of holding several companies; near the Howlett house were two similar enclosed works, all of which were connected together by a strong chain of rifle-pits. That the fortifications were well manned I saw with my own eyes. Besides the strong line of skirmishers, a force of not less than four rebel regiments was seen to move into the intrenchments, which I would be compelled to carry. The order to make the attack was countermanded by General Foster and the brigade ordered to camp.

The casualties during the day in my command were few. A list of them has been sent in to your headquarters. More than satisfied with the conduct of every officer and soldier of my command, without exception or distinction, still I am pleased to mention specially Sergeant Sayres, Co. K, 10th Conn., who, with eight men, captured 26 prisoners, including two commissioned officers, in a body, and with three men, five prisoners with one commissioned officer. Having conducted his prisoners to the rear and delivered them to the provost-marshal, he returned to the front and asked permission with his three comrades to go in and see if he could not get "a few more of 'em before night."—R. R., Vol. XL, Part 1, p. 689.

BERMUDA HUNDRED.

June 18th was a pleasant day and the war proceeded just the same. The James River having been passed by the Army of the Potomac, the Sixth Corps, or two of its divisions, hav-

ing covered the crossing of the river upon the pontoons were ordered to man the defenses in front of Bermuda Hundred. At 4 p.m. the enemy attacked the pickets and again at 10 o'clock, the regiment being ordered out both times. The 19th being Sunday, there was a semblance of its recognition in that Chaplain Willson held a service at the redan in front of Battery 1, but there was none too much time for religious meetings, when there were only four hours intervening between the regiment's coming in from the breastworks at 2 p.m. and its going on picket at 6 o'clock. The Colonel mentions his finding medals of honor in his tent on his coming in and his distribution of the same. That portion of the Tenth Corps that had been out towards Petersburg returned and took the place of the Sixth Corps, which moved off toward the last named city.

June 19th troubles between Generals Butler and Gillmore culminated in the suspension of the latter from the command of the Tenth Corps, and the promotion of Brigadier-General W. T. H. Brooks, who had been in command of a division of the Eighteenth Corps. The same brigade and division conditions for the Twenty-fourth continue as heretofore. The 20th dawning in a dense fog, unusual vigilance was exercised with reference to the enemy, but he apparently was doing the same thing on his side of the line. At 1 o'clock p.m. the regiment came off picket, and at 5 o'clock, having received two days' rations and 100 rounds of ammunition, in light marching order, with all of Plaisted's brigade and a part of Howell's, the line of march was taken to Jones's Neck, some three miles below the camp. Here, after the arrival of pontoon boats, they were boarded, forty men to the boat, and propelled two miles away to

DEEP BOTTOM,

between Three and Four-mile Creeks, on the other side of the James. The peculiar name of the locality arises, it is said, from the great depth of the river here. Loads of shovels also

were sent with the men, and on arriving, at about midnight, the shovels were taken and used till daylight in constructing fortifications. There were a few moments for rest before 8 a.m., when the regiment was ordered out to support the picket and had to lie all day, 21st, in the hot sun. Still the boys might have fared worse, since they had a chance to sample whatever there was of food in the vicinity. Mulberries they found plentiful and delicious. The ripe cherries which nearby trees afforded they pronounced the best possible. At 6 p.m. the regiment returned to the river bank and bivouacked. A pontoon bridge has been laid across the river and the men enjoy the sight of troops, adapting their steps to its swaying motion.

The 22d of June affords a variety of occupations for the regiment, though fatigue duty may be classed as the principal one. Rabbits are run down and the bathing advantages of the river are utilized. Unfortunately, Austin Williams, a servant of Colonel Osborn, while swimming in the river is drowned, and his body, though sought for diligently, is not found till later. The story of the "pot of gold" was realized this day, when a man in the Tenth Connecticut, digging in fort-making, struck the pot containing, it was said, $5000. Thoughtlessly shouting out his astonishment he was speedily surrounded by others so eager to divide that the share of the finder hardly merited the adage, "Findin's is havin's." There is plenty of work for all of the men, with reports of heavy rebel forces near, constant picket firing and, above all, the gunboats are throwing shells in the direction of the enemy. Observing soldiers noted a steamer coming up the river, for which the pontoon bridge was separated that the vessel might pass through. When they heard the rumor that President Lincoln and General Grant were on board, they were extremely anxious to get a view of the Liberator. It was not for the Tenth Corps men to see him, but he did ride along the lines below Petersburg, and also visited the Eighteenth Corps that he might see the negro soldiers, by whom he was received with expressions akin to idolatry.

June 23d was scarcely more than a repetition of the day before, and at night the regiment relieved the Eleventh Maine on the left. During the 24th of June the exchange of shots between the artillery and the enemy continued without any apparent results. The regiment was directly interested in the transferral of its camp outfit from Bermuda Hundred, and the resumption of more comfortable camp life, while the heart of Colonel Osborn was gladdened by the finding of his mare, Madge, which had strayed off on the 21st in some man-

Pencil sketch by Lieut. J. M. Barnard, Co. G.

DEEP BOTTOM PONTOON BRIDGE.

ner. Diligent search for her had been made, but without success, till this day, when she was found in the keeping of Quartermaster Thompson, he having recovered her from the possession of a batteryman who was riding her, and she had already been branded with crossed cannon, significant of the branch of the service she was expected thereafter to serve in. Fortunately for the owner, the new possessor did not attempt to dispute possession, but dismounted and gave up at once. The horse of Lieutenant-Colonel Hooper strayed away at the same time, but of him no trace was found. This day, also, the body of the servant of the Colonel came to the surface of the water, near where it had gone down on the 22d. It was brought ashore and decently buried.

During the remaining days of June there is little variation in the rounds of digging and picket-duty. Company C goes below Four-mile Creek to construct fortifications and, later, Company A follows. The discovery of a well-filled ice-house on the estate of a nearby citizen is a boon fully appreciated by the soldiers, who are determined that none of its precious contents shall be wasted. On the last day of the month notifications were received of the promotions of Captain Richardson to be Major, Lieutenant Ordway to be Captain, Second Lieutenant Davis Foster to a First Lieutenancy. Also, the presence of Sutler Clark in camp convinces all observers that payday must be near.

From that 4th day of May, when Butler's army steamed away from Gloucester Point, and Meade's forces started across the Rapidan, there had been a period of almost uninterrupted activity. The enemy had been harried as never before. For eight weeks there had been nearly incessant marching and fighting, involving the loss among the Virginia Union troops of 70,000 men, fighting against great advantages of position or shelter which screened the enemy against losses proportionate to our own, yet the spirit of the soldiers was never higher, more determined than when the first of July found them with their lines extending from the north side of the James to the southwest of Petersburg. Unconsciously they were settling down to a siege to end only with the capture of the city and the complete undoing of the Rebellion. While the wild music of war was heard along the entire line, during the month of July set engagements were less common than earlier, that of the Mine, on the 30th, being the most conspicuous; there were well-earned intervals of rest. The campaign thus far had been strenuous enough to satisfy the most active and vigilant leader. The season was hot and dry almost beyond precedent. Till the 15th of July there had been no rain of any consequence for forty days; "the earth was so parched and baked that any movement raised a cloud of dust which nearly suffocated men and

horses, and revealed its existence, its strength and its destination to the ever-watchful foe." While of work there was no lack, of real fighting July brought very little to the ranks of the Twenty-fourth. Of the local situation the following notes from Colonel Osborn are a picture: "We get up pretty early here, for sometimes we turn out under arms at half past three a.m., and when we do not we are driven out of bed by the flies, which fill the tent and are most devoted in their attentions. In the dark they are quiet, but as soon as the sun begins to light and warm the tent, they commence their gambols, then good-bye to sleep."

The 4th is so quiet that very little mention is made of it in regimental annals. Company A returned from its service below Four-mile Creek, the camp was visited by a whirlwind, and the bands, far and near, tuned up in honor of the day, but otherwise the memorable July 4th had no recognition. The Navy and the batteries at Bermuda Hundred did their duty in firing national salutes, the latter shotting their guns, by General Butler's orders, but the Johnnies took no notice of the same, therein acting quite contrary to their custom. The nomination of General Gillmore to be Major-General, long hung up in the Senate, was about this time confirmed, and the announcement gave much pleasure among his friends in the Tenth Corps. Butler having heard from a deserter that the enemy contemplated attacking our lines in the morning of the 5th, the men were turned out at 3.30 a.m., but the attack did not take place. The location of the regiment when in camp is thus described by the Colonel:

We are encamped on a bluff about forty feet above the water, on a little plain stretching away to our left along the bank of the river, and bounded at some distance by a thick wood. In front of the camp the plain dips into a little valley, then undulating once or twice rises to a hill, a little higher than we are, upon which are our intrenchments. Beyond, another little valley and another rise to a level table-land, bounded at a mile distant by woods. Our pickets occupy this nearer edge of the table-land, resting at one point

at a house prettily situated, and surrounded by fine trees. There is another house on the left where we have cavalry videttes, at which we found an ice-house filled with indifferent ice, which has proved quite a luxury. The enemy's pickets are in the woods, about one and a half miles from the camp, but they are very quiet. The river is very pretty, winding in tortuous course through the high land, and enlivened by the presence of two and sometimes three gunboats and the constant passage of tugs and schooners. We cross on a pontoon bridge just below. * * Oh, the dust! It is pulverized so as to be almost impalpable, and rises at a breath. Wherever it touches, it leaves a yellow stain. We eat, drink and breathe it constantly. Morris Island was bad enough, but there the dust was sand, which shook off easily, and even seemed to cleanse one's clothes. St. Helena was horrible, but this is far worse. It is impossible to keep free from it and it deadens and almost destroys the sense of cleanliness.

Every journalist in the regiment recorded that on the 7th there was a rain of fifteen or twenty minutes, just enough to lay the dust for a brief time and to permit an unimpeded long breath. The 8th saw the departure for the North of Chaplain Willson, who had resigned on the 6th. Thenceforth the regiment was to be without the presence of a spiritual adviser. The Chaplain had held a high place in the regard of officers and men and all regretted his going away. Colonel Osborn relates that in one of the Virginia battles he saw the Chaplain moving up towards the front and asked him where he was going. "To the front," was the reply, he supposing that was his place. He was not seeking danger, but he did wish to be where duty demanded. July 9th, a memorable day to the men who were fighting the losing battle against Early at Monocacy for the salvation of Washington, there was at Deep Bottom only the regular order of things. News arrived this day of the sinking of the Alabama on the preceding 17th of June, and loyal hearts are set aglow by the tidings. The longer the men stay here the more they approve the judgment of the cavaliers, who made this their habitation, and, perhaps, some thoughful Yankee

wonders if he, too, would now be a rebel if his Pilgrim ancestors had really reached that part of Virginia for which the Mayflower sailed. Jamestown and Plymouth, transposed, would have changed the history of their respective settlers and their descendants. The fields about are covered with grain in the shock or standing. "The wheat is of very fine quality, as it should be, for it is near Haxall's mills, whose flour always has been famous. It is now ripe and the rebels have been harvesting it as rapidly as possible. We have sent out expeditions lately and destroyed as much of it as possible. It seems a great pity to burn large fields of this beautiful grain, but it is necessary to prevent its falling into the hands of the rebels, for we have not the means of bringing it away. For several days the smoke of vast fires has shrouded the heavens in all directions."

The Twenty-fourth and its old friends of the Tenth Connecticut are camped side by side on the banks of the James on the concave side of the curve, which at Deep Bottom becomes almost a circle. The regiment is on picket every third day, does fatigue duty the same, and rests the third. If men must be away from home in a military capacity, the present situation of the Twenty-fourth leaves little to be desired. A campfire incident of these days is recalled wherein a roguish drummer-boy noted the back of Adjutant Edmands as he stood by the fire, also a metal based cartridge. Yielding to the mischievous impulse, the lad kicked the cartridge into the fire and immediately turned over feigning sleep. The explosion came soon and the missile hit the Adjutant on the thumb. Turning instantly and, taking in the situation at once, he leaped over the fire and, administering a kick to the pretended sleeper, gave him a good lecture for his prank. Says the boy of long ago, "The kick hurt, but the lecture hurt worse, for I was very fond of Edmands, who lost his thumb-nail on account of my nonsense. I deeply repented of my foolish act."

From July 10th to the 15th inclusive, little of special

interest happened to the regiment encamped on the river banks. In that interval came much desired rain, rigid inspections, and the story of the narrow escape of the capital from capture at the hands of the Confederate General Early. The cutting of the railroad and telegraph lines between Philadelphia and Baltimore delayed considerably communications from the north. The 16th revealed a little rebel activity in that a Confederate battery at the head of Strawberry Plains opened on the Mendota, a gunboat lying off Four-mile Creek, killing and wounding several thereon and stirring up things at the headquarters of General Foster. Captain Bell of C with his company went out on a scout towards Malvern Hill to see if the enemy were constructing a battery where they were firing the day before. They went within one mile of the hill and brought back with them the only rebel, they said, that they had found, viz.: a little sucking pig. Also the day was notable for Deep Bottom in that Generals Grant and Butler visited the post, inspecting the works and the picket-line.

In his official report of the reconnoissance, Captain Bell says:

The command consisted of Company C, Twenty-fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. At dusk proceeded in pontoon boats to Curl's Neck, bivouacked at that place until 12 midnight, marched by the side of the banks of the river about half a mile beyond Maiden Hall Landing, thence took the road that crosses the plantations of Messrs. Allen and Taylor, being nearly a direct road from the river to Mr. Pickett's house near the Richmond road. At Pickett's house the road turns to the left, leading into the road to Richmond. I had proceeded three miles in this direction without meeting with any opposition or seeing any force of the enemy, when I came upon the pickets of the enemy on the Richmond road. My command having become much reduced in numbers, being compelled to station guards at the different cross-roads on the plantations, all of these cross-roads lead to some point on the Richmond road to the left. It being near daylight, deemed it extra hazardous to proceed further in such an open country with such a

small force, as the enemy could easily cut me off in my rear. I went within half or three-quarters of a mile of Malvern Hill; a thick woods covers the top of the hill; did not see any works of the enemy. The roads which I passed over were in good condition, the country level, many parts of it under cultivation, such as wheat and corn. Some of the wheat had been recently cut, I should judge during the night. Returned with command, arriving about 6 a.m.—R. R., Vol. 40, Part 3, p. 311.

Certain of the officers of the regiment were pleased to receive on the 17th a call from Colonel J. Cushing Edmands of the Thirty-second Massachusetts, but formerly First Sergeant in Company K, also a New England Guardsman. His regiment, continuously in the Army of the Potomac, Fifth Army Corps, had seen all of the service of the "Flanking Campaign," and the former Company K orderly had recently been advanced to the command of his regiment. With the prospect of a longer stay in camp, the men were ordered to cut boughs and thus try to ward off some of the fierce rays of the sun. This they did after considerable perspiring labor, and about the time their shades were up came the news that Colonel Osborn had received orders to move the camp over to the right of the Eleventh Maine, near the Bridge Head. The remarks of the weary shade-makers were decidedly forcible as they commented on the futility of earthly calculations, especially in army circles. The day had begun with a turn-out at 3 o'clock, under the impression, said to have come from General Grant, that the enemy was to make a concerted attack. The same hour for repairing to the works was observed on the 19th, but it was equally resultless. A mist prevailed at that hour and it gradually changed into a rain, but this did not prevent the striking of tents and the moving of the camp at 7 a.m. When the regiment went on picket at 4.30 p.m., the new camp was in order. The new location seemed better than the old one, being more free from dust, there being no great road near by. Of course the inseparable friends of the Tenth Connecticut moved at the same time.

On the 21st, in advancing the picket-line 200 yards, a few shots were drawn from the enemy, but, in the main, quiet reigned. The Eleventh Maine went across Four-mile Creek to Strawberry Plains on a scout. Colonel Plaisted has resumed command of the brigade, General Foster that of the division, and General Terry is at the head of the corps, General Brooks, who had been in command since June 18th, having resigned his commission on account of wounds. Twenty men of Company I, under Lieutenant Williams, were sent to the bluff below Four-mile Creek to report to the commanding officer. The men who remained in camp gave some time to the arranging of shades above their tents, though there was fatigue duty for the most of them in the construction of a new road. The 24th of July impressed itself on the memories of the men, since on that day Lieutenant-colonel Hooper, in an unguarded moment, was taken prisoner by the enemy. As field officer of the day he was making his rounds, attired in a new uniform, "as handsome a figure on horseback as I ever saw," says one observer. The lines had been somewhat changed since his previous tour of duty in that capacity, and an advanced picket, on the road leading towards the enemy, had been drawn in. The officer of the day whom he relieved had not notified him of the change, as he should have done, so Colonel Hooper rode out to inspect the picket, whom he expected to find in the former station, unconsciously passing out of our lines in so doing. Suddenly an officer and five men of the enemy appeared and compelled him to surrender. This was on the Malvern Hill road, and though the Colonel fired several shots, so his orderly reported, he was taken away by the foe, a rich prize to the impoverished rebels. For the men in camp, there was a dress-parade, the very first since leaving St. Augustine, five months before. All the men were in blouses and looked exceedingly rusty, but the line was steady. There were many recruits in the line, to whom the parade was their first, and many a glance to both right and left

was necessary to see if commands were properly executed. Changes in command were frequent at this time, since on the 23d Major-general D. B. Birney assumed command of the Tenth Corps, thus sending Generals Terry and Foster back to their former stations, and Colonel Plaisted to his regiment.

On the 25th, a brigade of the Nineteenth Corps having relieved the troops at Four-mile Creek, those stationed there, including Lieutenant Williams and his men of G Company, returned. The regiment went on picket. While the Eleventh Maine, on the 26th, supported by the Tenth Connecticut, was skirmishing through the woods along Deep Run, the Twenty-fourth was performing its duties nearer the camp. Efforts were made to deaden sound on the pontoon bridge by the spreading of stable litter thereon, evidently preparing for the passage of troops. General Sheridan appeared at the crossing for the purpose of a conference with General Foster. All that night the Second Corps and two divisions of Sheridan's cavalry corps were crossing the James River with the intent of attacking the enemy's left, and if the move should prove successful, of pushing briskly forward to seize Richmond itself. In this move, all of the troops were ordered under arms and the Twenty-fourth was advanced on the 27th to meet the enemy, going thus up to the Grover House and supporting a section of Rockwell's Battery. Companies K, A and D were thrown out on the picket-line.

It was during this day, July 27th, that one of the most remarkable coincidences in military annals developed. Let the record of an observer tell this part of the remarkable story: "A reb came in and gave himself up, was taken to the officer commanding the picket; one of our drummers recognized him and stepping up asked him if he were not McElhenny of Company F, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, who deserted at Newbern. He said that was his name and that he supposed his regiment was in South Carolina, and that he had been firing at our boys all day. He also said

that the enemy was coming down from Richmond 40,000 strong, and that we had better get out. The officer said he had heard enough from him and sent the fellow to General Foster." The wonder of the foregoing arises from the fact that, with more than 2,000 Union organizations then in existence, this poor wretch should have blundered into his own regiment where alone his recognition was possible. Major Stowits of the One Hundredth New York, describing the same event, writes: "While in the wood, a deserter came in from the rebel line in front. He wore a jaunty cap with a red band, and was dressed miscellaneously, as were the most of the enemy at that time. He looked pale and much excited. He inquired what troops are present. When told, he said, 'I am lost.' The regiment to which he formerly belonged was the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, and his own company from which he had deserted in North Carolina was supporting us, lying along a rail fence in our rear. He was at once recognized by the members of the company from which he had deserted. 'How are you, Frank?' was the salutation. * * * Had he come in on any other part of our line he would have been saved." The story in full of this remarkable incident is told in later pages.

At 4 p.m. the line was withdrawn and the pickets were re-established on their former posts. During the day Sergeant Wm. Jelly of Company K and Corporal John Minnahan of Company A were wounded. The next day, the 28th, at 1 p.m. another demonstration was made, the Twenty-fourth advancing its picket-line, and skirmished till 4.30 p.m., when, by order of General Foster, it was withdrawn. There was little opposition and no loss to the Twenty-fourth. Elsewhere there was considerable fighting, Sheridan's cavalry encountering Kershaw's division of the Confederates, driving it back with considerable loss, including 300 prisoners and two colors. The movements of these two days on the Union right seem to have been a part of Grant's tactics to mislead Lee as to his real intentions. Mott's division of the Second Corps was withdrawn to allow the

colored troops of the Eighteenth Corps to move towards Petersburg for readiness at the contemplated explosion of the Mine. So well did the scheme work, there was rapid massing of the Confederates on their left, but the purpose having been accomplished, the Second Corps was withdrawn in the night of the 29th, leaving only the original forces holding the works. The work of the regiment on the 29th was to dig rifle-pits in front of the camp of the One Hundredth New York.

July 30th was the day of the famous Mine explosion, when at 4.30 a.m., the result of months of digging was realized in the destruction of the rebel fort (Elliott's or Pegram's salient) and the advance of the Union forces, among them General Wm. F. Bartlett, who had received his preliminary training at Fort Independence with so many of the officers of the Twenty-fourth. Here on the banks of the James there is little activity, though just before 10 a.m. the regiment is ordered under arms, taking position in the works at the left of the redan. After a brief interval the men were dismissed. The alarm arose from the enemy's pushing forward some skirmishers under the impression that we had abandoned our works. This and the day following proved to be among the hottest of an exceedingly hot summer.

Again the theatre of war is returned to Petersburg, the greater part of the Confederate forces having moved off in that direction; still their side of the line is by no means deserted, as the Tenth Connecticut learned later in the afternoon of the 1st of August, when the enemy's pickets advanced with the customary yelling, only to be driven back by the ever vigilant men from the State of Yankee notions. "Then came the turn of our boys; and the complimentary yells, the hoots and the cock-crowing which followed them as they gave way and left the ground must have been soothing enough." In the camp of the Twenty-fourth, nothing took place more important than the fantastic punishment of sundry men who had straggled on their return from picket the day before. A private doing a

stunt of marching with his knapsack filled with earth is always an edifying spectacle. Nor was the 2d any more lively, its principal item being the arrival of a sutler, who evidently concluded there were sufficient probabilities of permanency to warrant his so doing. Some of the men felt themselves under particular obligations to the Sanitary Commission, through whose kindly offices many of them this day had canned tomatoes for dinner.

During these days exchange of newspapers was common, though we could not help noticing the cutting out, from the Confederate sheets, of all references to the Georgia campaign, making it look as though matters were not going their way in that part of the world. The sutler, to give his business a start, began issuing orders which many of the men were quick to take and as quickly turn into luxuries, and at the prices charged, it did not take long to dispose of a five or six dollar order, thus: cheese, 50 cents per pound; canned fruit, 80 cents a can; and butter at 60 cents a pound. In regimental annals, this was the day of the fire, when a Company D man, in destroying some cartridges, set fire to the shade leaves above his tent, the same being almost as inflammable as the powder itself. The fire swept through the street in short order, extending also to Company K and the band quarters. The occupants hardly had time to get out of their tents before they were consumed. Some of the men who carried valuables about with them, as watches, suffered considerable loss. The day's fatigue was the slashing of all the forest growth as far out as the picket-line. As usual some of the choppers were hurt by their own axes.

The approaching execution of McElhenny, the Company F deserter, excited a deal of interest on the 7th, for it was understood that he was to pay his forfeit the next day. One observer wrote: "I took a walk over to see him; he was shackled and six men stood guard over him. I remembered his countenance. He appeared to be anxious and could not keep still. He tried to control his feelings and to put on

an air of bravado. He was a hardened man." August 8th, according to all recorders, was notable in our history principally for the execution of McElhenny, the deserter. As the event is recounted at length elsewhere, its description is omitted here. Thence onward to the 12th, inclusive, there was little of note in the daily life of the regiment. Picket and fatigue followed each other; recruits were coming in to some extent, some of them mustered-out soldiers of old regiments, hence well-drilled veterans. Green corn was added to the soldier's cuisine and many of the men thought they might fare a great deal worse. Meanwhile, the constant pounding over towards Petersburg told them what Grant was doing there, and Butler was working hard on his Dutch-Gap Canal.

DEEP BOTTOM FIGHT.

More strenuous days were awaiting the Twenty-fourth, since Grant, acting on information that Lee had seriously weakened his left to reinforce Early in the Shenandoah Valley, had given orders to General Hancock, of the Second Corps, with his own corps and Gregg's cavalry, together with the Tenth Corps under General Birney, to threaten Richmond from the north side of the James. The instructions to Hancock were similar to those of the latter part of July, when he executed his former movement, except as to the manner of crossing the river. Great care was taken to conceal the movement and to give the impression that the troops were to be sent to Washington; indeed, among the officers and men of the Tenth Corps, the report was general that the capital or the Valley of Virginia was the goal of Birney's men. Of the regiment itself, it might be said that an impression of impending activity was widespread. While there were fatigue parties and a forenoon drill, it was understood that the preparing of four days' rations was ordered, and there was an assembling for drill in the afternoon, but the companies were dismissed. Extra ammuni-

tion was turned in, but before the day was done, men were ordered to have sixty rounds. In view of probable moving the tentmate of Henry Manning of Company G, who had undertaken General Butler's mission in the preceding June, bundled up and sent to his Warwick home the latter's Bible and album. The same tentmate writes: "The boys do not seem inclined to turn in this evening. They are sitting in squads, talking or are running about the camp." Another day was to bring enough of sorrow to men of the Tenth Army Corps. To crown all the incidents in connection with the Twenty-fourth Regiment, this day Colonel Osborn was ordered to take command of the Third Brigade, Second Division of the Tenth Corps. Remembering that Lieutenant-colonel Hooper was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and that the position of major had not been filled, it will be seen that the organization was decidedly short-handed at the beginning of a forward movement. The command of the regiment devolved upon Captain Maker of Company K. Meanwhile orders had been received that the regiment must be ready to move early in the morning of the 14th. A graphic picture of how the night of the 13th appeared is given by the historian of the Eleventh Maine in the following words:

In the night, a sultry one, with little air stirring anywhere, none at all in the woods, we could hear the rumble of artillery wagons crossing the bridges from the south shore, and the trampling of a host of cavalry horses as they took the same road. We could not tell by what bridge they were crossing. The sound was evidently deadened by hay which had been strewn over the bridge, but still the dull roar of artillery wheels and the clattering of iron-shod hoofs came clearly to our ears, and then after a time there was a continual screeching of boat whistles, indicating that a large number of steamers were gathering along our river front. What it meant we did not really know, but it seemed to many of us as if our dream of a stirring campaign in the Shenandoah Valley was to remain a dream. Still, some sturdily contended for a time that what we were hear-

ing was but the arrival of a relieving force. But as the artillery rolled, the horses tramped, and the whistles blew, it became plain to these even that the crossing was much too large for a mere relieving one. There could be but one other meaning—for we were alive to the signs of the times—and we went to sleep, those who did sleep, with the firm conviction that when we awoke, it would be to fall into line to learn what sort of soldiers occupied the rebeldom in our immediate front. The knowledge would cost, that we all knew; but what has a soldier to do with cost? Few if any of our soldiers let the prospect of a fight in the morning disturb their night's rest. Judging by reason and our experience, the next morning, it is more than probable that the pickets of the enemy were equally well informed of the prospects of the morning, for what we could hear so plainly could hardly escape their watchful attention. They not only heard and judged rightly, but they passed the word back to their line of battle.

General Humphreys says of this project:

The Second Corps was marched to City Point, and embarked on steamers which left City Point for the lower pontoon bridge at Deep Bottom at ten o'clock at night of the 13th of August. The cavalry and artillery went by land. It was expected that troops would have disembarked, and the movement have begun by daylight, but the steamers were not adapted to the transportation of troops, and, owing to the shoal water, could not run near enough to the shore, and the tide was ebbing. This caused delay and it was nine o'clock in the morning of the 14th before the corps had disembarked. The plan of operations was for Mott (Third Division, Second Corps) to move on the river road [New Market], and drive the enemy into his intrenched line behind Bailey's Creek, and beyond it if practicable. General Barlow with the First and Second Divisions [Second Corps] was to move to Mott's right and assault the enemy's lines near the Jennings House [in the vicinity of Fussell's Mills], Gregg with his cavalry to cover the right flank. General Barlow was to attack the enemy's right near the pontoon bridge above the mouth of Bailey's Creek, and if successful was to move up the Kingsland, Varina and Mill roads, all of which are near the river bank.

Humphreys further remarks that if all of this could have been carried out, the enemy's intrenchments would have been turned and we should have had possession of Chapin's Bluff, the works of which, with those of Drewry's Bluff, were the chief fortifications guarding the river approach to Richmond. But the number of Confederates sent to the assistance of Early had been overstated, only Kershaw's division having been withdrawn, and its absence had been made good by the arrival of reinforcements from Lee's right. From the foregoing it is readily seen that it was no surprise to the enemy when the Union lines advanced; on the contrary, with their accustomed vigilance, the Confederates were up and stirring as early as our own soldiers. The 14th of August was Sunday, as were so many of the fighting days during the war. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when the men were turned out to get their rations and to take their places in line. Every man was in light marching order, being stripped to the least possible weight of outfit. Already those in command had received the order from General Foster, "You will charge the enemy's line at daybreak." Let one who was there, a private in the ranks, tell how the advance appeared to him:

Our company (I) was on the left, and we rushed forward; we bore off to the left, while the regiment had a tendency to the right. There were rifle-pits in front of us, and as we neared one of them a human figure began to unfold itself above its edge. Seemingly it grew to be the tallest man I had ever seen. He had been down to load, but I had the drop on him. 'Surrender!' I yelled in my heaviest tones, and he obeyed, coming out of his lair. As he did so, I extended my hand, saying, 'How are you, Johnny?' and he took it, saying, 'How are you, bub?' a reflection on my stature that made me wish to shoot him then anyway. He was a member of a Georgia regiment, and passed on to the rear. Everybody was running his best to first reach the rebel works, just in front of us, and, as I could see, the race narrowed to Tom Carroll and Sam Reed, who were neck and neck as they cleared the works, both being in the air at the same moment. One of

the most active in this frenzied rush was Jack Sweeney, the man who interrupted General Terry's speech. By his alertness, energy and prowess he had gathered in half a dozen prisoners, when he was himself toppled over by a shot in his leg. Managing to balance himself on his remaining member, he took a farewell shot at the rebs and crawled towards the rear, getting one of the boys to stop the flow of blood by the use of a silk handkerchief as a tourniquet. On reaching the field hospital he was told that his leg would have to come off and the surgeon was about to administer chloroform. "No, sir," says the brave fellow, "just give me a drink of whiskey and I'll stand it with my eyes open." He got his drink. "Now another," says he, and, with the two drinks promised by his General, he saw his own leg taken off without a flinch or murmur.

This brilliant dash of the Twenty-fourth is thus mentioned in the story of the Eleventh Maine: "Then came a lull in the fighting, during which the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts came marching up in double column and, reaching the skirmish line, took up the double-quick, sprang past us and, setting up a tremendous cheer, rushed on the enemy's intrenchments. But not alone; to the right and left, from the Tenth Connecticut and the Eleventh Maine, sounded the charging cry and the three regiments rushed on the enemy's line with such vigor as to break it instantly, and the rebels, surprised by the unexpected assault, fled to their main works, leaving some prisoners in our hands. We found stacked guns and the remains of a half-eaten breakfast behind the captured works, showing that the rebels had taken advantage of the lull in the fighting to break their fast, and that many of them were so panic-stricken as to leave everything behind them. Our men, breakfastless, snatched at the freshly cooked rations of bread, cooked in the peculiar southern style (in skillets covered with coals), and at the strips of fat bacon, and, while waiting for the arrival of their own cooks with baked beans and coffee, satisfied the sharp monitions of their healthy Yankee appetites with the captured food." The sorrow of the never-too-well-fed enemy, as

he contemplated his breakfast in the hands and stomachs of his foe, may better be imagined than described.

It will be remembered that the Tenth Connecticut was on the skirmish-line, and the following description, written by their gallant Major Camp, fits well into the present narrative:

There was a yell from the rebels in front; a louder crash of musketry. Our skirmishers stood fast, and drove back the advancing enemy, but on our left men came pouring back in panic. We helped their officers to rally them; the rebels dare not follow them up; the line was re-established, and the fight went on as before. This had lasted more than an hour when the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, which had been held in reserve, came marching up in double column; they were to charge through the dense woods upon the rifle-pits beyond. We had orders to follow and support them. They moved forward splendidly, with well-closed lines and steady step; they passed us a few rods, and the undergrowth hid them from sight. We came after in line of battle. Not very sleepy work, such an advance as that. Two or three minutes passed; the same irregular fire in front, and with a long tremendous cheer, the Twenty-fourth made their rush. Our boys needed no orders; a shout burst from every throat and the whole line dashed on. But instead of the fierce volleys we expected to meet, there, on reaching open ground, was the line of works deserted. The yell and the charge had been too much for the nerves of our friends in gray and, almost without another shot, they had turned and made the best of their way to the rear. It was a strong position and an attacking force might have been made to suffer a fearful loss. The Twenty-fourth took a number of prisoners—as contented and happy looking set of fellows as they marched off as I ever saw. No wonder!

The formal report of Captain Maker adds very little to the foregoing, but as a concise statement of the part borne by the regiment on the 14th, it is herewith presented:

I have the honor to report that the regimental line of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts was formed at about 4.30

o'clock on the morning of Sunday, August 14, 1864, and, according to orders from Brigadier-general R. S. Foster, immediately proceeded up the Deep Bottom road at double-quick to the edge of the woods, halted and awaited further orders. Soon after we proceeded a short distance up the road, filed into the woods on the left, and formed a line of battle in rear of the Tenth Connecticut and the First Maryland Cavalry [dismounted], with our right resting on the road, where we remained about an hour and a half. Orders were then received from Brigadier-general A. H. Terry to double column and fix bayonets. The regiment then made a charge [according to orders from Generals Terry and Foster] through the skirmishers of the Tenth Connecticut, driving the enemy from their position, and occupied their breastworks, capturing about fifty prisoners, and held the position till about 2 p.m., when orders were received to move by the right flank in concert with the Eleventh Maine, which was deployed as skirmishers on our right and front. After moving a considerable distance to the right, again halted, formed in line, with our right resting in rear of the left of the Eleventh Maine, and sent out two companies on the skirmish-line to fill the vacancy between the Eleventh and the First Maryland Cavalry. At 3.30 p.m., being exhausted from long sickness, I was unable to remain with the regiment and relinquished the command to Captain George W. Gardner.

Our loss up to this time was two men killed, one lieutenant and fourteen men wounded.—R. R., Vol. XLII, Part 1, p. 754.

Casualties at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864, in the Twenty-fourth: Killed—Pvt. John R. Oldham, Company B; Pvt. Patrick A. Mullen, Company H. Wounded—Pvts. Robert Bond, Cornelius Callahan, Company A; Corp. Wm. H. Bent, Pvt. Wm. Wyman, Company C; Pvt. Philip T. Greeley, Company D; Pvts. John Heafy, Michael Lyons, Henry Newberry, Company F; Pvts. Patrick Coyne, Edward Gladding, Company G; Pvts. John F. Doherty, James Field, Company H; Second Lieutenant Jarvis White, Pvt. John Sweeney, Company I; Pvt. Wm. McQuade, Company K.

Monday, August 15th, was a quiet day by comparison with the one before and that to follow. Captain Gardner says: "At 5 p.m., we moved out into the Kingsland road and remained till 11 p.m., when the march was resumed, and at 12.30 a.m. reached Strawberry Plains; formed line in rear of the Eleventh Maine and bivouacked for the night. Monday, August 15th, marched with the rest of the troops to the right at a point near Deep Run; formed line of battle on the left of the Eleventh Maine." The 14th had been a terribly hot day. It was usual in those times that a rainstorm should follow extreme heat, especially if there had been cannonading. These two requisites having been had in great abundance, it is no wonder that rain fell a great part of the night, and Monday dawned with a drizzling continuance. The men, so earnestly engaged the day before, were in reserve, while General Birney and those troops of his corps unengaged on the 14th, were searching for the Confederate left, his flank covered by Gregg's cavalry. The Second Corps held the line to the river, but Birney took so wide a circuit that he did not get into position before night. The companies of the Twenty-fourth that had been sent on picket the preceding afternoon and thence had gone back to camp, on this morning returned to the regiment, which was found some five miles away. The roads everywhere were filled with stragglers, but through all of them, men with a purpose were able to find their way; thus the cooks and supply wagons reached the regiment in bivouac, getting the rest that General Terry had promised them.

DEEP RUN.

If Monday, the 15th, was a day of rest, nothing of the sort could be said of the 16th, for that was to prove the most trying period of all the regiment's time of service. "Deep Run" or "Creek" was that day graven ineffaceably upon the memory of every survivor of the Twenty-fourth.

In general, the movement was a continuation of the effort to turn the Confederate left. In the language of General Humphreys, "Birney was ordered to attack on the 16th, and Gregg, with Miles' brigade of Barlow's division, to move up the Charles City road to divert the enemy's force from Birney. General Gregg advanced at an early hour to the vicinity of White's tavern (seven miles from Richmond), driving the enemy's advanced force of calvary before him, their commander, General Chambliss, being killed. At ten o'clock General Terry, with his division of Birney's corps and Craig's brigade of Mott's division, together with a brigade of colored troops commanded by Brigadier-general Wm. Birney, advanced against the enemy's works above Fussell's mill, and after a severe contest carried them, capturing three colors and between 200 and 300 prisoners from Wilcox's and Mahone's divisions. Colonel Craig, who had just returned to the army from an absence on account of wounds received during the campaign, was killed. The enemy soon retook their line, Birney retaining only the advanced line of pits, the picket-line. The wooded character of the country prevented personal examination by General Hancock, and it was some hours before he was fully informed of the state of affairs.

Captain George W. Gardner in his official report thus states the part sustained by the regiment:

At 5 a.m. Tuesday, August 16th, with the rest of the brigade, we moved to the right, being on the left of the Eleventh Maine. Formed line of battle; deployed two companies as skirmishers, right connecting with the Eleventh Maine, the left connecting with the Tenth Connecticut. The whole command then moved to the right; moved forward in line of battle through a thick pine woods, wheeling slowly to the left. About 10 a.m. the skirmishers encountered those of the enemy on the opposite side of a deep ravine; sent forward Companies H and K to reinforce the skirmish-line. After being engaged some time, moved forward, the skirmishers charging those of the enemy, driv-

ing them from their pits, capturing some 30 prisoners. Companies D and K being out of ammunition, were relieved by Companies C and G. The regiment then moved forward rapidly and found the enemy strongly posted in and on the opposite side of a deep ravine. The Eleventh Maine having charged and occupied a portion of the enemy's intrenchments, Companies C, H and E pushed forward at the same time, occupying a part of the same works on the left of the Eleventh Maine, capturing some 25 prisoners. The connection of the regiment with these companies being broken, moved by the right flank and established my line of battle, right resting on the Eleventh Maine and left in the ravine, one company [I] being thrown out to connect the left. This forward movement uncovered my left flank. At once sent word to General Foster, commanding the brigade, of the position of affairs on my left. Two companies of the Tenth Connecticut under Captain Goodyear were at once sent forward as a support to that part of my line. For a long time the regiment was exposed to a severe fire from the enemy, strongly posted, enfilading the ravine and breastworks he had abandoned. Several vigorous but unsuccessful assaults were made by the enemy for the recovery of the works from which they had been driven. The enemy being heavily reinforced, finally succeeded in compelling the troops on my right to retire. This necessitated the withdrawal of my command, which was done in comparatively good order, leaving but three or four men dead or severely wounded on the field. I at once formed line of battle on the opposite side of the ravine, rallying the men that had fallen back. Finding the troops on my left retiring, I faced my command about and marched in retreat about fifty yards and halted, reporting to the general commanding the brigade. The brigade line was immediately formed and moved forward to within a short distance of the position we previously held, throwing forward Company F as skirmishers. At 12 o'clock that night moved back and formed line, right resting on Colonel Hawley's brigade, in rear of intrenchments that had been thrown up, and bivouacked for the night. The list of casualties on the 16th was one officer, Lieutenant Jesse Williams, Company B, killed, and three wounded; sixteen enlisted men killed, seventy-nine wounded and twelve missing.

Incidents in the deploying to the left of Company I, as stated by Captain Gardner, are told by survivors. Sergeant O'Hearn, who had been ill and had just come up, was instantly killed. Blood is a deal thicker than water, as was evident when his old friend, Sergeant O'Brien, stooped over, saying, "Poor old chappie," quite heedless of the storm of bullets about him. His comrades pulled him down, he exclaiming as he dropped among them, "Thunderation!" his favorite expletive. In their ardor, the company was carried up to a point whence it could neither advance nor retreat without incurring great danger. It was here, close under the Confederate works, that a rebel officer stepped out and with a wave of his hand, said, "Surrender, boys, for we've got you." He had hardly uttered the words, when Dennis ("Chub") O'Connor, standing behind a tree, with a deadly aim, fired, and as the unfortunate rebel plunged forward, shouted: "Surrender yourself, G—d d——n ye," his act and words being received by his comrades with shouts and cheers. It was in this advanced position that several of the missing men were captured, and as they went into the enemy's hands, they waved a good-bye to those who had stopped short of their advance. During these days of incessant fighting one of the boys, mindful of the hereafter, was accustomed to start his daily duties with: "The Lord is good and the d——l ain't very bad," evidently intent on a happy issue either way.

Drummer-boy Vining of Company K had a novel experience in this engagement. In his capacity as a musician, he was carrying wounded from the field. With three other drummers he was returning from the field hospital when he saw an orderly, belonging to the First Mass. Cavalry, fall from his horse. He had been struck by a bullet on the cap-pouch of his revolver with sufficient force to dismount him, but, as it turned out, he was more scared than hurt. Vining knew the soldier and as he had a dispatch from General Foster to General Terry, the drummer essayed to carry it himself. Shorten-

ing the stirrups, he mounted and started, after locating Terry's headquarters flag. Somehow, he got off the road and ran into a rebel picket and was fired on, but he managed to get away and deliver his dispatch. On giving up his paper and explaining how he came by it, he was warmly complimented by the General, and some months later received from him a medal, now a precious memento of the event. As the volunteer orderly was growing faint one of the General's staff said, "Why, the boy is wounded," and, sure enough, blood was flowing freely from a wound in his left leg, but it proved to be nothing serious and he was soon about again.

Every man in the Twenty-fourth held his neighbors of the Tenth Connecticut in the highest esteem, and their regard was fully reciprocated. In one of the thrilling moments of this day, when the firing was most intense, indeed our own artillery, through some inadvertence, were dropping their shells among the men on the firing line, making a condition difficult for the stoutest of hearts to endure, some of the men started for the rear, thus leaving a gap on the line nearest the enemy. Said Major Camp, writing of the event: "Our boys sprang forward to fill as far as their thin line enabled them to, the vacancy, and with cool determination held the enemy at bay. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts stood firm on our right—New England Yankees every man; all this was like a flash. As the break commenced our officers rushed among the fugitives, seized them and flung them back to the front. I haven't worked so hard since the Worcester regatta." Chaplain Trumbull was one of the most conspicuous officers as, revolver in hand, he was doing his best to straighten things out, and saying: "Boys, there are places where a chaplain can fight." The boys rewarded his conduct with three vigorous cheers.

The duty of a soldier is to do and dare. Precious little does the man in the ranks know of the situation except in his immediate vicinity, hence the words written on the

field itself have special significance. A confirmed taker of notes, with his eyes and ears ever open, of this day remarks the pleasantness of the morning, the dispensing of coffee by the cooks, the falling-in of the regiment and the orders to march forward till they found something: "We threw out a line of skirmishers [Company D], and moved about half a mile, when the skirmishers were engaged. The Eleventh Maine and the Tenth Connecticut were on our right and left respectively. The Tenth Connecticut, after we had driven the rebels from their rifle-pits, charged the breastworks and were supported by the First Maryland Cavalry (dismounted). The Eleventh Maine got inside of the breastworks, but had to fall back. Next a brigade of negroes charged, and then Colonel Osborn's brigade charged and took the first line of works. Then we on the left charged and came up to the works. Our company, G, was sent out to relieve Company D on the skirmish-line just before the charge, and then we moved forward. We skirmishers got into the rebel works and were mixed up with the Eleventh Maine. The regiment soon came up and formed line. The rebs had a sharp cross-fire on us as we lay in the ditch in front of the first line of works. I had a rebel knapsack thrown over to me, which I opened and took out four plugs of tobacco, and stuffed them into the breast of my blouse. I took out a letter, too, and threw the knapsack back. I read the letter, which was from Georgia, for a private in the Third Georgia Regiment. I was not half through the letter, when I began to think how it would seem for me to be shot while reading this rebel missive. I had not more than finished it when a bullet pierced my left arm, grazed my breast and cut in two my cartridge belt. I thought I was shot through the breast, and I jumped to my feet and made for the rear, getting one of the boys to tie my towel around the arm above the wound. My store of tobacco fell out when I took off my equipments, and then I realized that the weed had

saved my life, for the plug had elevated my body just enough to prevent the bullet's passing through my breast instead of merely grazing it. The Indian weed surely did me a good service."

While close up to the scene of action, the regiment was not actively engaged during the subsequent movements of this "north-side-of-the-James" attempt to turn the Confederate left. Resuming the report of Captain Gardner, we read:

Wednesday, August 17th, the regiment was engaged in no operations. Second Lieutenant Wm. Thorne, Company F, was severely wounded by a chance shot from the enemy's works. [He died on the 20th.] Thursday, August 18th, the regiment took part in no operation during the day. At 6 p.m. the enemy made demonstration along our lines, driving in our pickets; suffered no casualties. At 11 p.m. moved out of the works by the right flank, leaving Captain Partridge, with thirty-two men of Company F, on picket, to be withdrawn by the officer of the day. Moved back and took position near the New Market road, under the direction of the brigadier-general commanding, in rear of the First Maryland Cavalry, and bivouacked for the night. Friday, August 19, the regiment took part in no operations. Saturday, August 20, the regiment moved out of the intrenchments at 6.30 p.m. and took up the line of march, reaching Strawberry Plain about midnight. Bivouacked behind the intrenchments and remained till 5 a.m., Sunday, August 21, when the march was resumed, arriving in camp at Deep Bottom at 5.30 a.m.

I deeply regret to report the loss of two valuable officers: Lieutenant Jesse Williams, killed instantly, and Lieutenant William Thorne, died from wounds. Three officers, Captain Edmands, Lieutenants Wilson and Hayward, are slightly wounded and will soon be able for duty. Lieutenant Sargent received a slight wound in the wrist, Sunday, August 14, that entirely disabled his right arm during the whole six days, but kept on duty with his company, and was not reported among the casualties.—R. R., Vol. 42, Part I, p. 754.

Of Lieutenant Sargent, one of his boys said: "He was

short and slight in figure, but if pure grit were pounds he would weigh a ton." Concerning Captain Edmands' wound Major Stowits, in his history of the One Hundredth New York, says, "The Adjutant of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts had his lips cut close to his teeth without breaking the enamel, a marvel of close shooting."

The report of General R. S. Foster, commanding the brigade, while a clear statement of the week's campaigning, adds little to the data already given. In the portions referring to the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, he says: "At 7.15, the 14th, I ordered a charge, which was gallantly made at 7.35 by the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts in column of division, supported by the other regiments of my command * * * driving the enemy out of three lines of rifle-pits and into the main line of intrenchment, across a deep ravine, with considerable loss, capturing about 100 prisoners, their dead and wounded and 200 small arms. * * * I desire to bear testimony to the gallant character of the troops comprising my command. * * * Captains Maker [who was forced by sickness to retire on the night of the 14th] and Gardner of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts [who subsequently commanded] deserve great credit for the manner in which they handled the regiment in the engagements in which they participated, both displaying all the qualifications requisite to competent commanders."

Casualties at Deep Run, Virginia, August 16, 1864: Killed—First Lieutenant Jesse S. Williams, Company B; Pvt. Charles Phipps, Company A; Corp. Wm. A. Phinny, Pvts. Henry A. Clark, Samuel B. Gray, Company C; Corp. Jos. H. Wyman, Company E; Lieut. William Thorne, Company F (died August 20); Pvt. John J. Ford, Company G; Sergeants Patrick Owens, Wm. H. Streeter, Pvt. George Clark, Company H; Sergeant Patrick O'Hearn, Pvts. Marcus Lyon, Marshall E. Smith, Company I.

Wounded—First Lieutenant Alex. Hayward, Corps. John J. Dickson, John C. Gillen, Pvts. Timothy Hassin, John McKown, Company A; Pvts. Frank Bumpus, L. S. Bumpus,

Thos. J. Greeley, Company B; Sergeant B. F. Stoddard, Corp. John McMahon, Pvts. Robert Johnson, Peter Powers, Company C; Sergeant Thos. D. Gammons, Corps. Alex. McWhirt, John W. Martin, Lewis E. Whitney, Pvts. Geo. W. Bliss, Hugh Costello, Wm. H. Dodge, Thos. Fanning, Daniel Murray, Asa B. Nute, Michael O'Connor, John T. Phelps, Wm. J. Phelps, Albert A. Taylor, Geo. W. Thomas, Company D; Corp. John O. Bond, Pvts. John Driscoll, Thos. Malcom, Company E; Corp. James J. Dow, Pvts. Robert Clark, Maurice Cronin, George R. King, Company F; Captain Thomas F. Edmands, Pvts. James D. Delva, George A. Howard, Frank Morrison, Company G; Sergeant Daniel Smith, Corp. Wm. A. Ford, Pvts. Oliver A. Kelley, Samuel Locke, John A. Lowell, Charles Lucas, Wm. Wrightington, Company H; First Lieutenant J. T. Wilson, Sergeant C. C. Dickinson, Pvts. Patrick Lines, John McCoy, Company I; Sergeant Henry K. Paul, Pvts. John W. Brown, H. F. Davis, Warren Haskell, James Holland, Thos. Horrigan, Thos. Mahony, Michael Mallady, Wm. Phillips, Jos. L. Sears, Company K.

During these stirring times we have missed the presence of Colonel Osborn of the Twenty-fourth, but he was giving a good account of himself, though obedience to orders had removed him from leading his own beloved regiment. Commanding the Third Brigade of the Second Division, it will be remembered that he left his regiment the day before the advance was ordered. That he was proud of the record made by his men is evident when he inscribes the following words to friends at home: "I hear the best accounts of my men. All agree in saying that they behaved nobly and fully maintained their reputation. * * * My brigade was in reserve all the morning (the 16th), and was moved about from place to place. At about noon, it was posted on the brow of a hill just behind a wood, and near some batteries. The bullets whistled about us occasionally, but as they were apparently stray shots and only wounded one man in the

first quarter of an hour, we paid no attention to them and ate our dinner tranquilly. A little later, the shots came faster and I told my orderly to move my horse a little to the rear, where she would be sheltered by the hill. Soon after, I got orders to move over to the right and to support Terry's division. I gave the command, 'Attention!' to the brigade and then walked back and called for my horse. While doing that I felt a blow apparently in the back of my head which knocked me down. I was immediately raised and examined. It was found that the ball had struck upon the cord of the left side of the neck and had not penetrated the skin. The shock, however, numbed me and gave a buzzing sensation. * * * I felt mortified to go to the rear without even a scratch, but there was no help for it. I consoled myself with the thought that it was better than a sunstroke, which at one time seemed likely." Colonel Osborn was unable to return to his brigade before the 21st.

In the night of the 21-22, the pickets were called in, light marching orders having been received, and at 1 o'clock a.m., the Eleventh Maine, Tenth Connecticut and the Twenty-fourth were started off on another movement, recrossing the James and taking the road leading to the Bermuda Hundred front. General Birney, commanding the Tenth Corps, had planned to assault the Howlett House Battery early in the morning of the 22d, and on account of the bravery shown by the brigade in the preceding days, to it was to be assigned the honor of leading the assaulting column. It was a fortunate thing for these devoted New Englanders that discretion instead of valor prevailed and the project was given up. While the trip savored somewhat of marching up the hill and then marching down again, there were many souls in the regiments that were quite content to keep soul and body together for a while at least. So back all went to Deep Bottom once more. August 24th, owing to the illness of General Turner, commanding the Second Division of the Tenth Corps, General R. S. Foster, so

long in command of the Third Brigade of the First Division, was transferred to Turner's position and Colonel Plaisted of the Eleventh Maine again assumed command of the brigade, a position he was to hold for the greater part of his subsequent stay in the service. On the same day came orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice.

PETERSBURG.

On the 25th, tents were struck, but the coming up of a shower gave the soldiers a taste of the power of Pluveus they would gladly have been spared, but Virginia rain was possible at almost any time. The next day, the 26th, negro troops of Paine's brigade (Eighteenth Corps) came in and relieved the Third, and at 4.30 p.m. the men who had inaugurated the Deep Bottom movement started away to take places in front of Petersburg lately held by the Eighteenth Corps. The march was a memorable one for its discomforts, most graphically pictured in the story of the Eleventh Maine:

The night was a dark and rainy one and the way lay through thick pine woods for some miles. The road was muddy and patched with puddles of water, lying in the ruts the heavy wagons had made. The line of march was a broken one, every man straying along as best he could, now stumbling through a pool of water, now running against a tree trunk. The grumbling and swearing can be imagined. We reached the Appomattox at Point of Rocks about eleven o'clock. By this time the rain was coming down in torrents. A wagon train was passing the bridge, so we had to lie down and wait its passage, during which, wet as we were, our tired men lay down on the muddy ground and napped as best they could. It was one o'clock before we started again. We crossed the bridge in the dark, guided across it by the flashes of lightning that now lit up the scene. The bridge was a long one, the Appomattox here running to wide swampy shores, across which the bridge was built from the high ground on each side of the river. After marching a few miles further, the storm grew to such violence and the

roads were in such a terrible condition that the order came to halt and to shelter ourselves as best we could. All we could do in the open ground we were in now, was to crouch down in the mud and to doze it out. We marched in the morning when the storm had cleared away, through a country of cleared plantations with abandoned houses and negro quarters. Petersburg was plainly in sight during a part of the march. We could see its encircling lines of earthworks, Confederate and Union. Indeed, everywhere we could see were earthworks, frowning guns and camps of soldiers.

About fifteen miles from Deep Bottom the outer line of works near Jerusalem Plank road was reached. The brigade was halted, and then in line of battle the men were marched up to the works, relieving the troops that marched out. Over our works could be plainly seen those of the enemy, nothing intervening. Evidently some of the artillerymen thought the new comers somewhat verdant, and they essayed some joking comments, which were answered in such a way as to convince the critics that men who had soldiered before Charleston knew what cannonading was. Near by was the crater, the scene of the terrible mine explosion of the preceding July, and those men interested in immediate history had a good chance to inspect one of the most remarkable cases of engineering in the whole course of the war. Here, during the remainder of August and till near the end of September, the Third Brigade was to learn what constant exposure meant. The tour of duty was something like this, again quoting from the record of our Maine friends: "One day of twenty-four hours, we would be on the picket-line in our front, placed along a run that intersected an exposed field, the enemy's picket-line lying on the other side of the same run. Here, in the head-high holes some of our predecessors had dug, we shivered through the night and boiled through the day, not daring to lift our heads above our rude earthworks till dark. Firing and observing were done through the rude embrasures, the banks of

earth before our picket-holes were pierced with. When relieved, always at night, and just after dark, we would fall back to the front line of works (batteries connected with infantry parapets), to remain there forty-eight hours. Then relieved by incoming pickets we would fall back to our camp and remain till morning, the next day being spent on fatigue duty. Then after another twenty-four hours spent in camp we went on picket again, going over the weary round."

At no time during the entire stay in front of Petersburg were the men off the danger-line, for even in camp they were hit by the enemy's missiles, and when lying in his tent a man might receive his death-stroke, but the picket-line was the particularly disagreeable place, on account of the constrained position, the heat of day, the cold of night and the character of food and drink the situation necessitated. The Twenty-fourth knew what impending danger was, for its men had been through the siege of Charleston, but there, when not close up to the parallels, they were in comparative safety. Then, too, every man on picket knew that if the enemy were to attack, so close were the lines, it meant certain death or captivity for him, since escape was clearly out of the question. During this Petersburg period while there were no charges either by the Federal or Confederate side, the incessant strain told upon the men and the mortality record was considerable, not to mention those who were wounded. No less than six men went thus to their deaths, Company D being particularly unfortunate, since three of its men lost their lives, while one each from A, E and I was recorded. The man of Company I who was shot on picket was George Gambol, and it was at the very end of the service here; just a few more days of risk and he might have gone hence with his fellows. The foeman who shot him had no idea of the discomforts the Yankee was suffering, and, when the latter essayed to drain out the water from his drenched rifle-pit, it was for his enemy to fire the

fatal shot. One of the Company D killed was Corporal Geo. W. McKean. His company was in line September 17th preparatory to going out, when a comrade, passing near him, said, "Whose turn is it to-night, George?" This in view of the frequent deaths on the picket-line. "I don't know, perhaps mine," was the reply. As the friend wrote in his journal, "You may imagine my feelings when his dead body was brought in. The turn surely was his."

Of course the days here were not without their incidents, some of them worthy of preservation. Thus when a cook of the Twenty-fourth, after long and patient care, had brought his beef-stew to a satisfactory condition and was lifting it from the fire preparatory to serving his hungry comrades, a vagrant shell from the rebel lines hit the kettle and dashed it to fragments, effectually ruining one fragrant repast. The picturesque profanity of that cook lingers yet in the memories of those who heard. Had he himself been struck, he would not have thought of swearing, but the dispersion of all his culinary efforts in this summary method was too much for his philosophy. Men grew callous to mere noise, and when permitted to sleep did so with a devotion never rivaled elsewhere, unless it were by the famous seven sleepers of old. James A. was a youth with a conscience which never troubled him, and when his stomach was well filled, and the call to duty did not ring in his ears, he could sleep on the verge of Vesuvius when in deepest convulsions. One night, the cannonading assumed proportions tremendous even for Petersburg; it seemed as though the whole earth were trembling under the terrible shocks. Apparently every other man in the regiment was out and, finally, someone missed the somewhat numerous James and fearing he might have been struck in his quarters he was sought, only to be found sleeping as peacefully as if in his own little bed in his quiet home.

No matter what the danger nor how great the weariness, men and boys must be amused, and it was in these days

that Yankee ingenuity suggested a leaden mortar, made by the soldiers themselves, whence with powder extracted from their cartridges, they would send up charges dampened and bullet laden, to disconcert the enemy, and, as the boys said, "keep them dodging," when the bullets rattled down among them. Again some of the younger soldiers essayed the old trick of boyhood with slings, and, à la David, threw leaden messengers among their Philistine foes, much to the surprise of the latter, who heard the hum of bullets, but did not detect the report of guns, until finally one curious Johnny sang out, "Say, Yank, what in h——l kind of guns have you 'uns got over there that don't make any noise?" A good instance of the cool indifference is told of a party of Twenty-fourth boys in the outer line of works, who were whiling away the tedious time with a game of cards, when a Confederate mortar-shell dropped just back of them, and, in its explosion, made an excavation like a cellar hole. The boys were on their faces in an instant and covered with dirt, but unhurt they scrambled up and, long before the smoke had cleared, an ardent youth was exclaiming, "What's trumps?"

There was not the least personal rancor between Reb and Yank. They exchanged leaden compliments as a matter of course, but when opportunity offered none could be more friendly than they. Of course it was not according to the rules of war, and for that matter the whole Rebellion was fought through in the face of no end of departure from time-honored notions of the old tacticians, but at times the men themselves, tired of so much shooting and constraint, would, as if by common consent, declare a brief truce and proceed to exchange papers, tobacco for coffee, and a score of other things dear to the respective parties. Then, as quickly as the armistice was begun, it would end and the trouble would begin again. It was in one of these intervals that a youngster, belonging to the One Hundredth New York, rushed into the camp of the Twenty-fourth, saying, "I want a gun,

let me have a gun quick, I want to shoot the d——d rebel,'' seemingly quite beside himself with rage. Of course he was prevented carrying out his attempt, and subsequent inquiries developed a bit of history that could be told of few countries other than ours. It appears that an elder brother of the young New Yorker had gone South, before the war, had married there, and had ardently espoused the secession cause. After a time he had been taken prisoner and on his way down the James or Potomac in a vessel, found his own brother, not the one of this incident, in a seriously wounded condition. Instead of the meeting that one would expect under such circumstances, the rebel so far forgot all sense of relationship and humanity as to exclaim, ''I'm d——d glad of it, I wish it had killed you.'' The Union man reached his home and told his folks of the meeting. The younger brother, a mere lad, in time found himself in the army, and on this day enjoying the truce which was on. There he met the secesh brother, again in the field, and it was the latter's exclamation, ''What, you here, you—(an expression reflecting on the virtue of their common mother)—,'' that so exasperated the boy. That he had provocation all must grant, but he was not allowed to gratify his feelings of resentment.

Never were the amenities of war carried to a greater extreme than along the lines in front of beleaguered Petersburg. Says one man, ''It was not an infrequent thing for us to meet in the corn-field in front of our works and I have taken the money of a rebel, found my way to the sutler and made purchases for him of things that he could not get in his own lines and the Johnny would give me a good piece of tobacco for doing it. At the same time, it was thoroughly realized that every tour of duty might be the last. Indeed, these instructions were given when the tour was begun, ''You might just as well consider yourselves dead, if an attack is made on you, for if one does come the line back of you will fire at once into you as well as upon the enemy.'' ''Hence,'' says one veteran, ''we sought out the most con-

venient places into which to stow ourselves if the Johnnies should manage to get inside of our immediate line." Yet when the enemy knew that the relief was coming, i. e., when the pickets were to change, there would be a cessation of firing as if by mutual consent.

Spear, a Company D note-taker, says of his surroundings: "I awoke early and, with true Yankee curiosity, peeped over our breastworks to see what was in front of us, and great was my astonishment to see the boys in blue and the boys in gray apparently as friendly as if there was no war; but it was only for a short time. An hour later had I looked over the bank, it might have cost me my head. The enemy comes to the same spring where we get water, which is between the lines. They are very sociable and are always ready for a trade with our men. In a moment's time, it may all be changed, and, without warning, they may open fire on each other. * * * We are quite near Petersburg, the churches etc., being in plain sight. It appears to be a pretty place. Yesterday, the church-bells were ringing and the people were going to church and that, too, under a continuous fire of shot and shell. At night the sight is grand, for the number of shells, seen overhead with their streams of fire trailing on behind like comets, make it a scene of wonderful grandeur, and still it is terrible when we think of the havoc caused by them. We are near the big gun called "Petersburg Express."

Perhaps Spear's notions of the nomination of McClellan for the Presidency in August, 1864, is a fair presentation of the average soldier's opinion, at the time, of the political situation: "McClellan was nominated at Chicago, on what is called a peace platform. Now, if I were in favor of stopping the war just where it is at the present time, give the rebels all they ask for, that is, return to them their slaves, pay their debts contracted during the war and, last but not least, allow them to secede from the Union, which last demand there was just as good reason for granting three

years ago as now, why, then I should vote for McClellan. If I am in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war to its bitter end no matter if it takes twenty years, then I am in favor of the election of Lincoln. Some of the politicians of the McClellan class speak of the war as a revolution, but I consider it simply as a rebellion that must be crushed out, even if it does cost millions of treasure and thousands of lives. I think Lincoln has done as well as any man could, and now that he knows how to run the ship, it is better to let him conduct her through the storm rather than to change, perhaps for the worse. I have a high opinion of McClellan as a military man, but I cannot vote for him for President."

It was during the stay in front of Petersburg that the expiration of service of the original officers began and the first to be mustered out were Captains Daland and Maker of Companies H and K respectively. They had rendered long and valuable service and were now to return to their homes for the rest they had so richly earned. Colonel Osborn, in his brigade headquarters, refers to their passing their last night before departure, that of September 2d, with him. Their going left only Captain Redding of the original captains still with his company, though Hooper of E and Richardson of G, as field officers, were still with the regiment, at least nominally. Major Richardson was discharged for disability September 23d, and on expiration of service Captain Redding of A was mustered out September 22d. The same month saw the end of the regimental life of Captains Bell of C, Nichols of D, Partridge of F and Folsom of E, either on expiration of service or for disability. While there were other men ready for their respective places, their going made a gap in the list of officers sad to behold. Death, transferral and promotion were making important changes in the personnel of the regiment, so long and so justly conspicuous for its discipline, readiness and determination. Enlisted men, also, who had fought the battles bravely, had finished their military course and had kept

their plighted faith, were going home, so that parade occasions, if by any chance such should be had, would reveal a different line from those of Readville, Annapolis and Newbern, yet the Twenty-fourth Regiment was still in the field and as ready as ever to give a good account of itself.

The abundance of artillery along the battlemented front at Petersburg made it possible and easy to fire adequate salutes over recurring Union victories. The occupation of Atlanta, September 2d, by the Twentieth Corps, under General Slocum, was the occasion of the firing of a shotted salute at midnight, Sunday, the 4th, and the rebel reply in kind only added to the din, but what was strangest of all, it seemed that no one was hurt, though all agreed that the noise exceeded any ever heard before. Again, in the morning of September 21st, in honor of Sheridan's signal victory at Winchester, when he sent Early "whirling up the valley," there were ten rounds of shotted guns fired at the enemy. A certain portion of the Union defense was locally known as Fort Hell, but when the whole front blazed with sulphurous flames, it would not have been inappropriate to dub the entire front with its Confederate vis-a-vis, "hell and damnation." Fort Sedgwick, otherwise "Fort Hell," was one of the scenes of fatigue duty for men of the Twenty-fourth. "Damnation," over on the other side, was the suggestive title given to Battery Mahone.

September 23d brought to an end the absence of Colonel Osborn from his regiment, since on that day, through the return of Colonel Bell of the Fourth New Hampshire and his resumption of his command, Colonel Osborn was relieved. The order of General Birney relieving Colonel Osborn bears date September 23d, and closes with these commendatory words:

"In relieving Colonel Osborn from that duty, the commanding General desires to express his approval of the zeal and ability with which Colonel Osborn has discharged the trust."

In the same connection, General R. S. Foster, commanding the division, says:

"In relieving Colonel Osborn, the Brigadier-general commanding takes great pleasure in testifying his appreciation of the able and energetic manner in which the affairs of the brigade have been administered by him, and takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to Colonel Osborn for his valuable services and co-operation while in command of the Third Brigade of the Second Division."

The Colonel returned just in time to receive orders for the Tenth Corps to be ready to be relieved at night by the Second Corps and to mass in rear of corps headquarters, and that night, the 24th, the men had the privilege of rest and sleep undisturbed by Confederate attentions. Though the order incorporated the idea of rest and reorganization, those familiar with the characteristics of General Grant were not surprised when, on the 28th, came orders to be ready to move at 3 p.m., but where? that was the question. Subsequently it was learned that Grant had determined to make another demonstration against the rebels' left, thinking it much weakened, and that a sudden assault by the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps, both of them familiar with the territory, accompanied by Kautz's Cavalry, might capture Chapin's Bluff and enter Richmond before Lee could hurry troops to its relief. If he did withdraw from his right in behalf of his left, he would thus leave an opening for Meade, of which the latter would not be slow to avail himself. General E. O. C. Ord had succeeded to the command of the Eighteenth Corps, and with his troops crossed at Alken's Landing, preparatory to assaulting the works near Chapin's Bluff, while Birney was to advance by the Newmarket road. But as our quest is specific rather than general, Colonel Osborn may tell the story of the part performed by his regiment in this movement:

DEEP BOTTOM.

We marched from our camp near Petersburg, Wednesday [28th], at 3 p.m., and after a long and very tedious tramp reached our old station at Deep Bottom at 2 o'clock in the morning of the 29th. We were allowed to sleep till half past three, when we started out for the front. We occupied a position on the flank, where there was no fighting. We soon had the satisfaction of hearing the cheers of our victorious men and then heard that we had carried the enemy's line and that they had left precipitately. The whole force then moved up towards Richmond, several miles by the Newmarket road. On the way a report was circulated that the Eighteenth Corps had captured Chapin's Bluff. I have not heard confirmation of it yet, but it looks probable. We reached more of the enemy's works before noon and the troops were placed in position to attack them, Terry's division in reserve. This attack was not successful. At 3 p.m. it was learned that Kautz's Cavalry, who had gone up on the Charles City road, were in sight of Richmond. General Birney, thinking they needed an infantry support, sent Terry's division. We marched up the Darbytown Turnpike until within three miles of the city, and in front of the main line of works, where we halted to find out about Kautz and his position. I rode to the head of the column and saw the dome of the Capitol. I was just going further forward to a position where I could get a better view of the city, when we were ordered to return. It seems that Kautz had gone off on his own hook and could not be found, so that the presence of the infantry was needless, hence General Birney ordered us back. It is generally believed that there is but a small force in and about the city, and that ten thousand men could have gone in there. Whether that is what Grant wants or not, I do not know. He has an admirable faculty of keeping his plans and wishes secret. We returned to our position near the works that had been attacked in the afternoon, and bivouacked there. I don't know what is to be done to-day. Now (7.30 a.m., the 30th) the troops are taking new positions and drawing rations. * * * The rebels must be in a very great strait for men when they leave their capital so weakly defended as we found it yesterday. * * * * The soil we are on now

and over which we passed yesterday has never before been trodden by a Union army, and I am happy to have been one of an army which first approached so near the doomed city. Richmond, I believe, can be ours at any time, but what we want is Lee's army, and that I think we shall get.

The simultaneous movement of General Ord and the Eighteenth Corps on the Union right had been successful. He had assaulted and after desperate fighting had taken Fort Harrison, subsequently to be known as Fort Burnham, in honor of the Union General, Hiram Burnham, killed in the assault, September 29th, and with it a number of cannon and many prisoners. General Ord was seriously wounded and the command of the corps devolved on General Charles A. Heckman. The efforts to gain the Confederate works nearer the river were defeated through the presence and activity of the enemy's gunboats. Also a similar attempt to capture Fort Gilmer on the Union right was repulsed through the heavy reinforcements which had been thrown in. So severe seemed the loss of Fort Harrison to the enemy that on the 30th he made strenuous efforts to recapture it, but without success. The failure to capture Fort Gilmer was a source of regret to General Grant, who had appeared on the scene, for its possession was essential to the command of the rebel defenses at Chapin's Bluff.

October 1st, General Terry reconnoitered to the right with a brigade, but the men of the Third Brigade, except the Tenth Connecticut, remained in their works, lengthening the line to cover the position held by the regiments now on the reconnoissance. The Tenth had been sent up to the front to oppose the sending of reinforcements against Terry. At night, the Connecticut men fell back to their old place, General Terry and his party having returned. This period of time is recalled by all interested as one of extreme discomfort, since the day before, rain had begun, and both officers and men were without shelter except for the blankets they carried. All night long the men suffered from the driving

rain, getting what rest they could in the mud, and wishfully looking for the morning, though that brought them no relief, for Chaplain Trumbull said it was only a change from a horizontal to a perpendicular bath. Several days were spent in strengthening the positions and in keeping a sharp outlook for the enemy, the latter making a demonstration on the 2d which seemed to indicate a determination to assault. Indeed almost every day brought some hostile movement from the Confederates, who, as it appeared later, were really feeling of the entire line, trying to find a place where they might make a breach. During these days, the baggage came up and with shelter tents the men were able to keep out a little of the weather. Deserters were constantly coming in and those of the 6th reported that an assault was projected for the 7th of the month.

DARBYTOWN ROAD.

Writing on the field itself at 1.30 p.m. of the 7th, Colonel Osborn says:

We are lying now in the woods, a little in the rear of the position which we have occupied for the past week, and having just repulsed with much slaughter a furious attack of the rebels, I have a breathing-spell, which I devote to writing. We knew last night that we should be attacked this morning and were surprised when an hour of daylight passed without any alarm. Between 6 and 7 o'clock we heard heavy firing on our extreme right, which was our most exposed point; as it increased and came nearer, our brigade was moved from its position to a point beyond the former right of the line, in order to prevent our being flanked. We marched on the road towards Deep Bottom about a mile, then marched in line of battle into the wood, about 500 yards, connecting with other troops already in position. This was at about 9.30 a.m. We lay there about an hour, during which the skirmishers in front were hotly engaged. After a while the firing became much heavier, and the bullets flew past us much more thickly, showing that the enemy had brought up a line of battle. Our skirmishers fell

back, at first slowly and then with a rush, breaking through my ranks, and then going to the rear. They were not my men. This did not, as I had feared, throw my men into any confusion; they stood quiet and waited coolly for my orders. I could see them watching my face eagerly, as men always do watch their commanding officer in battle, so I called for three cheers, which were given with a will. The enemy came in sight at this moment and we poured in a heavy fire, which drove them back. The fire was heavier on my left than on my immediate front. In a few moments firing broke out on my right, which did not connect immediately with anything, but the Tenth Connecticut, which lay a little in rear, welcomed so many of them to bloody graves that the rest retired with haste. Then we went to work to throw up a little breastwork to make our position more secure if they should charge again, and while the men are working, I write this line. Some prisoners were taken, among them a wounded officer of the Fifth South Carolina. They all agree that we slaughtered them fearfully. They say they have never met with so great a loss in any battle. My own regimental loss is small as yet, not more than half a dozen, of whom one [Merritt of I] was killed. Regiments on my left have suffered more severely. Orders have just come to advance.

3.45 p.m. We have advanced slowly a short distance without seeing the enemy, and are now waiting again. What we shall do next is not known. It is now said that the enemy are again trying to turn our right, but that story is subject to caution. It is a lovely day, clear and bright, with the sun just pleasantly warm, but not oppressive. I have as usual had reason to feel proud of the conduct of my men. They have been perfectly cool and steady, have attended to orders, and have obeyed them promptly and intelligently; I feel the utmost confidence in them, for I am satisfied they will always do their duty. I received orders yesterday assigning me to the command of a brigade. I did not like that and I accordingly asked General Birney to revoke the order, which he did.

8.30 a.m., October 8th. After writing the above we advanced about half a mile. The enemy had retreated, having utterly failed to accomplish his purpose and having met with considerable loss. They are said to have returned to Richmond. Lee was present, directing the movement in person. The affair came near being serious for us, for

the cavalry who guarded our right were driven back flying, and but for Terry's division, our communications would have been cut. Our division prolonged our right, met the rebels at every point and, as one of the prisoners said, they were "handsomely" foiled.

Thus far we have the story as it appeared to Colonel Osborn, writing during the progress of the fight. In the light of subsequent knowledge the following, abridged from the History of the Eleventh Maine, is apropos:

The right flank of our force (the Third Brigade held the extreme infantry position on that flank) was covered by Kautz's Cavalry. His position was on the Darbytown road at the Confederate line of intrenchments, which we had captured on September 29th, and between us stretched a swamp. He had 1700 men and two batteries. So threatening was his position that the greater part of two Confederate divisions, Field's and Hoke's with a cavalry force, moved out on the night of October 6th, and, at sunrise of the 7th, attacked Kautz on his front and right flank. He could not stand up against the attack and, in falling back through the swamp, by the narrow road crossing it, found the rebel cavalry there before him. Leaving them his eight guns, his men made a desperate attempt to get under the wing of our division, scouring the woods in flying groups. About as soon as the roar of the enemy's attack on Kautz came to our ears, the advance of the broken cavalry squadrons came dashing through the woods on our flank, riding recklessly through branches and copses. Almost immediately our division left its intrenchments on the double-quick, for a position at about a right angle to the one we had held.

Our brigade was moved down the Newmarket road in the direction of Deep Bottom for a mile and a half, when line of battle was formed near the junction of the Newmarket and Varina roads, and had moved forward a hundred yards or so, when we were fired upon by the enemy. We were now at right angles with our former position. Hawley's brigade was on our left. Skirmishers were thrown out, who were quickly and fiercely engaged. Heavy artillery firing was now heard on the line we had hurried from, and musketry firing came rolling down the line towards us as the enemy's skirmishers pressed along it to find the extreme

right of our line, which was held by our brigade. Having found it, the rebel commander prepared his assaulting column under cover of a strong skirmish attack. His line of skirmishers pressed forward closely to ours, and the rebel battalions formed for attack close to their skirmish-line, in order to lessen the distance over which they must rush. Thick woods were all around us, but, for some distance in our front, was clear of underbrush. Suddenly the roar of skirmishers in our front told us that they could see the rebel brigades in motion. Then skirmishers came flying back through the woods, and a yell broke out beyond them. Scarcely waiting for our men to get in, indeed some of them had to throw themselves on the ground and lie there during the engagement, we opened a furious fire on the rebels as they broke cover and swept forward with their fierce battle yell. Instantly the volleys opened on them and, amid a cloud of smoke, they pressed on, their battle flags flaunting and their officers urging them forward. Then on our left burst forth the roar of the seven-shooters of Hawley's brigade. Seven volleys in one! Flesh and blood could not stand such a cyclone of lead and the rebels stopped, broke and fell back to cover, leaving the woods piled with their dead and dying.

But they did not give up the attack. Once in shelter, they turned and opened a fierce fire upon us, their shower of bullets tearing through the woods in a whistling storm. A regiment at our extreme right had broken and fallen to the rear during the enemy's assault, leaving the flank entirely exposed. No effort was made to stop their retrograde movement, wasting no time on them, but the Tenth Connecticut, now on the flank, was called on to swing its right a little to the rear, and face the rebel line that was now seeking to move round our right flank. On the Tenth Connecticut, the Eleventh Maine and the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts now rested the fate of the day. The blood of the men was up. They had the enemy outside of his intrenchments, man to man for once, and although the three regiments were so sadly reduced by the casualties of the campaign that they could not have had more than 600 men in their brigade-line, they were strong in courage and ardor and had no thought of giving way.

Writing to his home of this engagement, Major Camp of the Tenth Connecticut said: "The men needed little in the

way of encouragement and orders—they knew just what to do, and did it. At the first fire the regiment on our right turned and fled. Our men saw it, knew that our flank was exposed, nothing there to hinder the immediate advance of the enemy. Nothing is so apt to shake men into a panic. Our men paid no other attention to it than to give a rousing cheer, just to show the enemy that they had no intention of giving ground, then turned steadily to their work. Each man stood fast. There was no random firing in the air, but rapid loading, cool aim, and shots that told. It was good to see such fighting. Those whom we met were no raw recruits. They fought well for a while, though unable to advance; they stood their ground. Broken once, they rallied at the urging of their officers, and once more tried to move forward through the fire that mowed them down. It was of no use; again thrown into confusion, they fell back, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. The three New England regiments of our brigade are as good men as ever fought."

The Eleventh Maine History remarks further: "The New England regiments of Plaisted's brigade were particularly proud of this victory, as it was won largely by their steadiness while outflanked and in the open field, man to man, without artillery on either side, and the men opposed to us were of Longstreet's famous corps. The loss of the enemy was very large. Among the killed was General John Greeg, commanding the Texas Brigade, a gallant commander, and General Bratton, of the South Carolina Brigade of Field's division, was wounded. Our own losses were not large. As the enemy disappeared in the forest, reinforcements came running up to our assistance. Scouts were immediately sent forward to ascertain whether the rebels had retreated or were forming for another attack. As they reported that the enemy seemed to be in full retreat, the brigades were moved forward rapidly over the battlefield, to press vigorously upon the enemy's rear, but the Confederates had retreated so rapidly that they were through the swamp and

on the Darbytown road before we could strike a blow. Retiring within their works, they resumed the defensive attitude, and this was the last Confederate assault made on the north side of the James."

An amusing incident of the morning is told of a Company I man, known among his fellows as "Commodore" O'Neil, and he was not much of a soldier who did not have his special nickname. O'Neil was on the skirmish-line and was doing his duty as he saw it. Owing to the heat of the day and that incident to his work, and excitement, he had laid his canteen and haversack at his feet. The rebels in their search for that weak spot were working from the left and were upon our soldier almost before he detected their presence. Saluted with a thundering "surrender!" he had started back on a run, but thinking of his forsaken possessions, he turned back and, like a modern baseball player making the home base, he "slid in," and as the Johnny was stooping to pick up the precious outfit of the "Commodore," the latter shouted, "Not by a d——d sight, them's mine!" he grabbed them and made good his escape amidst a rain of lead.

At nightfall, after this eventful day, position was taken near where the battle had been fought and intrenchments were thrown up, and, for the better part of a week, this work and the arranging of a camp claimed the attention of the men. Writing on the 11th of October, Colonel Osborn says: "Everything continues quiet; there are rumors of more troops to come here, and some are sanguine of the early capture of Richmond. The Tenth Connecticut soldiers are voting to-day, and the vote stands almost unanimous for Lincoln. That is the feeling of the whole army."

Casualties, Darbytown Road, October 7, 1864, in the Twenty-fourth. Killed—Pvts. Patrick Connolly, James O'Conor, Company K.

Wounded—Sergeant Charles H. Jones, Company A; Pvt. Jason L. Coffin, Company C; Corp. Charles W. Part-

ridge, Pvts. John C. Mahony, Houghton Tower, Charles B. Young, Company D; Pvt. E. W. Merritt, Company I; Pvt. John Hallows, Company K.

October 12th, soon after noon, the whole of the First Division, now under the command of General Adelbert Ames, General Terry having taken the place of Birney at the head of the corps, was ordered out. It was a reconnoissance in force, and at half past four the division passed out through the sally-port of the new works. On reaching the Cox farm, open ground before the works, it was learned that a flag of truce was up between the two armies, so the regiments marched back to their own lines. At 3 o'clock in the morning of the 13th, the men were called out again, and by 4 o'clock they were moving out of their works. The morning light was dim as the men strode on across the Cox farm, through the swamp and formed for attack on the Johnson plantation, where Kautz and his cavalry were again in position. Thence moving across the Darbytown road to the extensive plains lying between it and the Charles City road, the advance was begun. Chaplain Trumbull of the Tenth Connecticut writes in the following eloquent strain of the scene:

The morning was delightful. It was the opening of a bright October day. The air was clear and bracing. The first rays of the rising sun were reflected from one frosted surface of the wide-spreading grassy fields, and from the many hued forest-trees beyond, as the skirmishers of three brigades deployed, and moved in their wavy line, extending far to the right and left up towards the line of woods where the enemy's mounted videttes were distinctly seen. Mounted officers rode hither and thither. Corps, division and brigade flags were in sight. Long lines of infantry with flashing arms and waving standards were coming up by the flank or advancing in battle-front. Cavalry with rattling sabres and fluttering camp-colors clattered along the road, and the brilliant guidons of the artillery, yet far in the rear, signaled the approach of the rumbling batteries. The first line of skirmishers opened. The enemy's advanced line was easily

pressed back to his strongly intrenched position beyond the woods. For several hours the fighting was brisk between the opposing skirmishers, the main force halting in line of battle in close reserve. Pond's brigade, reinforced by the Tenth Connecticut, assaulted the enemy's works, but was repulsed and the entire force fell back and took position again behind the works.

It was during the foregoing assault that brave Major H. W. Camp of the Tenth, so often referred to in these pages, lost his life. There were few if any men in the Twenty-fourth who had not a warm place in their hearts for this splendid soldier. Years have not effaced the impression that he and his inseparable, Chaplain Trumbull, made on every one whom they met. After more than forty years it is no infrequent remark among the survivors of the Twenty-fourth, when the Connecticut Major is mentioned, "I tell you he was a dandy." David and Jonathan were not nearer to each other than the Major and his Chaplain, and of the death of his *alter ego*, the clergyman wrote, "Waving his sword, he called aloud cheerily, 'Come on, boys, come on!' then turned to the color sergeant, just emerging from the thicket, that he might rally the men on the regimental standard. As he did so, a bullet passed through his lungs and, as he fell on his side, he was pierced again and yet again by the thick-coming shot. His death was as by the lightning's stroke. His eyes scarce turned from their glance at the tattered, dear old flag ere they were closed to earth and opened again beyond the stars and their field of blue." Rifled and stripped of his outer garments, his body was hastily buried by the enemy, but under a flag of truce it was rendered back to his friends the following day, with expressions of regret at the indignities it had suffered. His personal diary, also taken at the time, was not returned till later, and the same formed the foundation of the charming story of the officer's career, prepared by his friend, Chaplain Trumbull, and called "The Knightly Soldier," and from which so many quotations have been taken for the embel-

lishment of this work. Of his nearest friend in the army, Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull, much if not all already expressed concerning the Major might be fittingly said. He appeared to be about all that a chaplain could be, and men of every regiment in the brigade never cease to chant his praise. He cared for the sick, and in the pursuit of his duties had not the least fear of the firing-line.*

Of the immediate part borne by the Twenty-fourth, Colonel Osborn, again writing from the field, says:

When I wrote you last from the field of battle, I was resting after the repulse of the enemy. Now as I write, the bullets are flying quite thickly, and our skirmishers, a short distance in front, are briskly engaged. Our line is in a dense wood. It is not engaged, but the balls reach and pass us and several have been wounded in the line. We are some distance in front of our fortifications, having moved out to attack the enemy. The day is a lovely one, with a bright sun and a cool wind. A heavy rain-fall of last night cooled the air. My writing is not very legible, for I am standing and leaning against a tree.

3 p.m. In camp; I have got back safely. The loss of the regiment in killed, wounded and missing is twenty-six, about ten per cent. of the number we took into the fight. The affair was a reconnoissance and developed what we wanted to know. At the conclusion, the enemy got some advantage of us and we retired with more loss than it should have cost us. Our troops charged a fort and were repulsed with heavy loss. This seems to have been unnecessary, as our object could have been obtained without it. That opinion may not be good for much, as I am not in so good a position to judge as the generals. My regiment was not in the charge. My men behaved splendidly as usual.

*The Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, as the long-time editor of the Sunday School Times, published in Philadelphia, won a reputation as wide as the nation. Eloquent in the pulpit, indefatigable in all ministrations for good, he was as useful in civil life as he had been in his military experience. His "Knightly Soldier" and his "Experiences of a Chaplain," both admirable books, constitute the only history of the Tenth Connecticut as yet written. Much to the sorrow of all friends and admirers, his life, ever devoted to the betterment of his fellow men, was closed by apoplexy, Dec. 8, 1903, at his home in Philadelphia, aged 73 years.

Though not in the charge so disastrous to the Tenth Connecticut, the Twenty-fourth had its full quota of exposure, as the record of five enlisted men killed, one commissioned officer and sixteen enlisted men wounded, with five men missing, clearly indicates. The skirmish-line is seldom a bower of ease, and the way men this day were served shows what was encountered. One of the survivors, long years afterwards, tells the tale of his comrade and himself dining off the meat found on a sow-belly piece of raw pork, and the jeers that Sam Reed, their comrade, indulged in at their expense; also of how Reed, whose hunger finally got the better of his repugnance, remarked, "After all, if there is any meat left, I'll just sample it;" and finding it edible said, " 'Tain't more'n half bad." Just forty years later one of the duet called upon his comrade, Henry Rogers of Worcester, and asked him if he remembered what they had to eat forty years before. The surprised veteran hesitated a moment, then with an exultant look exclaimed, "Pork, by thunder!" As the regiment was falling back and our artillery was playing over it, the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." The effect was electrical, the men began to cheer, halted and wanted to go back again, but hard-headed discretion prevailed over sentiment and valor.

The official report of Colonel Osborn for the 13th of October follows:

The regiment moved out of the camp with the rest of the brigade at 4 a.m., and marched to Gerhardt's house, near and north of the Darbytown pike. At this point it entered the woods in line of battle, marching parallel to the pike, having the Second Brigade on its left and the Eleventh Maine on its right. A strong skirmish-line was pushed forward under command of First Lieutenant John T. Wilson, which pressed back the enemy's skirmishers, driving them out of their rifle-pits and across a slashing to the woods beyond. My skirmishers immediately occupied the woods on the edge of the slashing, and were ordered to hold that position. This they did during the day, with the aid of reinforcements, although the fire of the enemy was very

much heavier than their own. The enemy appeared several times, as if about to advance, but were checked by the heavy and well-directed fire of my men. They seemed to occupy a strong line of earthworks, partially masked with bushes, and were in strong force in my front. At about 3 p.m., they charged partly across the slashing, and for a moment pushed back a part of my line about twenty yards, the line on their left flank having previously fallen back. They were speedily repulsed, however, and retired to their former position. At 3.30 p.m. I was ordered to withdraw my regiment to the open field near the Darbytown pike, where I formed in line with the other troops of the division. Shortly afterward the skirmishers were brought in by the colonel commanding, and the troops returned to camp. The companies composing the skirmish-line were I, C, K, F and part of B. They are deserving of high praise for their coolness and steadiness, exposed as they were to a musketry fire much heavier than their own at short range, together with an enfilading artillery fire, and having at times their left flank entirely exposed. Although I sent them reinforcements twice, at no time did they call for them nor intimate any doubt of their ability to hold their position. Company I bore the brunt of the affair, having been seven hours on the line and having sustained one half of the entire loss.

The following officers and men deserve honorable mention for gallant conduct: First Lieutenant John T. Wilson, who had command of the skirmish-line, and conducted it with great coolness and ability. In this he only maintained the character he has displayed during his whole connection with the regiment for the last three years; First Lieutenant F. H. Shepard, who was sent with reinforcements to the line in the afternoon; First Sergeant Frank B. DePeyster, Company C; Sergeant John E. Turner, Company I; Sergeant John Ryans, Company K; Corp. John W. Nelson, Company C; Pvt. Edward Parsons, Company C; Pvt. Nelson H. DeLane, Company I.

Casualties, Darbytown Road, October 13, 1864, in the Twenty-fourth. Killed—Corp. Henry Watson, Pvts. Artemas Adams, Simon Connor, Fred Young, Company I; Pvt. Jos. Gaskin, Company K.

Wounded—Pvt. Edward Charlton, Company A; Capt. Geo. W. Gardner, Pvts. Edward Carthy, John McCarthy,

Company B; Pvts. Victor Easland, John W. Nelson, Company C; Pvts. Jos. King, S. A. Snow, Timothy Sullivan, Company F; Pvt. Wm. Berresford, Company H; Pvts. Curtis Dickinson, James H. Jones, Wm. Keene, Geo. N. Maynard, Sylvester Stevens, Company I.

October 6th, General Butler had written to General Grant a letter of special significance to the Twenty-fourth Regiment and its commander. It was couched in the following terms: "I would recommend for promotion Colonel N. M. Curtis, One Hundred and Forty-second New York Volunteers, First Brigade, Second Division, Tenth A. C., and Colonel F. A. Osborn of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, Third Brigade, First Division, Tenth A. C. Both these gentlemen are and have been in command of brigades, and both distinguished themselves in the movements on the enemy's works near Newmarket." To this letter, General Grant appended the words, "Approved and respectfully forwarded, U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General." In the extended congratulatory order of General Butler, dated October 11th, he has these words: "Colonel F. A. Osborn, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, for gallant and meritorious services through the campaign, has been recommended by the commanding General for promotion."

October 16th, General Alfred H. Terry, commanding the Tenth Corps, writing to the Assistant Adjutant-general of the Army of the James, says: "The Twenty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers is a regiment whose history does great honor to the state which sent it to the field. For discipline and courage it has been equaled by few and surpassed by none of the regiments with which I have served. It is now very much reduced in numbers, and will be still further reduced on the expiration of the term of service of the men. I know of no prospect of its receiving recruits. It seems to me that it would be a misfortune that such a regiment should disappear, for I believe that one man placed in it, and imbued with its spirit would be of

more value than two men placed in many regiments, even among those which are called good.

"I earnestly desire that an effort should be made to fill its ranks, and for that purpose I recommend that Colonel F. A. Osborn be detailed to proceed to Massachusetts to confer with the local authorities, and take such measures to procure men as he may find to be best." This letter was endorsed by General Butler in the following words: "Approved and respectfully forwarded to the Gorvernor of Massachusetts with an expression of an ardent wish that the Twenty-fourth might be filled up. Colonel Osborn has thirty days' leave for this purpose."

Accordingly Colonel Osborn obtained his leave of absence on the 16th, going to the headquarters of General Butler in person, and then not forgetting to press the matter of the exchange of Lieutenant-colonel Hooper, still in the hands of the enemy. As the Colonel goes away, the command devolves on Captain Thomas F. Edmands. The Colonel takes his steamer for the North on the 17th, having as a fellow passenger Chaplain Trumbull of the Tenth Connecticut, who is on his way to Hartford with the body of the late Major H. W. Camp. Exchanging boats at Fortress Monroe, passage is taken for Baltimore. Captain George W. Gardner of Company B, who had been mustered out on the 14th, accompanied the Colonel on this homeward trip, which terminated on the 19th, in Boston, where Colonel Osborn made an immediate effort to find Governor Andrew, but he was absent from the State House. An interview, however, with Colonel King of the Governor's staff did not give any encouragement as to the possibility of securing men for the ranks of the depleted regiment. Leaving the Colonel in Boston, we return to his regiment, which was left in camp near the scenes of many attempts to force the lines of the enemy near the eastern confines of Richmond.

The later days of October brought with them colder weather, and the men were finding the camp provisions

hardly up to the comfort standard. The eternal vigilance essential to safety in the presence of an enemy kept the remaining members of the regiment busy, for there were always fatigue and picket duties to be performed, and the less the numbers ready for duty, the more frequent the turn of the one who could answer "here." On the 18th of the month, General D. B. Birney died in Philadelphia. Only a few days before he had been with his corps, but for some time he had been in failing health, to whose inroads he had been compelled to yield at last. The fourth son of James G. Birney, who had been the long-time standard bearer of the Liberty party, he was one of five brothers, all of whom had identified themselves with the suppression of the Rebellion. Three of these died in the service, a liberal gift of the Birney family to the cause which it had so long championed. A grandson of James G., and a namesake, also died of disease contracted in the service.

On the 19th, when Colonel Osborn was realizing the comforts of Boston and home, Sheridan and his followers were winning the signal victory at Cedar Creek, in the valley. The next day salvos of artillery all along the Union lines from right to left told the enemy what the boys in blue thought of the Shenandoah incident. There was still one more raid to be made by the Union right on the Confederate left. It was late in October. Again to cover a move on the South Side railroad, orders were given to get busy on the right, for it was not desirable that the enemy should have a chance to rush to the help of those hard pressed at the railroad. It was the 27th of October, when at daylight there was a movement from the works toward the Darbytown and Newmarket roads, with every appearance of purpose to assault them without any real intention of doing so. General Weitzel, still further to the right, in command of the Eighteenth Corps, was ordered to attempt to turn the rebel left. General Longstreet, in command of the left, had his affairs so well in hand that the efforts of Weitzel

met with disaster, and his troops were compelled to withdraw wet, muddy and completely discomfited, not reaching a place of safety till the following morning. Once more, on the 29th, the division was ordered out to capture certain picket-works on Johnson's plantation, whence Kautz was driven on the 7th. Accomplishing what was undertaken, the men returned and, for many members of the Third Brigade, active campaigning was ended. The terms of service of the original three years men who had not re-enlisted were expiring and they were soon to go home. On the return from the last reconnoissance, the Twenty-fourth went into camp in the vicinity of Four Mile Church, in the rear of the Union works, and here remained through the remainder of October, all of November, and to the 18th of December. Only the regular round of camp and garrison life was had, and the rest that came to the boys, not a few of them thought well-earned. A glance at the monthly report for the month of October gives a melancholy view of the numerical condition of a regiment that had had so many men upon its rolls, but now was scarcely more than the skeleton of its former self.

On the 31st of October, Captain Thomas F. Edmands, commanding the regiment, reported 8 commissioned officers present for duty, and 254 enlisted men. There were seven officers absent sick and "on leave," and 150 men were reported absent for similar reasons, while 30 were prisoners of war. Company B, the largest, had 46 men ready for duty, and E, the smallest, had 18. During the month, 102 had been discharged by reason of expiration of service, and the coming of recruits was very slow indeed; for the entire month only one man was reported. During November, the course of depletion continued, there being only three recruits, but 52 were mustered out through expiration of service, and enough others for sundry causes to bring the aggregate to 76, leaving less than 200 enlisted men for duty. The regiment was commanded by Albert Ordway, who had

been promoted Major. New commissions had been issued, so that the aggregate of officers was 17, but only a few of the originals remained. Lieutenant-colonel Hooper was still a prisoner of war, thus leaving only Major Ordway and Captain Edmands, the lonely survivors of that splendid array that left Boston in '61. Lieutenant Jas. M. Barnard, declining a captaincy, had been mustered out October 31st; Surgeon Samuel A. Green had followed November 3d, and the 14th of the month saw the end of the regimental life of Colonel Osborn, Adjutant Thomas M. Sweet, Lieutenant Parmenas E. Wheeler and John T. Wilson. Colonel Osborn did not return to the regiment after his departure in October. His own diary for November 14th has only the brief sentence: "Was mustered out of service by authority of General Butler, who was in New York." He had served several months beyond the time for which he was commissioned; the tedium of winter quarters had no charm for him; the call of home and family and provision for the future grew louder every day, so the Twenty-fourth, in service, saw him no more. Long acquaintance and common dangers had engendered mutual regard and respect. He had proved a brave and safe leader, his men the most reliable followers.

BERMUDA FRONT.

A very good illustration of the value of trained troops is recalled in the fact that, in the week of Thanksgiving, what there was left of the Twenty-fourth was ordered out, in light marching order, to proceed across the James, down to Bermuda Front, to retake a certain line of works which had been lost through the failures of a green regiment. To these experienced campaigners it seemed little more than a pleasure stroll, though at nightfall they missed sadly the comforts of tents and blankets. On their way to their destination they met a Committee of Congress, evidently study-

ing the situation. To the minds of the prankish soldiers, the highly colored visages of these statesmen were suggestive of extra high living, and the queries that were propounded to the distinguished gentlemen as to how their noses assumed their rubicund condition were provocative of more mirth among the quizzers than with the quizzed. On reaching the end of the trip, little difficulty was experienced in securing what they went for, but their astonishment was equaled only by that of the rebels, who also had performed a night feat and in the morning were found continuing the very line held by the Twenty-fourth, only facing in the opposite direction. By mutual consent, the relations through the day were amicable, and at night the enemy quietly withdrew. Remaining here till after Thanksgiving, the wagons had just brought up their baggage, when they were ordered back to their former camp, where they proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as industry and the situation would admit. For all the time intervening between then and now, veterans have lamented the pains they took to carry bricks from the underpinning of a barn on Spring Hill to work them into chimneys for the log huts in which they expected to spend the winter. As it generally happened, however, they had hardly more than finished their tasks when the command to repair to Bermuda Hundred drove them out from all their labors, and they had the mortification of seeing their choice habitations given up to some colored troops.

Their fourth Thanksgiving, somewhat delayed on account of the special duty at Bermuda Front, was observed on their getting back, with divers reflections on what the friends at home were thinking of their absent sons and brothers. December witnessed many changes in the personnel of the regiment. Four men had died, three of them from wounds; one man had been discharged to accept a commission in another organization, and 67 men had been mustered out at the expiration of their term of service, the conditions

of their enlistment in 1862 * being that their terms ended three years from the date of the muster-in of the organization, which took place December 4, '61. It began to look as though the Twenty-fourth could not survive much more depletion, since only 231 men were left ready for duty. The arrival of seven recruits was small compensation for so many departures. The leave-taking of the veterans, whose battles were over, was not formal. It was simply a case of folding their blankets and taking themselves hence, making their way home by the quickest route possible, content in most cases to let others fight the remaining battles, though some of them did again essay the army role. The companies were so small that in no instance do the December rolls indicate the existence of a second lieutenant, and of the captains, only Thomas F. Edmands was a commissioned officer at the start. Lieutenant B. F. Stoddard was adjutant and James Thompson quartermaster, though he was absent on detached service. Dr. Edward R. Wheeler, who had been mustered in December 2d. was the Surgeon, to remain in that capacity to the end. Still, the regimental form was maintained, since men on detached service, prisoners in the hands of the enemy and sick in hospital or at home, brought the aggregate membership up to 450 officers and men.

*This privilege was based on the following telegraphic correspondence between Boston and Washington :

Boston, July 21, 1862.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Sec. War, Washington.

Please authorize me to declare that all who enlist in old regiments will be mustered out with the regiments. This will help induce men preferring old corps, and this is what generals urge constantly.

John A. Andrew.

Washington, July 21st, 4.15 p.m.

Governor Andrew, Boston.

You are authorized to say that new recruits for old regiments will be mustered out with the regiment.

Edwin M. Stanton, Sec. War.

Under date June 13, 1864, it was decided by the War Department that men recruited under the foregoing order, between July 21, '62, and December 31, '62, should be mustered out with their regiments.

Other matters were ending also. The brigade in whose grand record the Twenty-fourth had borne so prominent a part was to be broken up, and on the first of November, its last commander, Colonel Harris M. Plaisted, issued the following order on the eve of his departure, with his regiment, for their homes in Maine. Those who had not re-enlisted were the ones to follow the Colonel on the triumphal trip homeward. Every one had won the right to his discharge through long and arduous service, and the men of the Twenty-fourth most heartily wished the "boys" from the Pine Tree State a "God-speed." The words of the Colonel's General Order No. 30 were long cherished by those who heard them and the printed form is yet in the possession of many a survivor of the old Third Brigade:

The Colonel commanding cannot take leave of his command, even temporarily, without giving expression of his respect and admiration for the brave men whom it has been his good fortune to command. While life shall last he will remember with pride and extreme satisfaction the brave deeds and heroic conduct of the men of the Third Brigade. The Army of the United States cannot boast of your superiors, and in his humble opinion, you stand unrivaled by any troops who have fought in the Army of the James. Your names and fame are familiar as household words in the camps of this army corps and among your fellow citizens at home. Your iron will and firmness have won for yourselves the proud title of "The Ironclads."

Since this campaign commenced you have participated in more than twenty actions, besides skirmishes almost without number. You have never failed to accomplish what was set down for you to do, and your conduct has always called forth the praises of your commanding officers. It has never occasioned them a single regret. That cowardly cry, "We are flanked!" has never been heard in your ranks. When other troops have given way on your right or your left, you have shown to the enemy that you had no flanks and no rear—that the Third Brigade was all front, and that, too, of steel. How well that front has been maintained in this campaign, the long list of your casualties—1,385 out of 2,693—sadly but gloriously attests.

Fellow-soldiers, of your history it may indeed be said, "The *past* at least is secure." You have won a noble distinction in a noble army, fighting for a noble cause. That your future will be equally successful and brilliant, your conduct in the past leaves no room for doubt. Your brave deeds will be remembered in your country's history and be the proud boast of your descendants.

In conclusion, the Colonel commanding desires to repeat, for your encouragement, the language of Washington to his brave troops, who had won for us the cause we are now contending to maintain. "Let me remind you," said he, "you, the private soldiers of the dignified part you have performed in this great struggle. For happy—thrice happy—will he be accounted hereafter who has contributed, though in the least degree, to the establishment of this gigantic republic on the broad basis of human freedom and empire." Immortal honors will belong to you as *saviors* of the republic, no less than to our fathers as founders of it.

The regiments so closely connected during the campaign of the Battle Summer had considerable work before them ere they took their leave of army life. The One Hundredth New York, the only organization in the brigade not from New England, made its winter quarters a little to the right of where the rebels were repulsed on the 7th of October. After the departure of Colonel Plaisted, on the trip home with the men to be mustered out, Colonel G. F. B. Dandy of the One Hundredth New York, as ranking Colonel, commanded the brigade till Colonel Plaisted's return. After the resignation of the Maine Colonel, Dandy resumed command. March 27, '65, the brigade having been transferred to the Twenty-fourth Corps, the One Hundredth moved to the left, took part in the capture of Petersburg, including the assault on Fort Gregg, where it lost heavily, and helped press the enemy up to the final day at Appomattox. Later it was ordered to Richmond, near which it was encamped till August 28, 1865, when it was mustered out of the service. From the days of '63, before Charleston, it had been associated with the Twenty-fourth, and its record in the

strife was such as to bring it into the ranks of the 300 fighting regiments exploited by Wm. F. Fox. While the Empire State men and those from Massachusetts may not have been so intimate as were the latter with their Connecticut comrades, nevertheless, the most cordial relations existed, and this item from the regimental history by Major George H. Stowits deserves a place here. It was on the 27th of October, in one of those expeditions of discovery to which the Tenth Corps had grown accustomed. Stowits, then a lieutenant, had been ordered to advance his skirmish-line. The officer started to obey, though, knowing the impossibility of the feat, he had said to the orderly, who brought the order, "Bring up a stretcher, for I shall be either killed or wounded, since that line can't be moved." He had not gone far, moving in an irregular line on account of the rebel sharpshooters, when he was shot as he had predicted. He says, "A daring soldier of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts ventured to bring me off the field under a heavy fire from the enemy's sharpshooters." It is a pity that the name of the hero is not known for insertion in this recital. The history of the One Hundredth New York told by Major Stowits and published in 1870 has long been out of print.

The men from Maine, being a sort of second growth Massachusetts sons, were favorites of their Bay State brothers, and were men always to be depended upon. Though the regiment had memories of Morris Island, they were of a period after the leaving of the Twenty-fourth. Not till the organizing at Gloucester Point, in May, '64, did the two regiments become acquainted. Chaplain Trumbull of the brigade there formed said: "The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts and the Tenth Connecticut had been friends in all their campaigning. The One Hundredth New York had been brigaded with both in South Carolina. The Eleventh Maine, although more recently with them, soon became a general favorite." The historian of the Eleventh

says this of the Twenty-fourth: "The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts we soon learned to respect as a brave, reliable and effective regiment," a sentiment which the men from the Bay State fully reciprocated. When the spring campaign opened, the Eleventh marched over to the scenes in the immediate front of Petersburg, and was among the foremost in all that was doing in the final rout. Her one-armed Colonel, Jonathan A. Hill, was a conspicuous figure as he led his veterans and in every place the regiment gave an excellent account of itself. After Appomattox, in whose glories the regiment shared, it came back to Richmond and for many weeks camped in the vicinity of the famous city, finding plenty to do in the way of detached service, in the department of the Provost Marshal, as city police, etc. The "boys" saw Sherman's men and the Sixth Corps march through the rebel capital on their way towards Washington, and, on the whole, had a good time, with enough to eat and duties light. November 24th, '65, the regiment left Richmond for Fredericksburg, with which as a centre over the area of seven counties these Maine men served as conservators of public peace, a duty that was well performed. In January, '66, came orders to proceed to City Point to be mustered out, which was accomplished February 2d, the men taking a steamer immediately for New York. Thence came the homeward journey and the final pay in Augusta, February 10th, thus exceeding, by a few days, the service of the Twenty-fourth. While the number of killed in battle or mortally wounded did not warrant placing the Eleventh in Fox's list of 300 "fighting" regiments, there could be no question as to its fighting qualities.

The friendship of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts for the members of the Tenth Connecticut has been a theme for regimental reunions for more than forty years. Said a veteran captain of the Tenth Connecticut as late as the anniversary of Newbern, 1906, "We were together from the very start and the history of one is practically that of the

other.'' With such a community of interests there is no wonder that the Massachusetts men love to hear good things told of their follow soldiers from the ''Land of Steady Habits.'' Could they have had their say, there had been no separation until the very end. The Tenth spent the winter in comfortable quarters north of the James, joined in the move, March 27th, to the works in front of Petersburg, earned yet brighter laurels in the assault on Fort Gregg, participated in the pursuit of Lee and his retreating army, and rejoiced with the other thousands at the scene of April 9th, when the Rebellion ended. The regiment reached Richmond soon after the surrender. In Croffut's and Morris' History of Connecticut in the War of the Rebellion, one may read: ''When the Tenth returned to Richmond after the capture of Lee's army, the regiment encamped in a beautiful grove on the plantation of Dr. Powell, on the Brooktown pike, two miles from the city.'' Here the Tenth remained till late in the summer, when it was mustered out and proceeded northward. August 25th is the date of its severance of national ties and in due time it reached Hartford, there to receive a merited ovation. First and last it had included in its membership 2,124 men, losing in its term of service enough to receive a place among the immortal ''300,'' an honor that no one acquainted with the regiment envies for a moment.

BERMUDA HUNDRED.

December 18th came the order for our regiment to move over to Bermuda Hundred, and to begin a round of guard duty that ended there only with the occupation of Richmond by the Union troops in the following April. Their quarters, near the landing, were home-made, i. e., they were shanties whose material was bought or stolen from the post sutler, the sutler of the Twenty-fourth having given up his position and retired. Few survivors would care to tell just what proportion of their material they paid for. There were

piles of lumber, and there were active young soldiers in need of shelter and somehow the two came together with resulting habitations, in which the remainder of the winter was spent. The sutler complained to Major Ordway, but the latter, though sympathizing with the man, said he could not punish on general information. "Show me the guilty parties and I'll see to it that they are properly dealt with." The result was that no punishments were inflicted. In this

Sergt. Batterman. Capt. Edmands. J. W. Arms.
T. F. Carney (H). Capt. Foster. Lieut. North. Capt. White.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, BERMUDA HUNDRED.

new scene of labor, the regiment was alone. Just why it was selected may never be known.

The duties were not arduous, consisting in standing guard at headquarters, maintaining discipline at the bull pen, the uneuphonious name of the place in which recruits were confined before going to their regiments, and in seeing that the military stores were not carried away bodily. One man writing home said, "The boys say they would rather be at the front than doing this provost duty. We have to receive the substitutes, recruits, convalescents and bounty-

jumpers and duly forward them. Then, too, we take in the prisoners of war and the rebel deserters and send them north; also we have to look out for men trying to get north to re-enlist and go get another bounty."

January 15, '65, Major Ordway became Provost Marshal, Army of the James, retaining the position till April 6th, and leaving his command to Captain Edmands. Among the duties at this post was the guarding of recruits to the regiments to which they had been assigned. Also, when the lines in front of Petersburg were broken and prisoners by the thousand came pouring in, they fell to the lot of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts to be cared for, and escorted down the river to the next stopping place. The quantity of arms thus accumulated was great and a stack of discarded muskets grew till it was higher than the quarters of Major Ordway. When the rebels made their assault on Fort Stedman, the last of March, and the heavens reflected the flash and sound of arms, some of the veterans through force of habit began to fold their blankets and to pack up, thinking it possible that they would be ordered out, acts that alarmed not a little some of the new recruits, to whom the scene was especially terrifying, and their roguish comrades were not averse to scaring them as much as possible, delighted in the expressions of terror that their words evoked.

Toward the end of March, certain men employed on a mail steamer were arrested for selling liquor to soldiers. Captain Davis Foster, Company D and Assistant Provost Marshal, determined to make their punishment effectual, had the head of each culprit shaved half over and then every man was made to stand upon a barrel, having on his breast a placard bearing the legend, "See how my hair has come off through selling whiskey." Another inscription read, "Do not sell whiskey to soldiers, it is bad for the hair." It was expected that the punishment would break up the practice of bringing liquor from Baltimore to be sold to the soldiers. A hard thing to do, however.

Caring for prisoners here revealed one of the interesting conditions existing in the great strife so provocative of situations never heard of before. Sam Reed of Company I, mentioned before in these pages, was guarding a party of newly arrived Johnnies and, attracted by the looks of one of them, he asked the rebel what his name was. Learning that it was Reed also, further inquiries revealed the singular fact that they were first cousins, whereupon the

Albert Wood. Alfred O. Cobb. Sergt. Wm. Keating. Sergt. A. A. Nightingale. John McLane.

A COMPANY G WINTER-QUARTERS HUT, BERMUDA HUNDRED.

Confederate impulsively reached out his hand for a friendly shake, but the Union man was not of the forgiving kind, forgetting that other environment might have made a rebel of him as well, and emphatically declined any assumption of cousinly relation with his southern kinsman. When he related his story in camp, his comrades rallied him on his conduct and told him he ought to meet the reb at least half way, but Read had no use for a Johnny, relative or not. In the hereafter, into which both have been ushered, it is to be hoped that all lines of demarcation, whether Blue or Gray, have been effaced.

RICHMOND.

Lee had not surrendered when the Twenty-fourth was ordered to Richmond to have a part in preserving order in the late rebel capital. On April 8th came the command transferring the regiment to its new scene of service. Of the trip itself, one of the regiment wrote: "We had a pleasant ride up the river, taking note of the rebel works on both sides: the much-talked-of and useless Dutch Gap Canal, Butler's failure, and the rebel rams, blown up, their old hulks looking as though they had seen better days. All nature was taking on a robe of beautiful green, and we could see plainly what, in the '64 campaign, we had tried so hard to possess. We landed at Rockets, near which the troops were having a review in light marching order, so we just filed by in heavy marching order and, as usual, we made the best appearance." The embers of the conflagration started by the departing rebels were scarcely cooled when the Massachusetts men came in, and, from their first camp, near the former headquarters of the Confederate War Department, essayed the part of peace preservers in Richmond, a duty to be performed through many a month of the immediate future. A permanent stopping-place was soon found on the corner of Franklin and Nineteenth Streets, in Wright's Tobacco Factory, where is now manufactured "The Pride of Virginia," a favorite among users of the weed. After two months tarrying here, a move was made to Howard Grove Hospital, where in what had been rebel soldiers' barracks, the remainder of the Richmond stay was spent.

Among the duties of this Richmond tour was the looking after Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, both of them filled with ex-rebels detained for a variety of reasons, and the city jail with its complement of malefactors of all colors and creeds. Its situation was just back of what had been the residence of Jefferson Davis, in other words, the White House of the Confederacy, in later years a museum of

Rebellion relics. In the jail-yard was the old whipping-post, a reminder of other times and other rule, now a curiosity for the northern soldier. The destitution of the people was a source of wonder and regret to the tender-hearted Federal, and, as far as he could, he was more than ready to relieve it. Aside from dividing rations, however, he was powerless, but it would not have been in accordance with nature if he had not done some piloting of the suffering citizens to Uncle Sam's commissary stores. The situation is most happily set forth in the words of one to the manor born, who was there when the distress was on:

In all this time of horror I don't think anything was much harder than making up our minds to draw rations from the Yankees. We said we would not do it—we could not do it! But as hunger gained upon us and starvation stared us in the face, Mrs. Sampson rose up in her might: "I'll take anything I can get out of the Yankees!" she exclaimed. "They haven't had any delicacy of feeling in taking everything we've got. I'm going for rations."

And go they did, though the results were not quite so appetizing as they had expected, since the *pièce de résistance* in each case was likely to be a dried codfish, which, however orthodox to the New Englander, was not much of a luxury to one of the Old Dominion, but with the accompanying bit of bacon and some potatoes, life was maintained after a fashion, though it is related that the ancient and fish-like smell that accompanied the "ration" compelled the recipients, in most cases, to hang the food outside the window. Perhaps the coffee thus obtained was most appreciated. It was no infrequent sight, that of well-dressed women, evidently of the best families of the city, applying for aid. At one time, the soldier inquired of replied that he did not know in what way he could be of service, impressed by the evident gentility of the woman. When he mentioned work, with his northern sentiments on that subject, he was told that she knew very little about work, and that her ser-

vants had all been scattered by the war. "Do you know who that lady is?" asked a citizen of the guard. "No, I do not, but she is a lady, whoever she may be," was the reply. "Well, she represents one of the oldest and most wealthy families in Virginia. Her father once possessed hundreds of slaves, but the folks are in terrible straits now."

However, native intelligence and energy soon began to tell and it was not long before order was evolved from all

RICHMOND RESIDENCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

of war's carnage and confusion. The rebels, or those lately in rebellion, began to discover that the Yankees were not so bad as they had been painted; some of the gentler sex even gave their hearts into the keeping of soldiers from the North, and some of the latter made Richmond or other southern cities places of permanent abode. Long years after it was all over, a southern writer says this of those troublous days: "Our grandchildren can't understand how such nice people as the Yankees and ourselves ever could have fought each other. 'It doesn't seem reasonable,' says Nellie the third, who is engaged to a gentleman from Boston,

where we sent her to cultivate her musical talents, but where she applied herself to other matters. 'It doesn't seem reasonable, grandmamma, when you could just as easily have settled it all comfortably without any fighting. How glad I am I wasn't living then! How thankful I am that Old Glory floats alike over North and South now.' 'And so am I, my darling, so am I.' ''

Across the river from Bermuda Hundred resided a family of the Carters, for generations one of the proudest and best in the South. This particular branch had remained faithful to the Union, though the most of the name had affiliated with the Rebellion; indeed the wife of Robert E. Lee was a relative, and to her a message had been intrusted with Major Ordway, with the understanding that he should deliver it in person. This in due time he undertook to do, but he found the entrance to the presence of the chieftain's companion, a great granddaughter of Washington's wife, was not so easily effected. To enter the vestibule and to be met by a colored servitor who inquired his business, was one thing, but to meet Mrs. Lee was quite another. Notwithstanding his repeated statement that he was to deliver his message personally, he received only the same reply, ''Tell the gentleman that Mrs. Lee is not at home,'' and the valiant and fastidious Major was obliged to retire discomfited, his message unimparted, at least not in person, and his failure was a source of some merriment to his brother officers. Later when he had led to the altar a daughter of Richmond, and became a resident of that noted city, it is probable that his entrance into the élite of the capital's society was more easily effected.

Among all the prisoners committed to the care of the Union soldiers in Richmond, the most famous was Dick Turner, the man who had made himself so hateful to the unfortunate northern men confined in Libby Prison. That he was a tyrant every one agreed, and he was given a taste of his own provisions, in that he was at first incarcerated in

one of the dungeons beneath the very structure over which he had formerly held so hard and high a hand. When the troops from the armies further south began to pour through the capital, there were many men appearing whom he had tyrannized over, in some cases had maltreated. All wanted to see him; some were civil and courteous to him, others were quite the reverse. One especially, an officer who had suffered terribly at the hands of the former keeper, was determined to shoot him. It required a deal of effort and wisdom to prevent the death of the rebel by his half-crazed foe, on account of his deeds in other days. But prudence and the protection accorded prisoners among civilized people prevailed and Turner's life was spared. Not so very long after the guarding of the ex-keeper became a part of the regiment's duties, a Union officer called at the prison and on learning where the Confederate was confined remarked, "I wonder that he doesn't find out that one of the bars at his window is of wood." It appears that the officer himself had once been imprisoned in that very place, and that in his plans for escape had substituted wood for iron in the bars at the window, but departing in another manner, before he had used this avenue of escape, the false bar had remained. Acting on knowledge thus imparted, the cell of Turner was visited at once, but too late, for the prisoner had learned of the deception, taken advantage of it and had departed. However, his liberty was of short duration, since he was speedily retaken and this time was placed in Castle Thunder, where, for the sake of surety, he was heavily ironed. Strong chains connected his wrists, and his feet were united in a similar manner, while an iron rod reached from his feet to his hands, and to make his escape still more improbable, the entire assemblage of links, rods and gyves was securely chained to the ceiling, his manacles reminding one of those with which Pizarro bound the Inca of Peru. The Government, evidently intent on leaving the least number of scars possible, did not punish Davis and, as for the keepers of southern prisons, the hanging of Wirtz apparently sufficed, and Turner

eventually went forth unscathed. "He was not a particularly bad fellow as far as looks, language and manners were concerned," was the general comment of the men who saw him frequently. His rations when thus kept in the very building over which he had lorded so long were simply hard tack and water, a not over-appetizing layout, but one that gave his former captives, now his visitors, a great deal of pleasure as they asked him how he liked it himself.

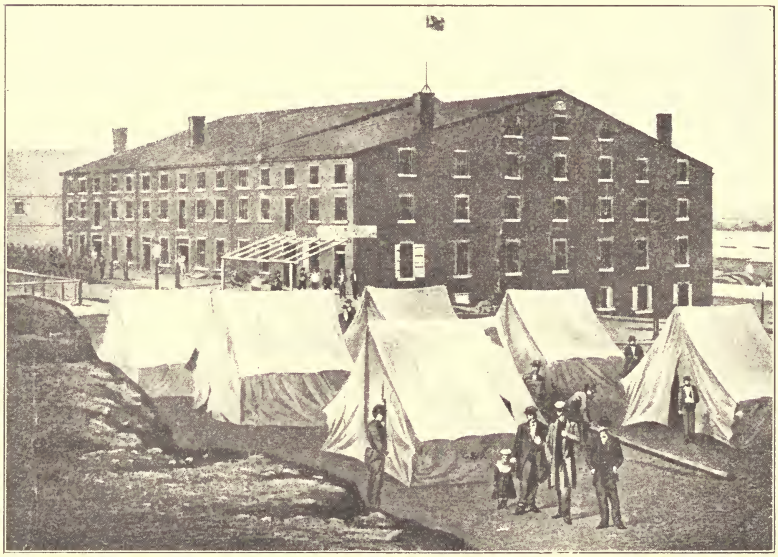
The marching through Richmond of Sherman's army and that of the Potomac was a source of much pleasure to all beholders, and possibly there was some pride mingled with the sight as the men of the trip from Atlanta to the Sea strode through the Confederate capital, in sight of the edifice in which had been evolved the plans and plots which kept up the strife during four long years.

One who was there thus describes the passage of the Second and Fifth Army Corps:

Yesterday (May 6th) Richmond saw what she never saw before, viz.: the passage of about 40,000 troops of the Union Army on their way to Washington. They commenced to come over from Manchester on the pontoon bridge, about 6 a.m., and were till 4.30 crossing. On their march they passed by Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, on which we had placed large signs so that the soldiers might know what they were passing. Their remarks as they passed and gazed were more forcible than polite. Thence they passed onto Main Street, where the Third Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps was formed in line to receive them. They thus stretched along two miles or more. Some of the reviewing soldiers recognized old friends in the Massachusetts regiments as they swung along the route. By this time, the Twenty-fourth had resumed some of its Readville dignity and style and was wearing dress coats with scales on the shoulders, appearing very little like the men of Drewry's Bluff and the Petersburg trenches. Some of the men on guard were in full regalia and even wore white gloves, an amount of "put-on" quite too much for the rough-and-ready fellows just in from the field, and they, thinking the starched soldiers were regulars, stigmatized them as "band-

box'' regiments and slurred them to their hearts' content, little realizing that in the preceding season they were all alike. The passage of the wagon train was even more interesting than that of the army. If northern people all turn out to see a circus, I don't know what they would do for this.

Then, too, when later in the month of May, the Sixth Corps came along from its tour of guard-duty in southern



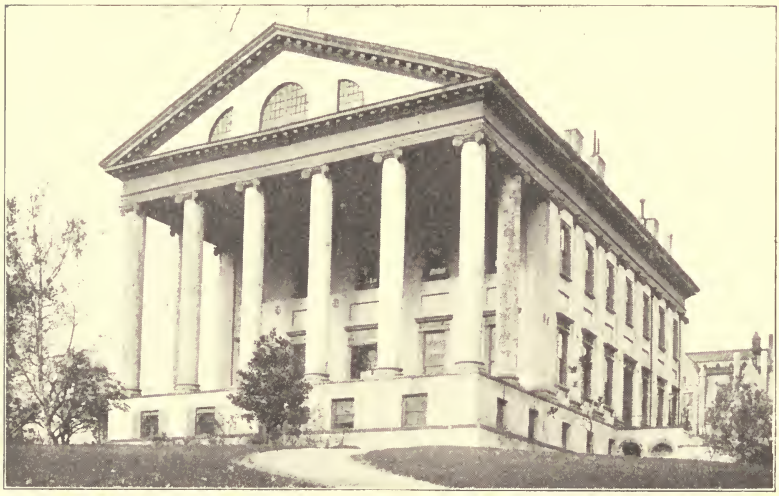
LIBBY PRISON IN 1863.

Virginia, there was another chance to compare notes with soldiers who had warred with the Army of the Potomac, in the Shenandoah Valley, and, in the battle of Sailors' Creek, had won the last great victory against the Confederacy. Those were pleasant days for the Twenty-fourth, and to the younger members of the regiment they were almost delightful. Says one of the survivors: ''One of the proudest moments of my life was when, as Corporal, I was in charge of a squad of colored soldiers, going with them across the pon-

toon bridge over to Manchester. I had noticed that, with their old-time subserviency, they were giving way to every ex-reb they met, so I just told them not to give a single inch when they met any more of the secesh. This was what they had been anxious to hear, and the way they stood up and the way they walked through the next party of their old enemies was a sight to see. I felt as if I had accomplished something in teaching these men that they had rights, and that the uniform they had on was entitled to respect no matter who wore it."

It would be idle to assert that all the men enjoyed the sans-souci life in Richmond. While it was pleasant for some of the officers and for many of the younger members, to the man who had enlisted for putting down the Rebellion and whose family and business required him at home, the stay was irksome in the extreme. It was during these days that many men, as will be seen by reference to the Roster, took French leave. They had in many cases been admirable soldiers, some of them even were reënlisted veterans, but the call of home was too strong and they heeded the prompting. Government recognized the provocation, and some years later ordered that all men thus taking leave of the service, after the surrender, and on making due application, should have their names removed from the list of deserters and should be entitled to all the privileges of those who stayed through. Very many, however, paid the debt to nature due before this ruling was had, and some excellent names still rest under a shadow. Nor did the days pass by without some remonstrance from the sober-minded men who were doing duty for fifty cents a day, and who were worth dollars at any one of a score of employments in the North. In July a petition was carried in to headquarters representing that the men were tired of soldiering and desired to have measures taken to secure the muster-out of the regiment. The signers went up in a body and the hospital steward carried in the paper. No satisfaction coming from this action, the men next tried General A. H. Terry, who,

they were told, had the naming of regiments to be discharged. All that came of this last move was the remanding of the messenger to his company, though he had been an orderly at regimental headquarters for four years. The prospect of having to serve out the eighteen months of their enlistments was not altogether pleasant to the men, especially when the conditions of their muster-in included the words, "Three



RICHMOND STATE HOUSE, CONFEDERATE CAPITOL.

years or the close of the war." That the war was over, all acknowledged and the literalist could not see why his military obligations were not ended also.

Patriotic northern boys could not permit the 4th of July to pass without some recognition of its significance, particularly in this city that had tried its best to get out of the Union. If mere noise were any criterion for judgment, then was the day memorable, but with so much explosion of gunpowder, there were as usual several accidents, and one man had his left thumb and a part of the hand carried off by the explosion of his musket, while another sent a pistol ball through his fingers. 'Twas ever thus.

For the greater part of the time, in their guard duty, the men of the Twenty-fourth were associated with their old friends of the Tenth Connecticut and the Eleventh Maine, but as the latter were either sent home or detached for duty in Fredericksburg, the Twenty-fourth had the work largely to itself. To add to its numbers and to render the positions of its officers more certain, and, at the same time, to retain the services of a large number of reënlisted men, those of the Thirty-fourth, some 157 in number, and 12 from the Fortieth similarly circumstanced, were transferred to the regiment, constituting Companies A and G, the former men of said companies being sent into K and D respectively. As the time of the volunteer regiments grew nearer an end, soldiers of the regulars were drawn upon and they eventually took on all the Provost duty.

1866.

To very few regiments in the volunteer service was it given to date letters in the fifth year from enlistment. Only one other from the Bay State, the Thirtieth, had such necessity, but the record for the Twenty-fourth in the new year was very brief. The rumors of preceding weeks as to a discharge of the men culminated in verity soon after the middle of January, and on the 20th, Saturday afternoon, in heavy marching order, the route was taken down Seventeenth Street, the band playing so blithely, "The Girl I left Behind Me," proceeding through the familiar ways to Rockets, where a steamer was boarded for home. Down the James the men had a chance to see their battle-grounds of 1864, and to moralize on the sad fate of comrades whose bodies were yet lying near where they fell in the fierce strife; down to the union of the waters of the James with those of the Chesapeake and then up the historic bay to Baltimore. Thence they went by rail through Philadelphia to New York, many a lad thinking, if he did not sing, as the train sped along:

"Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home:
Oh, happy is the girl that will greet me,
As I go rolling, rolling home."

The return of the regiment, as set forth in the Boston Journal of Wednesday evening, Jan. 24, 1866, was as follows: "The Twenty-fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, arrived at the Fall River and Newport depot about 8.30 o'clock on Wednesday morning in an extra train from Newport. (The extended Journal account of the life of the organization afield is omitted.) The regiment numbers about 425 men, all in good health, having left Richmond, Va., where they have been stationed since its capture, last Saturday afternoon, en route for home. About two hundred of the returned soldiers are veterans and went out with the regiment.

"Immediately on leaving the cars at the depot this morning, the regiment was formed in line by Colonel Edmands, and to the excellent music of their own band, and accompanied by many companions in arms, the men marched to Boylston Hall, where they partook of a substantial breakfast, and passed a couple of hours in exchanging congratulations with friends and relatives. While in the hall, the band, numbering some twenty pieces, under the leadership of John W. Lincoln, performed several pieces of music in an excellent manner, and much to the gratification of all present. In this connection it may be stated that it is the intention of the band to give a grand concert in Music Hall,* before finally separating for

*The concert was given Feb. 2d in Music Hall, the band having the assistance of the Stevenson Glee Club, that chorus of voices that had sung Union songs in rebellious states for two years and more. Of the concert itself, the Transcript of Feb. 3d commented in a brief article: "The concert of the Twenty-fourth Regiment in Music Hall, last night, was one of the most admirable musical entertainments given by a full band which has been heard in Boston for several years. The programme was judiciously selected and the different pieces so faultlessly performed that the music throughout was of the most enlivening character. The singing of the Glee Club belonging to the band was of a superior character. The only regret possible is over the smallness of the attendance."

their respective homes." A roster of the officers follows, and the statement that the regiment proceeded to Gallup's Island in the afternoon.

On the 27th of the same month, the regiment came up from the Island for the final scene in its four years' drama. Old friends were ready to give the veterans a fitting reception. Their former Colonel, now General F. A. Osborn, was Chief Marshal, and with him was an efficient staff of aides. The escort comprised Company F, Second Regiment, M. V. M.; past officers and men of the Forty-fourth Regiment; past officers and men of other Massachusetts regiments; past officers and men of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment; lastly came the veterans themselves under the command of Lieut.-colonel Edmands. The route was through Washington, Boylston, Arlington and Beacon Streets to the State House. Many flags were thrown out in honor of the occasion, and the entire way was filled with indications of rejoicing. The line was formed in front of the State House at 11.30 a.m. The Governor advancing to the gateway, received the regimental colors from Colonel Edmands, saying: "Mr. Commander! In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I receive from your hands the colors of the Twenty-fourth Regiment. You and your men can afford to part with them, and we are proud to take them back, since they reflect upon you and upon us the highest honors of war and the full assurance of peace. With the other kindred memorials of Massachusetts arms and Massachusetts hearts, they shall be preserved in this Capitol for the observation of all the people.

"The limitations of this occasion will not permit me to recall to those who are in attendance to witness the closing scene of your long and eminent service. Since you left the State more than four years ago, the eyes of our citizens have followed you—with Burnside to Roanoke Island, Newbern, Kinston, and Goldsboro in North Carolina; into South Carolina to the assault on Fort Wagner and to the siege of Charleston; to Florida and back to South Carolina; to the

Army of the James, engaged at Drewry's Bluff, Deep Bottom, in the siege of Petersburg, and retained among the last to crown the triumphs of the field with peaceful guaranties.

"I welcome you home, but all have not returned. Eight officers of the line and 210 enlisted men have fallen in battle and by the casualties of war. The soldiers' bed has been made for them; but their names shall be treasured upon the official rolls and in the heart of the State, and they themselves shall live in immortal fame.

"When I think of the discipline of the Twenty-fourth, distinguished among all the armies of the United States, I cannot forget him who recruited it and so long commanded it. It would be an omission ungrateful to you and uncongenial to my own feelings if, before your ranks dissolve for the last time, I were not to pronounce in your presence, with honor to the dead and with respect to the living, the name of Brigadier-general Stevenson. Not a more heroic spirit has passed triumphantly the portals which this war has opened to so many young and noble and brave.

"It only remains that I should transfer your colors to the great companionship in which they shall henceforth be preserved, and that in behalf of a grateful people, I should greet and honor your return."

After these exercises at the State House, the lines were again formed and all proceeded to Faneuil Hall, where a collation was served by the city of Boston in honor of the return of her sons. After the eating, Mayor Lincoln spoke at length, eloquently recalling the extended services of the regiment and concluding with these words: "Again I welcome you. I welcome you back to Massachusetts, to whose renown you have added by your exploits; to Boston, its capital, whose chief pride is in the character of its citizens, and to old Faneuil Hall, sacred in its past memories, but living a new life in the last few years, as its doors have opened, time and again, to greet the patriotic sons of the Union who have returned in triumph, victorious over the enemies of the public."

Maj. Davis Foster. Q. M. James Thompson. Lieut. Geo. A. Higgins (H).
Bvt.-Maj. R. Carruthers. Capt. W. F. Wiley (K). Capt. G. W. LeFavor (I).

For his men and himself, Colonel Edmands responded in fitting terms, and the veterans made the old hall ring with their cheering for their gallant leader. General George H. Gordon, who was commanding the New England Guard when the war began, and who had won fame during the progress of the struggle, was next heard with interest, and then General F. A. Osborn, who had so long led these men, spoke. The "boys" were loud in their shouts as their old commander arose, and Faneuil Hall never heard heartier cheering than that which greeted the first Lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-fourth, who said it did him good to see his old command looking up to him as they had done in many scenes of danger; he paid the highest compliment to the regiment, referring to

its promptness in obeying orders under all circumstances and without questioning. He had never received a disrespectful word from a member of the Twenty-fourth, and he would rather command that body of men than any other regiment in the army. It never flinched in the performance of duty, whether on the dreary march, the pitiless bivouac or in the rain of bullets on the battlefield.

General William Schouler, the war Adjutant-general of the Commonwealth, gave the soldiers some practical advice as to their conduct when they separated, warning them against the guerrillas of Boston, who were lying in wait to despoil them of whatever valuables they might chance to have. He cautioned them to take good care of their money and their discharge-papers, saying that their bounty and pay were ready in the State Treasury. Remarks also were made by General B. F. Edmands and by the Rev. Mr. Gaylord, after whom Colonel Thomas F. Edmands addressed his men for the last time, saying that the only thing for him to do was to bid farewell to them, which he did with great emotion. Then came more cheers for the Colonel, final hand-shakes all around, and the men were off for their homes and the loving greetings there awaiting them.

"And back again came the marching men,
The bugle sounding still,
But the music's surge had a sighing dirge,
So soft and low and shrill.
And a woman wept, for a soldier slept,
The dreamless, silent sleep,
And the bugle song had a measure wrong,
For buglers sometimes weep."

BRIGADIER GENERAL THOMAS CREHY STEVENSON
BORN AT BOSTON FEBRUARY THIRD 1840
FIRST COLONEL OF THE 24TH REGIMENT
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY 1861
KILLED IN ACTION COMMANDING 1ST DIVISION 5TH ARMY CORPS
AT SPOTSYLVANIA VIRGINIA MAY TENTH 1864

THE STATE HOUSE BRONZE MEMORIAL OF GENERAL THOMAS G. STEVENSON.

(The following account is abridged from the address of General Francis A. Osborn at the presentation, along with accompanying data, as given in the printed volume issued by the Memorial Association late in 1906.)

The personal characteristics of General Stevenson, the first Colonel of the Twenty-fourth, together with his distinguished services to the nation, and the manner of his death in the presence of the enemy, had long caused the community to feel that some permanent memorial of him should be erected in the State House. In the month of February, 1905, several of his old friends and comrades decided that the time had come for action. The movement was committed to the care of the Twenty-fourth Club, consisting of officers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment and, at a meeting of the Club, February 27, 1905, the subject was thoroughly considered and the "General Thomas G. Stevenson Memorial Association" was organized. An Executive Committee, having full powers to raise funds for the purpose of erecting a memorial in the State House, was appointed as follows:

Francis A. Osborn, President, Edw. C. Richardson, Secretary,
Charles B. Amory, Treasurer,
Robert F. Clark, James Thompson, Frank G. Webster,
Thomas F. Edmands, Edward C. Johnson, John Parkinson,
Charles Hunt.

A circular representing the New England Guard, the Fourth Battalion, the Twenty-fourth and Forty-fourth Regiments, Massachusetts Volunteers, with their friends was sent out reciting the purpose of the Association, viz.: to erect at the entrance to the Hall of Flags in the State House, a high relief in bronze of General Stevenson, the cost thereof to be in the neighborhood of $5,000.

Through the Legislature and the Governor and Council permission was obtained to place the figure at the right of the south entrance to Memorial Hall and the services of Mr. Bela L. Pratt, a Boston artist of repute, were secured for the task. All of this was done in less than a month from the date of organizing the Association, thus affording an idea of the energy with which the work was forwarded. The artist, working with the same enthusiasm which had characterized the Executive Committee, proceeded at once to execute his commission. The design submitted in model meeting the approval of the Governor and Council and of the Committee, the full-sized figure was made and the same was cast in bronze by the Gorham Manufacturing Company of Providence during the summer. The finished product of artist's hand and bronzist's care was placed in position in the month of November, 1905.

The relief itself, a little over life size, full length, represents the officer as coming towards the observer, field-glasses in hand. He has taken them from his eyes as he strides forward to get the broader view of the unaided vision, it being the sculptor's intention to represent General Stevenson at the height of one of his campaigns, and to give to the face and figure some feeling of the tense strain of actual warfare. So well has Mr. Pratt accomplished his purpose, so perfectly does his work harmonize with its surroundings, that this remark has been heard: "It seems as if the settings were built around the relief, instead of it being fitted into a waiting niche." Cast in a light colored bronze, having a gray-green finish, the result is in perfect harmony with its environment of Italian marble.

By an agreement with State authorities and the officers of the Association, the 7th of December was fixed upon as the day of dedication. The large assemblage of interested people in the afternoon of the day named, was a living attest of the respect in which is held the memory of the young hero who, so many years before, fell a sacrifice to the maintenance of the

Union. Beginning promptly at 2 o'clock with the bugle call, there followed the presentation, unveiling and acceptance of the bronze, the latter office being performed by the Hon. Wm. M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Edward A. Horton, Chaplain of the day, and the memorial address was given by General Francis A. Osborn. Appropriate music was interspersed by the band of the Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., under the direction of John Morley Flockton.

The address of General Osborn was all that might be expected from his long association with General Stevenson. The occasion had been incomplete without so competent and fitting a eulogist. With certain omissions, the address follows:

"Thomas Greely Stevenson was born in Boston, February 3, 1836. His father was J. Thomas Stevenson, who was of an old Boston family and filled an honored position as one of the leading men of this city, holding many places of trust and honor, a man of high character, of tried ability and genial manners, universally looked up to and respected. His mother was Hannah Hooper Stevenson, a member of a prominent Marblehead family, and a woman of great force of character and affectionate nature. She was a grand-daughter of General John Glover, a gallant officer of the Revolution, who distinguished himself in many actions, whose statue lends dignity to Commonwealth Avenue. Truly, General Stevenson was fortunate in his ancestry, from whom can be traced many of the attractive characteristics which so greatly endeared him to his friends.

"He was educated in the Boston common schools, finishing at the public Latin School. From there he went into a merchant's counting-room, and later into the service of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company, where he was in April, 1861, at the breaking out of the Civil War. He had already shown an aptitude and liking for military matters, and was at that time a sergeant in the New England Guards,

a militia company of Boston, which dated its existence from 1812, and had since that time held a conspicuous and distinguished position in the volunteer militia of the Commonwealth.

[The following sixteen pages of General Osborn's address give in effect the services of General Stevenson in Fort Independence, in the formation of the Twenty-fourth Regiment and his experiences with that organization up to the time of their separation, when the regiment was ordered to Florida, all of which is interspersed through the pages of this volume.]

"Through all this weary period of the siege [of Wagner], General Stevenson, while burdened with work and anxiety, advanced his already high reputation for ability and efficiency, securing and retaining in a high degree the confidence of his superior officers, and the affection and implicit trust of his troops. But during the early months of 1864, his health gave way under his unremitting labor, and he was obliged to return to Boston on sick leave. At that time General Grant was making his plans for the great movements which took place in the following summer. General Burnside, who commanded the Ninth Corps, having a lively remembrance of General Stevenson and appreciating fully his high character and his value as a commander, made application to have him assigned to duty in that corps. His request was granted, and General Stevenson was directed to report to General Burnside, who put him in command of his First Division. The Ninth Corps came up to the Army of the Potomac, May 6th, in time to take part in the hard-fought and bloody battle of the Wilderness and subsequent desperate engagements. Now for the first time, General Stevenson occupied a position where he could exercise his abilities on a large scale and show how the thought, the study, and the experience of nearly three years in active service in war had developed and matured his native capacity. High hopes were entertained of his future, and fond anticipation predicted brilliant achievements. Had he lived, they would have been realized, and he would have taken rank as one of the

historic generals of the war having a national reputation. But, alas! the opportunity was but a brief one. On the 10th of the month, in the battle of Spottsylvania, when he had been but a few days at the head of his division, he was shot and instantly killed.

"Thus was cut untimely off a noble life, in the vigor of youth, full of patriotic zeal, and charged with capacity for brilliant service in his country's cause. The measure of the loss cannot be estimated, but the deep grief felt by his comrades is a matter of bitter memory. By the nation would be missed the gallant, brave and thorough soldier, with his clear good sense, his calm judgment, his military ability and his conscientious devotion to its service; but friends mourned the joyous comrade, the warm-hearted, faithful friend, and the true man. Thank God that such men live! Even though they walk among us for but a few short years, they exalt our confidence in the noble capacity of human nature, and furnish an example and a lofty inspiration to all who know them.

"Of General Stevenson's capacity as an officer and commander of men, I cannot speak too highly. Whether or not he would have developed that rare military talent which makes high and independent command illustrious, I cannot decide, for he was never brought to the test of experience; but I am happy in the belief that the man who had risen from grade to grade by merit, had ever filled each new position with ability and with credit, and had always been found equal to every emergency, would have made an honorable mark in any place of responsibility to which he might be called.

"From the moment he entered the service his heart was in his work, and he devoted all the energies of an active and intelligent mind to giving to his beloved country the best and all there was in him. He did not take up the profession of arms from a desire of military glory—he cared nothing for it. But, when he saw his country's peril, he felt that no

sacrifice in repelling the danger would be too great, and he would not have shrunk back had he known that the last full measure of devotion that he finally paid was inevitable. He was filled with that lofty courage that fully realizes danger, but nevertheless faces it calmly, upborne by the high sense of duty that steels the heart and exalts the mind and banishes all thought of consequences. With that spirit he entered upon the important office of Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Regiment. He realized from the very beginning that the lives, health, and welfare of the men of his command were under his charge, and measurably subject to his control, and he made it a study how he could best perform his responsible duties. Without the training of a professional officer to guide him through the difficulties of his arduous task and to guard him against mistakes, he supplied its place with assiduous study of the requirements of his position, prompted and stimulated by a deep sense of responsibility, with the good judgment that quickly seized upon the best means for accomplishing results, and above all and more than all with that consecrated devotion to duty that thought no effort too great for attaining success, and considered nothing done to that end so long as anything remained to be done.

"That he organized a regiment that was a credit to this Commonwealth and received the warmest encomiums from all the general officers under whom it served, was not a matter of chance or good luck. The regiment was composed of fine material, of picked men drawn from all parts of the State; but even that was a part of his plan formed before a single man was recruited, and, therefore, was to his credit. But good men, brave men, do not of themselves make a good regiment. It is needful that they be welded into a compact mass, completely subservient to the will of their commander, full of faith in him and pervaded with his enthusiasm. To achieve that result is the office of discipline, which I understand to be the inspiring of the members of a command with

such a deep sense of their obligation to the service and to their punctual and faithful performance of their duty therein that they give themselves up to the will of their superiors, and obey their behests almost automatically.

"General Stevenson was eminently fitted to establish and maintain that form of discipline that subdued his command to implicit and cheerful obedience without crushing the individuals under a sense of irritating control. He was in no sense a martinet. He did not love power for its own sake, and he never used it wantonly, but he thoroughly understood that discipline is the foundation of all efficiency, and that any army without it is nothing better than a mob. While insisting on obedience, promptness, punctuality, and faithfulness, he carefully avoided petty restrictions and unnecessary constraint. He sympathized with his men, and realized that nothing was more important for carrying on the war than the need that those who were to do the fighting should be maintained in full vigor and in good spirits. Thoughtless of himself, ever thoughtful of others, he gave unremitting care to the welfare of the men, and postponed attention to his personal wants until he was sure he had done for them everything in his power. They on their side soon came to realize the kind spirit that underlay the strict discipline that was enforced, and to recognize that their commander exercised his authority not from a love of power or pride of office, but in the simple performance of his duty to make his command the most efficient possible instrument of war, and that, too, always with the keen appreciation that the body he was fashioning into the perfect shape was composed not of automatons, but of fellow soldiers, his brethren in a great cause. With the intelligence, good sense, firmness and patience that were his marked characteristics, animated with the kindly and sympathetic spirit I have described, the task of dealing with such excellent material as presented itself to him was an easy one, and the effect of his efforts became apparent even when the recruits that had been sent into the camp of instruction

consisted only of squads of men who a few days previously had not known the meaning of a military order. The foundations were at that time laid broad and deep, and the superstructure that he built on them bore conclusive testimony to the wisdom of his methods and the efficiency of his efforts. Though he remained only a part of a year with the regiment before he was called to higher command, he in that time so impressed his spirit upon it that it always bore the stamp of his genius, always looked up to him with affectionate regard, and rejoiced to continue under his command as Brigadier-general.

"It is a fact of the utmost significance that the rest of the troops of the brigade, among whom were included the gallant Forty-fourth Massachusetts, so well and favorably known and honored in Boston, conceived for him at once the same cordial feeling, the same confidence in his capacity and his faithfulness, and the same loyal devotion to his service. Never was a brigade more devoted to its commander, more reposeful in its trust in him.

"It is difficult to convey to one who never knew our friend whom we commemorate in this noble and impressive bronze the charm that pervaded him, the influence he exerted over those who came in contact with him, and the affection he attracted from one and all, whatever might be the relation they bore to him, whether of friend, superior, or subordinate. In any gathering when his personality had play, he was easily first, and was the centre around which others revolved. And this without any assumption on his part, or any effort to create such an effect, for his modesty was as conspicuous a characteristic as his ability. His native force of character, the self-poise that held him equal to any emergency, the broad mind that took a calm survey of every situation, the cool judgment that guided him unerringly through all difficulties, the strength which he displayed in every position in which he was placed, commanded universal respect, and would of themselves alone have made him a marked man and a favorite.

"But what endeared him to all, what aroused a tenderness and a depth of feeling that a man rarely feels for one of his own sex, was his warmth of heart, the cordiality of his friendship, his frank and open character, his transparent sincerity, his generous appreciation of the good qualities of others, the modesty to which I have already referred, the absolute freedom from any trace of affectation or self-assertion, and the sense of humor that made him ever a cheery companion. He was a true, earnest and faithful friend, and, as a natural and necessary result, he made friends and kept them.

"For forty-one years his mortal remains have lain in the grave, but to his friends his memory is to this day as fresh and green as if they had parted with him but yesterday. For the most of mortals, the sad lament, 'Are we then so soon forgotten when we are dead?' must be uttered with a conviction of the truth it bears; but our loved departed comrade belongs to that limited and illustrious company of rare souls whose memory wells up in the hearts of their friends like a living spring pouring out its clear, sparkling, and refreshing stream in never ceasing flow."

GILMORE'S BAND.

Perhaps nothing contributed more to the early prestige of the Twenty-fourth than the fact that its officers were able to take with them in their army life the most famous musical aggregation at that time in the country. Though each man had enlisted, yet to secure the services of the musicians, it was necessary for the commissioned officers to reach down into their pockets and pay therefrom a certain percentage of their regular compensation. The wonderful spirit of unity that prevailed among these officers rendered possible what could hardly have been attained elsewhere. The band was easily the star wherever military music was in question, and the dulcet strains which accompanied the progress of the regiment southward lingered long in the ears of those who heard. Whether delighting the senses of Governor Hicks and his associate Marylanders in Annapolis, or captivating General Burnside and staff with listening natives in Newbern, Gilmore and his men played their best and there could be no better. When Arbuckle placed the cornet to his lips and essayed "The Last Rose of Summer," or "Annie Laurie," there was nothing doing within the sound of his notes but listening. Just to think of the privileges of those far-away folks at the junction of the Trent and the Neuse. They had all that was afforded a few years later to the assembled thousands in the great peace jubilees. Need any one wonder that the Confederate prisoners at Roanoke fairly went wild when, as they were filing down to the transports that were to take them to their own Rebeldom, Gilmore and his men struck up "Dixie"? What though the leader was called down by some one in authority for his act, he had the pleasure of knowing that he had given the enemy one precious moment never to be forgotten.

As nearly perfect as the musicians were in their work, they could produce discords, as when their application for a furlough was disapproved. Then in their way across the parade

ground, there came from their brazen instruments notes that no one would believe them capable of blowing, but the spell disappeared and harmony as of old prevailed. When the muster-out of all regimental bands enlisted as such came, the men played their farewells amid the regrets of their listeners and their own sorrow that the separation must come. But Gilmore did not forget his old associates in the Twenty-fourth, and very soon after reaching Boston the band gave a concert which netted a comfortable sum for the equipping of a band to be drawn from the enlisted men of the regiment.

One of the very first acts of Gilmore on his return to Boston was to project a grand concert, and the advertisement with which he heralded the event was so characteristic of the man that only lack of space prevents its publication in full. He states the reasons for the return of the band, and says that its year's experience "on the field of battle" renders the organization all the better equipped for musical service. He considers the band still a part of the "gallant corps from which we have been so recently detached, and we are proud to claim an attachment with so noble a regiment, which is at present in a high state of discipline, and in action may be relied upon as a unit. I look upon Colonel Thomas G. Stevenson as a combination of the disciplinarian, commissary, judge advocate, medical inspector, and true gentleman, all moulded into a brave and thorough soldier and a most reliable commander. He has been most ably seconded by Lieutenant-colonel F. A. Osborn, upon whom the command of the regiment has devolved for some time, in consequence of Colonel Stevenson being detached to act in the capacity of a brigadier-general. Colonel Osborn knows the full meaning of the word 'duty,' and not only does he expect, but he sees to it that every man under his command must faithfully perform the same or suffer the consequences. The line and staff officers are as full of enthusiasm to-day as they were when the first glow of patriotism

inspired them to go forth in their country's cause. The non-commissioned officers are a glorious set of fellows, and with all the charms and attractions of camp-life and active service, the boys of the rank and file rather doubt that a soldier's life is always gay, but there is a good time coming, when they will look back with as much pleasure and satisfaction upon their war experience as the members of the band do at the present moment."

All this was a prelude to the statement that the concert would be given in Music Hall, on Saturday evening, September 13, 1862: "We shall appear as a military band only—performing the gems of such music as have floated over the wild waves and mingled with the howling winds of Hatteras; such patriotic airs as fell upon the ears of 3000 rebel prisoners, and echoed through the dense woods of Roanoke; such strains as followed our victorious march to Newbern and vibrated through the deserted streets of that once fair city; and, more than all, such music as has revived the drooping spirits of many a weary soldier, or soothed the pain of many a wounded patriot." With a promise to play a piece in memory of their deceased comrade, Morehouse, Gilmore ends his notification, which must have convinced Boston that "Richard was himself again," if indeed he had ever been otherwise.

Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore was born in County Galway, Ireland, Christmas Day, 1830. It might with truth be said that he was nature's Christmas gift to a music-loving world. Luckily the parental plan of making a priest of the young man did not succeed, and though there was a waste of time in an Athlone commercial house in his early life, his musical bent was permitted to have full sway. Fiddles, fifes and drums, home-made, were his childhood's toys, and everything of melody or harmony fell upon his ear like a charm. This trend of the lad was early discovered by his Athlone employer, and instead of condemning it, he utilized the same by making the juvenile Orpheus the musical instructor

of his children. Athlone was a garrison town, usually having several regiments quartered there, and the results with such an impressionable boy as Gilmore may be imagined. All his spare time was spent with the bands. Finally a retired leader named Keating took our prodigy in hand and put him through such a course of harmony and instrumentation that, in a short time, he could play any instrument in the amateur band of the place, and for which he composed several musical pieces. He was nineteen years old when he said "good-bye" to Ireland and sailed for Boston. In a week after his arrival here, he was at the head of a band and successively led the Charlestown, Suffolk and Brigade bands. Yielding to a tempting offer of a thousand dollars a year, he went to Salem and remained there four years; then coming back to Boston, he organized the band bearing his own name, with which he won a reputation as wide as the nation. Soon after came his experience with the Twenty-fourth, and later he was made by General Banks the director of all the bands in the Department of the Gulf. It was in New Orleans, March 4, 1864, that he carried out his first mass jubilee. In a city only a year or two out of rebel dominance, he organized a chorus of 10,000 school children, collected an orchestra of 500 players and, on the inauguration of Michael Hahn as the first Union Governor of Louisiana, with infantry and artillery accompaniments, he made that vast aggregation join in patriotic airs, crowning all with the "Star Spangled Banner," which the gifted leader always said was the crowning triumph of his life. With the peace jubilees in Boston, 1869 and 1872, the world is familiar, they being marvels of size, combinations and success. In 1873 Gilmore went to New York City and organized a band to be known for many years as that of the Twenty-second Regiment, with which he played in Gilmore's Garden, made national tours, even going to Europe, and there adding to his reputation as a leader and manager. During the later years of his life his famous band, directed by that magic baton, seated in

the cavernous mouth of the tunnel-like stage at Coney Island, attracted many thousands of eager listeners, who watched him as he elicited a concourse of sweet sounds, easily the most talented orchestral director America had seen. With his

Matthew Arbuckle. H. N. Blake. P. S. Gilmore.
H. D. Simpson. Alwen, August, and H. A. Kammerling. William H. Cundy.

GILMORE'S BAND.

band he was playing an annual engagement in St. Louis, Mo., in September, 1893, when, on the 24th, after less than a day's illness, he died at the Lindell House. Seemingly there should have been many more years of leadership for this gifted son of harmony, but the baton had been raised for the last time; the curtain was rung down.

Matthew Arbuckle not only came first alphabetically, but as a musician he had no rival in the band or elsewhere, in his particular line, till the appearance of Jules Levy. Born in Scotland, as a boy he joined the Twenty-sixth Cameronians, and with that regiment saw service in India and China, coming to Canada early in the fifties. There he attracted the attention of a bandman from the States, who was delighted with an exhibition of talent in Arbuckle's use of the cornet, a talent that the artist himself, apparently, had not realized. This visitor prevailed upon the Scotchman to desert and to follow him to Troy, N. Y., where he was the star in a local band. There he was heard by Isaac Fiske, at the time the leader of an aspiring musical organization in Worcester. His inducements were such as to draw Arbuckle to that city at or about 1857, and there he remained, easily the crowning feature in the band, till Gilmore, leading his own troupe on his return from the Charleston Convention in 1860, discovered him. For the Boston man to hear such music in a provincial city was the height of wonder. He made haste to secure the marvelous Scotchman for Boston service, and there the war engagement found him. His old-time army service made military life easy, but British experience had left impressions on Arbuckle's character and habits that not all of his American life could efface.

However, once on his feet and with bugle at his lips, such melody as only he could make saluted the senses of his Newbern listeners. Somehow the band, presuming somewhat on its distinguished character, had acquired the notion that it was not expected to perform the regular duty of musicians when a fight was raging, viz.: to carry off the wounded, but a positive and direct statement as to their duties given by the Colonel set the matter right, and in the engagement at Tranter's Creek in June, '62, Surgeon's Assistant Spear remarks that the band was right up where it belonged and Gilmore and Arbuckle, under fire, were helping the wounded back to the rear. Thousands will ever remember with

delight the triumphs of this wonderful cornetist at Boston's peace jubilees. Soon after the jubilee of 1872, he removed to New York, and for the last years of his life was the band-master of the Ninth Regiment. He died of pneumonia in the latter city, May 23, 1883, aged fifty-four years.

Henry N. Blake, after teaching in his wife's private school in Chelsea till 1872, went with his family to Beatrice, Neb., in which State he has been a teacher in public or private schools to date. Seventy-seven years old, he thus briefly summarizes his life in the West: "Passed examination and received No. 1, State Teacher's Certificate; was for many years Treasurer of State Teachers' Association; in Beatrice, he established a Preparatory and Normal School, founded and directed the Blake-Hesse Orchestra, filled the chair of Music and Elocution in the State Normal School; in 1894, removed to Nebraska City as principal teacher and director of the orchestra in the State Institution for the Blind, and later, till 1903, was principal of one of the city schools, at which time he resigned." As a Free Mason our former bandman has been very prominent in lodge, chapter, council and commandery; he is communicant, vestryman and treasurer of St. Mary's Episcopal Church and superintendent of the Sunday school; he is a past commander of his G. A. R. Post, and in a word, Professor Blake is one of the well-known men of Nebraska.

William H. Cundy, who played a clarinet in the band, is a prosperous dealer in music and musical instruments, particularly clarinet, at 93 Court Street, Boston. Born in Birmingham, England, he came to this country in 1854, and soon became one of Gilmore's followers. He tells with great pleasure incidents of his career with the great leader, dwelling on the fact that in 1860 they had a great reception in the city of Richmond, escorted the Richmond Blues through the streets of the future capital of the Confederacy, and he exhibits as a souvenir the card of Messrs. Hill, Dickinson and Hill, who conducted a slave exchange. Those same Richmond

Blues were among the captured rebels at Roanoke, and when they were going away on their parole, the band played them down to the landing. They recognized the members of the band and were sociable enough on all subjects save that of the war. Says the interesting raconteur: "As they went on board the vessel, we gave them 'Dixie.' It seemed as though they would raise the roof with their shouts, but when we shifted to 'Carry me back to Ole Virginy,' they were actually wild." After the return, Mr. Cundy settled down to musical life in Boston, played for many years in the orchestra of the Boston Theatre, and became a publisher of sheet music, being the originator of the five-cent style, assisted by the famous Ed. Rice of "Evangeline" fame, who was the printer. Mr. Cundy is one of the longest established dealers in his line in the city.

Charles De La Fontaine, Mr. Cundy says, went to California soon after the war, and so far as he is aware, has not been heard from since; he thinks his old comrade is dead. He was the man who excited the risibles of his comrades on the approach to Newbern, when in the foggy morning a shot from a masked cannon passed over them with no warning. Badly scared he fell to the ground and tried to cover himself with his bass-drum, which on account of his brevity of stature he was able to do, but of his fright he never heard the last.

Frederick F. Ford died in Boston, February 16, 1896.

Louis Frederick died in Boston, December 24, 1874, the first to go after the discharge of the band.

Frank B. Fuller, residing in Barberton, Ohio, where he is "inspector of Pittsburg valves and fittings," writes: "It was at the Newbern camp that Mr. Gilmore first laid his plans for the great peace jubilee, which were carried out to the letter in Boston in 1869. * * * He could see more and further than most men, was never discouraged nor dissuaded when once his mind was made up. This jubilee, with that of 1872, all must agree, made him world-renowned as the greatest musical organizer and leader."

August Heise was a Providence musician.

Cornelius Higgins is still active in musical circles, residing in New York City.

Alwen Kammerling, the older of the two sons of August Kammerling, is a resident of Roxbury, having given up music on leaving the band.

August Kammerling, as his name would imply, was a German and took his two boys into the band with him. For the last twenty years of his life, he gave up music and died in Omaha, Nebraska, January, 1893.

Herman Kammerling, the younger of August's boys, is a resident of Winthrop, Mass., where he is a popular teacher of the violin and piano.

Frank M. Kelly, who played the snare drum, died in Boston, August 24, 1880.

Charles W. Knowlton died in the National Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me., July 27, 1906.

Edward Mille died in the Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me., August 21, 1902; the name is also found, Mülle.

Isaac H. Morehouse died of typhoid fever in the regimental hospital at Newbern, May 19, 1862. He had been ill for several weeks and his associates in the band were most assiduous in their care and attentions, the dying man finding much satisfaction in the music with which they favored him. His remains were forwarded to Boston for burial.

William C. Nichols died in Boston, June 17, 1891.

Thomas K. Payson of Boston, no record found.

Henry D. Simpson died in Boston, March 21, 1898.

J. Henry Steinman died in Cambridge, November 5, 1890.

Stephen G. Whittemore, after his service with the Twenty-fourth, was the leader of a band connected with one of the colored regiments; he died in Boston, August 28, 1899.

John A. Zimmerman was a Charlestown man, supposedly dead.

Ferdinand Zohler of Boston; his name disappeared from the directory more than twenty years ago.

THE CAPTURED SCOUT.

In 1868, under the above title, Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull of the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers put forth the sketch of Sergeant Henry H. Manning's life, the latter having been a member of Company G of the Twenty-fourth. The Chaplain's dedication is especially cordial towards the regiment and reads as follows: "To the surviving members of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, this sketch of their comrade is affectionately dedicated, by one who holds in fresh and ever delightful remembrance his three years' experience as their brigade companion and his ministry as their occasional chaplain."

From the eloquent and touching tribute, there is space only for the following extracts: Manning was born among the rural scenery of Franklin County, being a native of Warwick, May 17, 1844. From earliest childhood the most helpful and dutiful of sons, he had the advantages of the public schools until in his early teens, where the war found him, already a wage-earner, trying to lighten home burdens, of whose existence he was early conscious. Enlisting October 1st, he was one of the early recruits to the Guard regiment, and his whole career was one of faithfulness, in a body of men noted for excellent work. "The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts was a noble battalion with a glorious record. Through its four years of service, its well-earned reputation for good discipline, thorough drill, and staunch courage was unsurpassed, and few regiments were its equals in hard fighting and practical efficiency. It would be enough for any man's soldierly reputation that he stood well in that regiment; for he who won honor there deserved it anywhere." Of his soldierly qualities, his officers, Ordway, Edmands and Stoddard, united in the most flattering comments.

In all the incidents of the Burnside Expedition, Manning bore his part with exemplary fortitude, always near the front, never a laggard. It was at Seabrook Island in the summer

of 1863 that he first met the Chaplain and came under the latter's benign influence. On James' Island he suffered a severe attack of malarial fever, following a sun-stroke. He was with his regiment in all work against the fortifications of Charleston, where "The Twenty-fourth sweltered and toiled with the other regiments, and won for itself a proud name in the brilliant charge on the rifle-pits in the very face of Wagner's guns." He was among the earliest and readiest to re-enlist when the regiment was in Florida. "Had he been wanted for thirty or fifty years instead of three or five, he doubtless would have been ready. God be praised that such boys lived and were willing to die in the hour of our country's need." He returned from his furlough with his comrades in time to join for the movement of Butler against Richmond by way of Bermuda Hundred. When, early in June, '64, General Butler called for a volunteer scout, or quasi spy, to enter the enemy's lines and bring back information as to his position and numbers, the invitation found a ready response in the case of Manning, thinking that he might be of real service to the cause he loved.

"It requires not a little moral courage and true nerve to deliberately leave one's military lines in the face of the enemy and pass over into the encircling forces of the foe. But Henry Manning had counted the cost of his undertaking, and late on the evening of June 7, '64, he glided stealthily down the steep right bank of the river James, and along the water's edge in the shade of the heavy foliage, until he had passed the rebel picket in front of the famous 'Howlett Battery;' then cautiously and with bated breath he crept up the bank, and was within the enemy's intrenchments." He saw enough in his new surroundings to have seriously affected the military situation had he been able to return at once and report, but he must wait till the shades of another night should fall, so, seeking a secluded place in the forest near Chester station, he concealed himself in its cover and was soon fast asleep. When he awoke he was surprised to hear the sound of voices near him and indica-

tions of a change in the situation. Soon surrounded by the enemy, he was seized and hurried before General Beauregard. His order from General Butler, found upon his person, gave ample evidence of his mission and he was assured that he would be hung before sundown. However, it was decided to try him by court martial, and he was sent to Petersburg, where he was consigned to the most loathsome of prison-cells, whence he was eventually sent to Georgia for trial. By some error he was carried to Andersonville, but after seven days, he was tracked out and sent on to Macon, where he was confined in the jail. Here he suffered from all sorts of privation, going very near to death's door, in the period making several efforts to escape, but each time was recaptured.

Back to Andersonville, he was committed to that pit of horrors, suffering even more than his comrades on account of the charges against him: though the same having been lost, his case was not tried. Under these circumstances and with the hope that an opportunity might arise to reach his own lines, by the means, he entered the rebel service.

Ever on the alert to secure information that might be of use in case he ever did reach the Union lines, he waited the chance to escape. It came when Federal cavalry made a raid upon the place where he was stationed, and under a fire from the men in blue, who hardly comprehended his run for their side, and from those in gray, who readily surmised his object, he reached the ranks of his friends. though his story told to the commander was not believed, and he was sent as a captured rebel to Alton, Ill., whence he sent complaint to his regiment, where he had been borne as a deserter. When the War Department had ordered his release he sent his first message home, thus:

ST. LOUIS, MO., March 10, 1865.

My dear Loved Ones:

I still live and you shall hear from me soon.

Henry H. Manning.

Rejoining his regiment about the middle of April in Rich-

mond, he was received with the greetings that his services and sufferings merited. On the 22d of April, by a special order, Corporal Manning was promoted to a sergeancy on account of his courage and constancy.

But the privations of his prison life rendered it useless for him to continue longer in the army, and on the 16th of June he was honorably discharged and sent home. After the reception there that every good soldier received, when he reached his loved ones, Manning set about preparing for his life's work. The story of his adventures formed an excellent theme for many an audience and he soon entered Phillips Academy at Andover to prepare himself for the Christian ministry, through the education here and further to be acquired. But the seeds of disease, sown in the terrible trials of the southlands, developed into permanent illness, so that his studies were given up and he returned to his home, there to linger in feebleness till September 2, 1868, when the loyal brother, son and soldier passed on to the other life. The sermon preached in his memory, September 13, formed the basis of the delightful tribute paid to the soldier by Chaplain Trumbull.

THE DESERTER'S FATE.

[Somewhat abridged from the narratives of Surgeon Samuel A. Green and Captain John N. Partridge of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts and that of Chaplain H. C. Trumbull of the Tenth Connecticut.]

From Surgeon Green:—The French have a saying that there is nothing more probable than the improbable, and events often seem to prove the paradox. * * * I am about to relate a story with many unlikely elements which happened in connection with my regiment during its service in the South.

In the autumn of 1861, a Boston boy, Frank McElhenny by name, enlisted in the Twenty-fourth, was duly mustered November 25, and assigned to Company F. His age was eighteen years and his mother was a widow. His early

advantages had been few, and he might have been considered a fair specimen of the North End rough. During the early part of his enlistment, he experienced the usual lot that falls to the private soldier, but a little later he began to show a spirit of insubordination which led him to his miserable end. In the summer of 1862, when the regiment was stationed in Newbern, N. C., he was found guilty of some offense by a court martial and sentenced to imprisonment in Fort Macon, near Beaufort, N. C., for the remainder of the war. The fort is situated at one end of a very long and narrow island, so characteristic of that coast and separated from the mainland by the "Swash:" and here Private McElhenny was imprisoned. In the course of a few weeks, amid the scenes of other exciting events, the affair ceased to be talked about, and passed entirely out of mind. Soon afterward it was reported in camp that McElhenny had escaped from his place of confinement, but the rumor produced scarcely a ripple, so thoroughly had the whole matter been forgotten.

The scene now changes from North Carolina to Virginia, and let us pass over nearly two years. One hot and sultry afternoon in the month of July, 1864, on the picket-line in front of Richmond, a man in rebel uniform was seen running towards the Federal lines. At that time the distance between the two lines was very short, within speaking distance, though it varied in different places. It was late in the day, and the deserting soldier reached the post about ten minutes before the picket guard was to be relieved. Naturally, he was soon surrounded by men anxious to "buzz" him and learn the latest news from the other side. Among the first to approach him was a member of Company F of the Twenty-fourth, who approached him and at once said, "How are you, Frank?" The rebel soldier, without being abashed, immediately replied, "My name isn't Frank," which for the instant allayed any suspicion.

A minute later a drummer boy who belonged to the same company came up and at once asserted the identity of the

deserter with his old comrade, when McElhenny, in camp parlance, gave the whole thing away and acknowledged the fact. He was at once taken to the rear and delivered over to provost guard. The news spread like wildfire through the ranks of the regiment and created a great deal of excitement. The next day, he was sent to Fortress Monroe, where he was tried by court martial as a deserter from the Union army, was found guilty and sentenced to be shot, the place of execution to be near the camp of the brigade to which the regiment belonged, then near Deep Bottom, Va., on the north side of the James River.

While under guard in camp, I had an interview with the unfortunate man and he told me that after escaping from Fort Macon and proceeding to the southern end of the narrow island, he swam across to the mainland, and made his way to Raleigh, where for a short time he worked in a cobbler's shop. Finding this mode of life rather tame, after his army experience, he left for Richmond, where he enlisted under an assumed name, in a company of heavy artillery (Nineteenth Virginia Battalion). Again tiring of military discipline, he made up his mind again to desert, knowing that the National Government had agreed to send all deserters from the rebel army to any place in the North where they wished to go, and he intended to avail himself of the offer.

If he had come into our lines on either one of the two preceding days, or on either of the two following, he would not have been recognized by any old comrade, as the regiment went on picket only once in three days. If he had come into our lines ten minutes later, the Twenty-fourth would have been relieved, and another regiment stationed in its place. Even on the day when he deserted from the rebels, if he had escaped to any other post, he would have gone among strangers and would have passed unrecognized. As it was, along a picket-line of nearly thirty-five miles there were many hundred posts, he struck the identical post manned by his own company, which ten minutes later was

manned by soldiers of another regiment, and took the one day in three when that combination of circumstances was possible. In the doctrine of chances, everything was in his favor, and yet he lost. It seems as if keen-eyed justice on that occasion had landed on the point of a needle.

It belonged to me, in an official capacity, to be present at his execution; and I pitied the poor wretch from the bottom of my heart. As he stood near his coffin by the open grave, just ready to receive it, he nodded to me very familiarly as if we were soon going to meet again, although he was then tottering on the verge of eternity. In colloquial language, he died "game," but for all that he was utterly unfit to enter that awful presence about which we know nothing except through faith. He never knew—and for that matter, no one else in the camp—that in the forenoon of that warm day, I rode seven miles to the Point of Rocks, where were the headquarters of General Butler, then in command of the Army of the James, in order to intercede for him and secure a commutation of his sentence, but the effort was of no avail.

From Captain Partridge:—The writer of this story at the time of McElhenny's desertion in 1862 was First Lieutenant of D Company, and early in 1864 was promoted to be Captain of F Company. To F Company was assigned the trying duty of execution.

McElhenny was from the start a troublesome, insubordinate soldier. He was in several scrapes, and finally in 1862 was tried for some offense and sentenced to imprisonment for the remainder of his term of enlistment. One of the witnesses against him was Captain J. L. Stackpole of I Company, who later was Major, and judge advocate of the court martial which tried him on the charge of desertion.

According to McElhenny's statement made to Chaplain Trumbull and myself the day before his execution, he was for some time in the Confederate Army stationed at Richmond, and for awhile was on guard over Federal prisoners at Libby Prison. He had watched the movements of his old

regiment (Twenty-fourth Massachusetts) through the reports in the northern newspapers which often came his way. He had followed us thus from North Carolina early in 1863 to South Carolina; later in the same year to Florida. It was in the summer of 1864 that the Confederate regiment in which he was serving was ordered to the front and late in July was confronting his old regiment at Deep Bottom, Va. At this time he supposed the Twenty-fourth Regiment was in Florida.

July 27th, the Twenty-fourth was ordered forward from its camp at Deep Bottom to assist in a demonstration intended to divert the attention of the Confederates and to prevent them from sending reinforcements to Petersburg, where more important work was going on. Our line was deployed and the intervals between companies were considerably extended. There was not much firing on either side.

During a lull in the firing, one of my drummer-boys called my attention to a "rebel deserter" coming toward our line in front of another company. The boy asked permission to go and see the deserter, and his request was granted. In a few minutes he ran back and said the deserter was McElhenny. I recalled his record somewhat indistinctly after a lapse of nearly two years and sent the drummer to Colonel Osborn to state to him the facts, and to ask him to have him detained and identified. He was so identified and sent to the rear under guard. This incident passed from my thoughts entirely until August 6th, when it was forcibly brought to my mind.

I well remember that as we were coming in from evening parade on that afternoon I saw a prisoner being brought into camp in irons and under a strong guard. In a few minutes the rumor spread through camp that the prisoner was McElhenny, that he had been tried for desertion and sentenced to be shot. Shortly afterwards General Osborn confirmed this rumor and informed me I was to command the firing party, which was to be selected from among members of his former company. The official order came later.

On the following Monday—the 8th—the execution took place near our camp. The troops of the brigade were drawn up on three sides of a square. In the middle of the fourth was an open grave.

While the brigade was being formed, the firing party of twenty-four men was selected by lot from McElhenny's former comrades of F Company. They were divided into two sections of twelve men each and were formed in line at the side of my tent. Eleven men in each section had rifles loaded with ball cartridges and one with a blank cartridge. No one knew who had the latter, so that each had a right to suppose that he held it. This was effected by causing a sergeant of the first section to carry all of its rifles into my tent and then to withdraw. Another sergeant entered with me and in my presence loaded eleven rifles with ball cartridges and one with a blank, and then changed the rifles about. We went out and a third sergeant was ordered to bring the rifles out and distribute them without regard to their numbers. No one was allowed to "spring rammer." The rifles of the second section were loaded in the same manner.

The firing party then formed the escort for the prisoner. We marched from the guard tent, the band leading and playing a dirge, drums muffled. Following was an army wagon in which was a rude pine box to be used as a coffin. On it sat McElhenny and beside him a priest. The firing party, with arms reversed, brought up the rear. The most unconcerned appearing man in the entire group was the man who had the most at stake—McElhenny.

The procession halted at the grave on the open side of the square. The prisoner and the priest alighted, the box was taken out and placed beside the grave, and the band and wagon passed on. McElhenny was blindfolded, his arms were pinioned and he was told to kneel upon his coffin. The first section was drawn up a short distance in front of him and a volley was fired. McElhenny fell forward pierced by many bullets. After the regimental surgeon,

Dr. Green, had examined him and reported him dead, the brigade was formed in columns of fours and marched past the prostrate form—a warning to the living. After all had passed, the body was placed face downward in the box and lowered into the grave. The grave was then filled and the earth levelled. No mound or head-board marked the spot where the deserter was lying. Such was the ignominious ending.

From Chaplain Trumbull:—My first meeting with this man was the day before he was shot, as he sat on the banks of the James, handcuffed, fettered and closely guarded. Conscious of being watched by curious eyes of his old comrades and others, he was evidently in an attitude of defiance, striving to appear unconcerned. Although not repelling with rudeness my proffers of interest and sympathy, he plainly said he was not going to break down now; he had "lived game," and he would "die game." Even if there were a God and a hereafter, it was "too late to think of that now." He had put it off too long. Then he spoke bitterly of those who had been over him in his earlier campaigning and insisted that he had been sinned against rather than been a wrong-doer in his army life. I saw that, just then, he was in no frame of mind for such service as I could render him, and I left him with assurances of prayerful interest in him and with a promise to come back in the evening.

When I came to him later, while we were no longer under the eye of observers, I found him less defiant. As I questioned him about the past, I found that he had a mother living. I found also that he had been a guard in Libby Prison a year ago, while I was confined there. As he softened down in his tone and manner, I asked him if I might pray with him; he assented. As I prayed, with and for him, I prayed for his poor mother. At the mention of her name, he uttered a piercing cry and fell forward on his face; his whole frame convulsed with agony and with sobs that

seemed as if his very heart were breaking. Stretching myself alongside him on the grass, under the quiet stars, I put my arm over him and waited in silent show of sympathy. His hardihood was all gone; he was as a child again. He was glad to have me talk to him and to talk to me of himself. He no longer blamed those who had aided in bringing him to this state. He blamed only himself. Finding that he was a Roman Catholic and would naturally desire the ministrations of a priest of that church, I made request of our division commander to telegraph to General Meade's headquarters, before Petersburg, for a priest, and soon I received word that one would be with us in the early morning.

The next morning I had my first sight of a military execution. I wish it could have been my last. The entire brigade was ordered out to witness it. As the command stood waiting, in three sides of a hollow square, with an open grave in the centre of the fourth side, a deep, solemn, oppressive stillness weighed down upon all hearts. This stillness was broken by a low, soft, plaintive strain of music which came floating on the sultry air across the plain, from beyond the rise of ground in the direction of the camp he had left. It was the sound of a funeral dirge from muffled drums with the subdued notes of an accompanying band. A funeral dirge for a living man! Hearts quickened and hearts stood still at the sound. A cart drawn by a pair of white horses bore the condemned soldier seated on his coffin, accompanied by the kindly priest, while a military escort marched on each side with arms reversed as though the man were already dead. The firing party, the guard and the music completed the gloomy procession. It was nearly half a mile away and it seemed a long, long while in coming.

Low and soft as the breathing of an Æolian harp, mournful and oppressive as a midnight funeral knell, the approaching music rose and fell in swelling and dying cadences, while listening ears ached in sympathy and waiting hearts throbbed in responsive tenderness. It was hard to bear.

Faces paled and hands shook which were not accustomed to show signs of fear, and officers and men alike would have welcomed a call to battle in exchange for that terrible inaction in the sight of coming death. Then came the last sad scene. The fettered deserter was helped from the cart, just back of the open grave. The priest knelt with him in prayer; then bade him good-bye and retired a little distance to kneel and continue praying in his behalf. The guard formed on the right and left of the prisoner, and the firing party took position in front of him a dozen paces distant as he knelt on his coffin with bandaged eyes and pinioned arms. Twelve men were of the firing party. Eleven of the rifles were loaded with bullets and one with a blank cartridge. No one knew which rifle lacked its bullet, so that every soldier might think it possible that it was his. A second firing party was back of the first. Two surgeons were close at hand to see that the dread work was fully done.

The dirge had died away. A stillness, even more painful than its wailing notes, had succeeded. This was broken by the low, clear spoken words of command: "Ready! Aim! Fire!" There was a sharp explosion. The condemned man fell forward on his coffin. The surgeons were quickly at his side. Five bullets had pierced his chest. Yet the pulse still beat and there was a low, moaning respiration. Soldier hands were not steady in aiming at a comrade's heart. The second party came forward; the orders were repeated; eight more bullets entered his chest and head. The deserter was dead!

The entire brigade was marched in column by the open grave and the dead deserter. The band struck up a lively air, as always in going from a soldier's grave, and the command returned to the camp again. None who witnessed that sight could ever forget it.

J. K. CLARK, THE SUTLER.

The Twenty-fourth had but one sutler, and he was Joseph Kempton Clark, who began his duties in the Readville camp and terminated them late in the summer of 1864, when his regiment was struggling on the extreme right of the Union Army in front of Richmond. Mr. Clark was born in Wiscasset, Maine, October 9, 1826, and in his infancy came with his parents to Boston, where the family resided till the lad was about five years old, when all went back to the Pine Tree State. In his youth he served as a clerk in a store and then went to sea, continuing in that work long enough to become the master of his craft. As might be expected, his father being in the lumber business, the young man was inducted early into that calling. Apparently he was not wanting in interest in passing affairs, since in 1854 Governor Wm. G. Crosby of Maine made him a member of his staff, thereby conferring the title of Colonel, by which he was familiarly known in subsequent years.

The immediate cause of his leaving his post with the regiment was the fact that his father, having a large lumber venture in Pennsylvania, needed the presence and aid of his son, and there the latter remained for five years. Thence he went to Minnesota and assisted in the planting of infant Duluth; his stay there, however, was brief, for he soon went to Chicago, where, as a contractor in street and road making, he was on the high road to fortune, when, by the terrible conflagration of October 9, 1871, his birthday, his accumulations were swept away in a day. After pulling himself together, he left the scene of his losses in 1873, and repaired to the city of New York, where he became one of the four executive officers of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, situated on Staten Island, and there for twenty-six years he remained, retiring at the end of that period on a life pension.

April 8, 1900, the hotel in which he made his home caught fire and in the excitement he fell down a flight of stairs, breaking his right arm and dislocating the shoulder. Then,

to add to his misfortunes, his sight began to fail and in March, 1903, gave out entirely. After June, 1904, he made his home for the most part in Cottage Park, Winthrop, and in the town of Brookline, though he still counted Brooklyn, N. Y., as his home, retaining his citizenship or voting privilege there. Though completely blinded, he retained the cheerfulness of earlier days, was full of happy reminiscence of years agone, and in answer to the question as to the profits arising from the sutler business, replied that the same amount of capital invested and properly cared for in the North in those days, would have brought as great or greater returns. As a sutler he had to endure raids, stealings from employees and soldiers, as well as risks from the enemy. He had exceptional facilities on account of the regiment always being near the seaboard, so that his schooner, as a base of supplies, could be regularly utilized, yet the dangers of all sorts more than made up for the high prices at which his wares were sold.

Among his pleasant recollections was that of being able to do a good turn for Captain "Ed." Vaile of the steamer Guide, whom he encountered in Florida, several years ago, no longer the happy and prosperous manager of the vessel which almost merited the name of the regiment's houseboat. Through the kindness and good will of Colonel Clark, the Captain was given a home in the Sailors' Snug Harbor, where he died October 19, 1904.

The story of the regiment was in type when the news came that Colonel Clark had died in Winthrop, July 29, 1907, and that his body was buried in the Moravian Cemetery, Staten Island, N. Y.

SURGEON GREEN WAS LEFT.

The Burnside Expedition sailed without Surgeon Green of the Twenty-fourth, though he was left through no fault of his own. Perhaps his earlier service in the First Regiment had given him a prominent place among the regimental surgeons gathered at Annapolis; at any rate Dr. W. H. Church, Division Surgeon, selected him for the duty of equipping two schooners for hospital purposes. After some labor in this direction, Surgeon Church, thinking the preparation unduly large, directed the transferring of all the items gathered to one vessel, viz., the Recruit. There were not many sick in the Annapolis hospital at the time of sailing, and Surgeon Green essayed to take with him only those who were hopefully convalescing. The fleet sailed without the Doctor and his Recruit, neither Captain Coggeshall of the Recruit nor the Surgeon having sailing orders. Among the nurses on the vessel was S. K. Dunster of Co. K, afterwards hospital-steward. In this situation Dr. Green applied for advice to a staff officer of General Burnside, who, also, for some reason had been left behind. He advised Dr. Green to set out for Fortress Monroe at once and there get further direction. Acting accordingly, they arrived about twenty-four hours after the final departure of the fleet, hence, so far as direct orders were concerned, the situation was little better than at Annapolis. However, the Surgeon reported to General John E. Wool in command at the Fortress and from him received the following order:

HEADQUARTERS OF VIRGINIA,

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., 13th January, 1862.

Captain Coggeshall and Surgeon Samuel A. Green will proceed to Hatteras Inlet, where he will learn the whereabouts of Brigadier General Burnside.

JOHN E. WOOL,
Major General.

By this time the storm, which was working such havoc with the fleet on its appearance off Hatteras, was raging about the Fortress also, consequently the Captain of the Recruit waited till the fury of the storm was over and then set forth for North Carolina, making the trip in about a day and a half, and finding the fleet partly inside and partly out-

side of the Swash, among other wrecks with which the coast was strewn, making special note of that of the New York, which had gone to pieces at so great a loss. It was easier to reach the Inlet than to go in and find the fleet's Medical Director, Dr. Church. The Recruit was manned by Cape Cod and Gloucester sailors belonging to the Twenty-fourth. In his impatient waiting to cross over the bar and so find his regiment, Dr. Green paced many miles upon the beach and recalls now his surprise when he saw finely drawn on the sands of the shore, a map of the town of Wendell, Mass., with which his family was connected, and with the name plainly written. The Doctor was not a Crusoe nor ship-wrecked, but he was forlorn enough to appreciate a Bay State reminder, left upon the sands of North Carolina. However, even the delays of crossing had an end and he was able to report to Dr. Church and to secure the privilege of reporting to his regiment, where he felt more at home and where his services were constantly required.

NEWBERN NATIONAL CEMETERY.

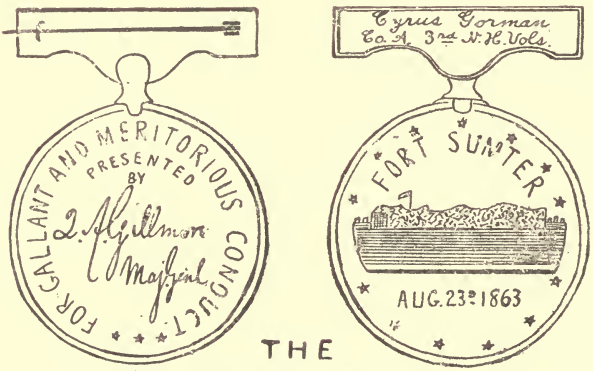
The Roll of Honor, printed by the Government, contains the names, when known, of all the Union dead buried in the national cemeteries. Not far from 100,000 bodies of soldiers are thus waiting the judgment day "under the laurel" so beautifully sung by Judge Francis M. Finch in his "Blue and the Gray." The dead of the Twenty-fourth were left in all the States in which the regiment saw service. Those who fell in South Carolina were buried, for the most part, in Hilton Head; the dead of Virginia are sleeping in Hampton, while those of North Carolina repose in Washington, N. C., and in Newbern, the number there (41) being greater than in any other one place and exceeding that of any other regiment, except the Twenty-seventh. Bodies at first buried in Roanoke Island and in other places were disinterred and carried to Newbern for reburial, save those at Washington. With one or two exceptions, the graves are in plats 8, 9 and 10. The cemetery itself is on the National Cemetery roadway, 1¼ miles from the Post Office, and contains eight acres of land. The dead are grouped by States, and two of the latter, Connecticut and New Jersey, have already erected monuments there to the memory of their sons. Massachusetts has appropriated a large sum of money for the purpose of

similarly memorializing her loyal children. The names, secured through the inquiries of Charles G. Robinson (F) and the kindness of George E. James, superintendent of the cemetery, are given as sent and, presumably, as they appear on the headstones. In some cases they differ from the spelling as given in the Roster. They appear in the order of burial rather than by company or alphabetically. Beginning with 1282, the first nine names are those of men killed at Newbern, March 14, '62, and are: J. Thomas, C; I. N. Vincent, B; F. Brown, F; A. J. Merritt, I; C. Riley, I; W. Bans, A; C. Hedricks, F; S. Lines, F; W. Jones, F. The other names range from 1321 to 1853, thus lacking two of the total ascribed to the regiment. Of the numbers, 1321 is that of an unknown Co. D man; other numbers with "unknown" added are: 1593, 1738, 1811, B; No. 1343 is that of Sergt. Geo. N. Gammons, D; then follow: Charles Sears, —; J. Moreland, K; John S. Oldham, B; Martin Harmon, G; Chas. F. Moulton, D; David C. Bumpus, B; Lawrence Doyle, D; T. Hayes, D; Michael Killdary, H; Francis B. Jones, C; Harry Currier, F; Henry N. Trask, G; J. W. Smith, B; Wm. Canning, D; C. N. Bates, A; David C. Daniel, D; John Lane, D; Wm. Sweeney, D; O. T. Thrasher, K; G. H. Baxter, F; Victor F. Ahrens, H; Richard W. Field, H; Francis Marmo, D; James H. Lee, D; Daniel H. Shannahan, D.

GILLMORE MEDALS.

The effect of time on memories never had a better illustration than in the almost total effacement from all minds of Twenty-fourth survivors of facts concerning the awarding of medals for special bravery during the operations against Charleston. General Q. A. Gillmore, actuated by a desire to properly recognize the zeal and energy of the men who fought so valiantly under his direction, had a large number of bronze medals prepared by Ball, Black & Co. of New York for men whose names had been sent to him by the officers of the regiments interested. It is said that certain regiments declined furnishing names for the reason that it was unfair to thus discriminate, for all had been equally brave. If any list of all recipients was ever published anywhere, the same cannot be found now. When the medals came to the Twenty-fourth, the regiment was in the midst of the trying campaign against Richmond in the month of June, the 18th

day (vid. p. 319), and their distribution was effected with no ceremony whatever, hence the lack of lasting impression. When, in these later days, an effort was made to find the names of the regimental recipients, very few could be found who had any recollection whatever of the matter. The result of the seeking, somewhat incomplete, is owing largely to the industry and perseverance of C. G. Robinson of Co. F, who wrote scores of letters and cards in his quest, and whatever credit is due for thus rescuing from oblivion the names of Gillmore medalists is his. The cut accompanying this paragraph is owed to the kindness of Capt. Dan. Eldredge, historian of the Third New Hampshire, and fully represents the face and reverse of the souvenir. It will be strange if this publication does not bring forth the missing names. The names secured are as follows: Co. A, Wm. Egan and Thos. C. Snell; Co. B, Charles Chesley; Co. C, Alex. M. Hayward; Co. D, Charles M. Parker; Co. E, Henry M. Stoddard; Co. F, George A. Higgins; Co. G, Alfred O. Cobb and H. H. Manning; Co. I, Wm. J. O'Brien; Co. K, John Ryan and Bangs Taylor. Henry Scales of Co. E was offered a medal, but chose a furlough instead. Stranger still one of these choice souvenirs was sent for a man who, notwithstanding his Morris Island prowess, had deserted. What a fall was there!



THE GILLMORE MEDAL.

ARMY AND CORPS RELATIONS.

The different localities in which the Twenty-fourth served tended to involve its army and corps relations to an unusual degree. Some regiments, with full three years' service to their credit, came home with only one corps badge as a souvenir of combat, but the Twenty-fourth survivors wear reminders of no less than four corps organizations to which the regiment was more or less attached. It never served in the Army of the Potomac, but it was prominently connected with that of Burnside, the Army of the South, and with that of the James, the latter always co-operating with that of the Potomac.

Burnside Expedition. It has ever been a pleasant memory of the regiment that its first service was in the brigade of General J. G. Foster. When, early in May, '62, the reorganization of Burnside's forces took place, the Twenty-fourth became a member of the First or Foster's Division, Second Brigade, Col. T. G. Stevenson, and thus it continued until the organization of the Eighteenth Corps.

Eighteenth Army Corps. The warrant for the existence of this corps bears date Dec. 24, 1862, General J. G. Foster commanding, with Brig.-General H. W. Wessells at the head of the First Division and Col. T. G. Stevenson still commanding the Second Brigade, where the Twenty-fourth is found. The departure for the South did not change the relations of the regiment, though in the published records, the regiments thus transferred to South Carolina are borne as "detached." Under General Hunter, the assignments were somewhat changed; thus early in 1863 the regiment is found in the Fourth Division, Second Brigade, though still under Wessells and Stevenson respectively.

Tenth Army Corps. In the summer of '63, the regiment is found in the Tenth Corps, First Division, General A. H. Terry, Third Brigade, General Stevenson. Though placed in actual service, the several regiments that went to the South State with Foster are still carried as "detached," and as late as Oct. 15, '63, General Gillmore is found complaining because they are thus reported, though an integral part of his force. Indeed, under a variety of corps, division and brigade commanders, the Twenty-fourth remained with the Tenth Corps till near the end of 1864.

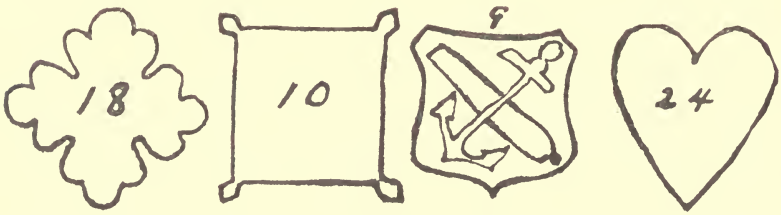
Twenty-fourth Corps. In December, '64, went forth the edict that the white regiments of the Eighteenth and Tenth

Corps should constitute the Twenty-fourth, and the colored bodies the Twenty-fifth Corps, the earlier named corps being consequently discontinued. In the new corps, our regiment was assigned to the First Division, General A. H. Terry, soon succeeded by General R. S. Foster, and the Third Brigade, Col. H. M. Plaisted. Thus placed the regiment remained till the disbanding of the corps, which took place August 1, 1865.

Ninth Army Corps. Though the symbol of this corps is found in the regimental badge, yet the Twenty-fourth never had any real connection therewith. The fact that Burnside was so long connected with the corps and so many of the regiments that accompanied him to North Carolina were also members of the corps must be the reason that the anchor, naval cannon and shield are found in the emblazonry of the regiment, just a pardonable bit of sentiment. It is claimed that the corps-badge is really the symbol used orginally by the officers in the Burnside Expedition.

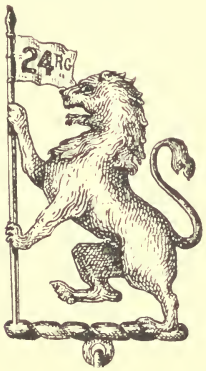
REGIMENTAL BADGE.

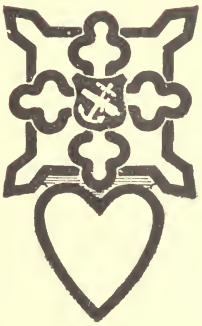
Where an organization belonged to only one army corps, special badges for the regiment are seldom found, but when their relations were many, some special design became, if not necessary, at least desirable. Hence, the somewhat extended design which to the accustomed eye of the wearer is plain enough, but which to that of the novice needs some explanation. George A. Loring of Co. C was the designer of the badge and the manner in which the several corps badges have



been merged is decidedly ingenious. An inspection of the several symbols outlined herewith will show what the foundation was. Thus the Eighteenth Corps wore a design sometimes called a modified Greek cross or four clover-leaves united at their bases; that of the Tenth was a square fortification

with bastions at the several angles, significant perhaps of the siege work, so long the duty of the Tenth in its earlier service; the Ninth had the shield and naval accompaniments, a reminder of Burnside and his men in their Hatteras experience; the pendant heart was worn by the men of the Twenty-fourth Corps. Above all of these figures is seen the rampant lion holding in his clasp a standard bearing the numerals "24." No one who ever saw the Old State House of Boston needs an introduction to the figure there displayed, and when it is learned that the same was for half a century and more the design borne on all occasions by the New England Guard, its significance on the badge of the New England Guard Regiment is apparent.





REGIMENTAL BAND.

Though Gilmore's aggregation of musicians was mustered out at the end of the regiment's first year, the Twenty-fourth was not long without instrumental music, since, as stated in earlier pages, owing to the generosity of Gilmore himself and other friends, funds were secured for the purchase of instruments, and enlisted men were found of musical capacity to make of the new association one of the best in the service. For the most part they re-enlisted, were constant and reliable and formed one of the principal attractions in Boston when the regiment came home in 1866. The names of the members were acquired through the recollection of Atwood and Ingraham, members, but now separated by all the space intervening between Maine and Idaho. The first leader was Chief Musician George S. Stone. On his departure, he was succeeded by Chief Musician John W. Lincoln,

H. P. Meader. George H. Gardner. | Tilon Robinson. H. L. Chamberlain and wife. | Charles E. Pratt. James Dresser.

REGIMENTAL BAND.

who continued through. He was a piano-maker after the war, in Boston. The names of the members with their companies follow: Wm. French and Henry L. Chamberlain, A; John H. Armstrong, B; John W. Lincoln and George S. Stone, D; Tilon Robinson, George H. Gardner, Thos. B. Holmes, Leander Hicks and Daniel McPherson, E; James L. Carter and Oren Mildam, H; Sewell S. Ingraham and Chas. E. Pratt, I; Andrew J. Vining, James Dresser, James H. Atwood, Horace P. Meader and Wm. A. Ackerman, K. The Drum-major, Ernest Meyer (C), was German born, had served in the army of his native land, was of most magnificent figure, more than six feet in height and he fully realized the dignity of his position. Of him a competent observer remarked, "It would be difficult to find a more nearly perfect figure in the United States."

REGIMENTAL GLEE CLUB.

A sort of wheel within wheels was the Stevenson Glee Club, which on occasion could warble the sweetest vocal music. Whatever may have been its specific appellation before, after the lamented death of General Stevenson, it chose to be known as the "Stevenson" Club, and perhaps no organization in the regiment afforded a greater amount of pleasure to those listening than did these young men drawn from the ranks, again showing what the enlisted men of a New England regiment were capable of, and, more than this, the advantages found in the average northern community. If a party of officers wished to have dinner, supper or other convivial gathering, the Club was ready to help out; were there distinguished guests at headquarters, who so apt to serenade as these votaries of Orpheus? Their sweet strains are lingering yet in some memories. Their leader was Tilon Robinson; the pianist or accompanist, Chas. E. Pratt, a musical prodigy; the other members were Chamberlain, Gardner, Hicks and Meader.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

First and last, the Twenty-fourth served under many generals. For some there was felt the very highest degree of esteem, while now and then one was endured rather than loved. Possibly the faces shown in the accompanying group represent those with whom the regiment was brought into closest contact, excepting of course its own loved Colonel, later Brigadier General Thomas G. Stevenson. Colonel H. M. Plaisted of the 11th Maine was long in command of the brigade to which the regiment was attached, but no portrait of the Colonel has been secured.

Few names are mentioned more heartily by the veterans of the Twenty-fourth than that of General Burnside. The men rejoiced at every recognition of his merit and sorrowed at any apparent lack of appreciation of his efforts. Mentally at least, they followed him into his civil life, and as one of the United States senators from Rhode Island, as well as thrice Governor, they were sure that he was receiving no more than his deserts. To this day, no soldier who followed him in life fails to note the magnificent equestrian bronze of the great soldier when he passes through the city of Providence. Indiana-born, May 23, 1824; West Point, 1847, he acquired affiliation with Rhode Island through marriage and opened his

experience in the war by leading the First Rhode Island Militia to the front and, leaving Providence, April 20, '61, was present at the First Bull Run, and thenceforward was a conspicuous figure in the prosecution of the war. He died suddenly in his Bristol, R. I., home, Sept. 3, 1881.

Next to that of Burnside, perhaps, John G. Foster sounds most pleasantly in the ears of men who served through the North State campaigns. A native of New Hampshire, May 27, 1823, a graduate of West Point in 1846, he had been a soldier up to the beginning of the war. Indeed, the latter found him in Fort Moultrie, Charleston Harbor, and his successful transferral of the garrison to Fort Sumter won for him a brevet Major's commission in the regular army. He was with the intrepid Anderson during the assault on the latter fortification and shared with him the bitterness of defeat. For uniform courtesy and gentleness of heart he had no superior, and officers and men alike respected and loved him. The hardships of his many campaigns no doubt were responsible for his relatively early death, for he died in Nashua, N. H., Sept. 2, 1874. The old Granite State sent no better soldier into the service.

Quincy Adams Gillmore bore in his Christian names a suggestion of Massachusetts, though he was born in Black River, Ohio, Feb. 28, 1825. Graduating at the head of his West Point class, 1849, he was assigned to the Engineer Corps, there developing the skill which was utilized subsequently in the reduction of Fort Pulaski and in the siege of Charleston. Quiet, reserved and wholly lacking in spectacular characteristics, General Gillmore nevertheless impressed all who came near him with the extent and reliableness of his resources. After the war, he continued to plan and execute engineering operations and to publish works dealing with that subject. He died at his Brooklyn, N. Y., residence, April 7, 1888. A biographer says of him: "He made himself the first artillerist of the war, and if not the first engineer, he was second to none. He was to the New World what Todleben was to the Old."

Alfred H. Terry, long associated with the Tenth Corps either as division or corps commander, was born in Hartford, Conn., Nov. 10, 1827. His education was with reference to law rather than war, and the Rebellion found him a practicing lawyer with a fondness for amateur arms, since he was then in command of the Second Regiment of militia. With this

Maj.-Gen. Q. A. Gillmore. Maj.-Gen. A. E. Burnside.
Bvt. Maj.-Gen. R. S. Foster. Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster.
Maj.-Gen. A. H. Terry.

organization he was present at the First Bull Run. Later as Colonel of the Seventh Conn. he found his way into the Department of the South, where he served for the most part save in the earlier campaign of '64. Undoubtedly his greatest claim to lasting fame rests on his masterly assault on Fort Fisher and the effectual reduction of the same. As a resolute, resourceful and generally capable officer, he made a lasting impression on every follower, whether in the ranks or wearing shoulder straps. His service secured for him recognition in the regular army and there he remained until his retirement in April, 1888. He died in New Haven, Conn., Dec. 16, 1890, having been in ill health for several years.

As brigade and division commander when in the Tenth Corps, the survivors of the Twenty-fourth have vivid recollection of General Robert Sandford Foster. They had early become accustomed to his family name and were ready to like him for old time's sake, but service with him soon showed

them that he was likable for qualities of his own. Born in Vernon, Indiana, Jan. 27, 1834, after receiving the advantages of the public schools, he entered, in his teens, upon a mercantile life in Indianapolis. Meanwhile he found recreation in the militia of his native State, thereby receiving instruction which served him well when the war began. Enlisting April 14, '61, he went to the front as Captain of Co. A, 11th Indiana. His promotion thence was rapid, becoming Colonel of the 13th Regiment in May, '62. His service was entirely in the East and was always of the most strenuous character. As General Terry's Chief of Staff, he was introduced to our regiment and his association with the Tenth Corps is a matter of record thenceforward. In the windup of '65, he commanded a division of the Twenty-fourth Corps and was among the most prominent at the surrender. It is said of him that he never lost a battle nor a skirmish. After the war he was one of the Military Commission for the trial of the conspirators and assassins of President Lincoln. Though proffered a Lieutenant-colonelcy in the regular army, he preferred to return to civil life and was soon found in his native Indiana, where one of his earliest actions was to bear a prominent part in the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was the first to perform the duties of Commander-in-chief of the order, and was the first Department Commander of Indiana. He organized Post No. 1 of his own State, and never flagged in his devotion to the good of the organization. There can be no question that to him as much as to Major B. F. Stephenson is due the successful existence of the G. A. R. His civil life was filled with honors, having been an alderman, city treasurer, and president of the Board of Trade in Indianapolis and U. S. Marshal for Indiana. At the time of his death, March 3, 1903, he was Quartermaster-general of the National Guard of Indiana.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

Twenty-fourth Club.—When the Twenty-fourth was in Florida, the original commissioned officers of the regiment formed an organization with the foregoing title. Till the war ended there was little opportunity for regular meetings, yet its very name was a source of pleasure. After the return of the regiment there was an annual gathering at some central point, where, over the fragrant repast, greetings were

exchanged and old times discussed. Year after year the numbers have been reduced till now only twelve remain eligible to sit at the feast. The Club took the initiative towards placing the memorial of General Stevenson in the State House.

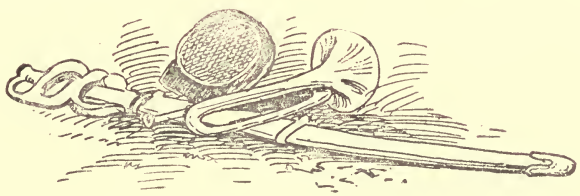
Twenty-fourth Regiment Association.—Soon after the regiment returned, the idea was advanced that the "boys" ought to meet at least once a year, and some of the companies had their own special run-togethers, a practice kept up to this day. The organization for the regiment was effected before the great Boston fire of 1872, and the records then in existence disappeared in the conflagration. The fires of memory, however, have continued burning ever since, and annually, on Jan. 20, the date of the muster-out, in some one of the Boston hotels, the "old boys," every year older and whiter grown, assemble, eat a good dinner, fight over again the battles of '61-'65, drink a cup to the memory of departed comrades, and separate for one more year in the battle of life. Occasionally a comrade appears who has crossed half a continent to be present, and the reception accorded is worth all the pains it cost. For many years the Secretary has been Comrade John C. Cook of Company C, and the present President is Capt. Wm. F. Wiley, Company K.

THEY STILL LIVE.

Though their mortality long since moldered back to its kindred dust, the names of two of the regiment's dead will live for years to come in the appellations of two Grand Army Posts—

Thomas G. Stevenson Post 26 of Roxbury recalls that admirable officer and his lamentable death at the beginning of the closing campaign, which ended all hopes of the Confederacy.

James A. Perkins Post 156 of Everett brings to mind the terrible scenes in front of grim Fort Wagner and the form of the young Lieutenant, brave to rashness, presenting always his face to the foe.



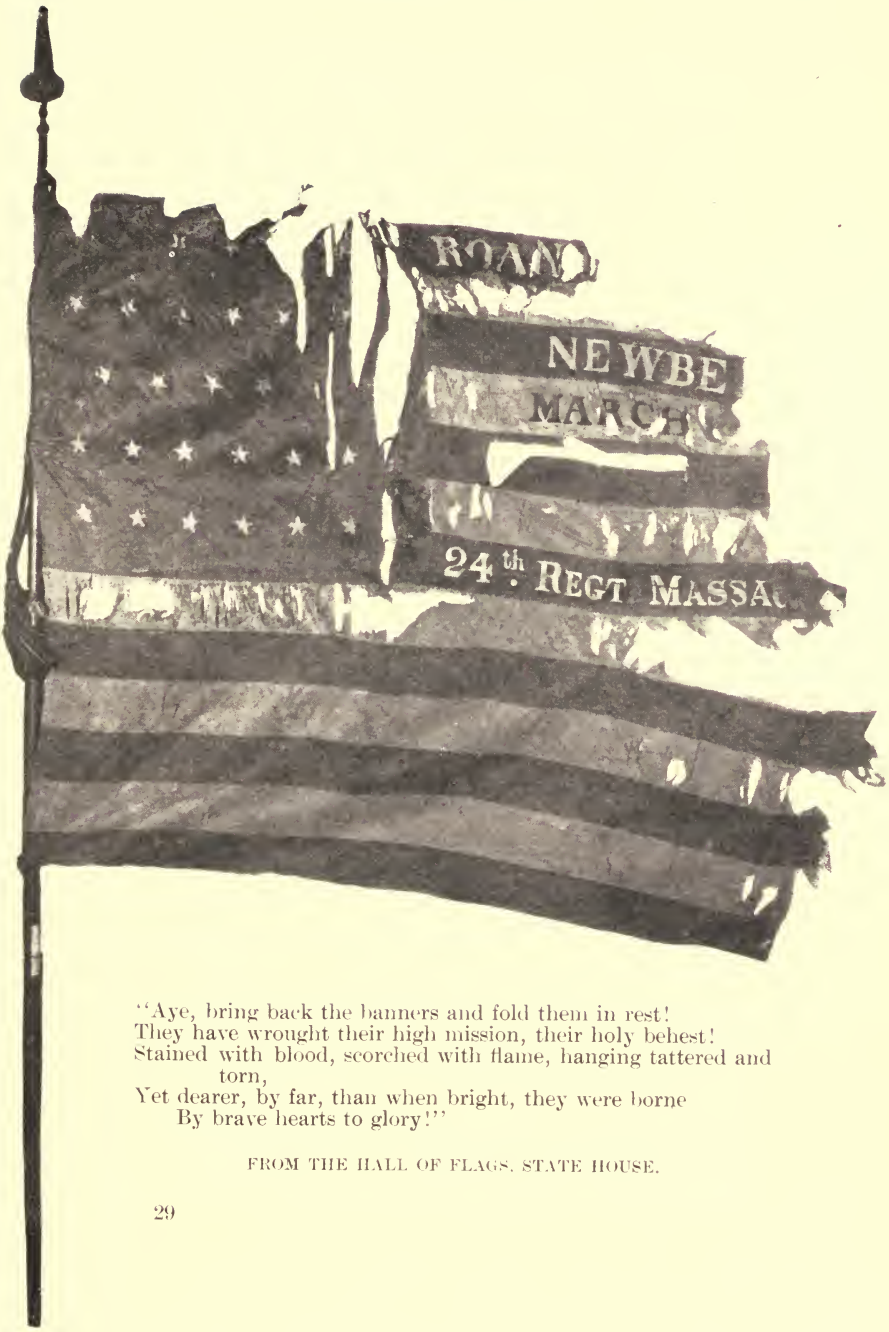
REGIMENTAL ROSTER.

The foundation of the Roster is material preserved in the State House. There, all names are given alphabetically, without reference to company or rank. To present the list as found on the following pages it was necessary to rearrange the names by companies and in the cases of commissioned officers to place their names with their respective organizations. To do this necessitated the examination of every accessible document bearing on the subject. It is hoped that the result is measurably correct. To arrange all the captains in one group, and first and second lieutenants respectively in a similar manner is far from satisfactory. Possibly the surviving veteran could reach in and select his own officers, but seemingly it is much better for officers and men to go together in printed history as they marched when their history was actually made.

The Roster aims to give the name, age, occupation, residence and date of enlistment of every man in the regiment, together with such incidental data as his service may have won, together with date of his death, desertion or discharge for whatever cause.

Thus: Smith, John, 18 years old; farmer, Salem; enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded March 14, Newbern; re-enlisted January 4, 1864; promoted Coporal April 2, 1864; discharged October 15, 1864, disability.

For the sake of brevity, the following abbreviations are used: A. A. G.=Assistant Adjutant General; b.=buried; bvt.=brevet; com.=commission; Corp.=Corporal; cr.=credited; d.=died; desert.=deserted; dis.=discharged; disa.=disability; en.=enlisted; ex. of s.=expiration of service; G. O. W. D.=General Order War Department; k.=killed; M. O.=mustered out; Mus.=Musician; N. E. G.=New England Guard; N. F. R.=no further record; N. S. H.=National Soldiers' Home; O. W. D.=Order War Department; prom.=promoted; [R]=Recruit; re.=re-enlisted; res.=resigned; Sergt.=Sergeant; S. H.=Soldiers' Home in Chelsea; V. R. C.=Veteran Reserve Corps; wd.=wounded.



"Aye, bring back the banners and fold them in rest!
They have wrought their high mission, their holy behest!
Stained with blood, scorched with flame, hanging tattered and
torn,
Yet dearer, by far, than when bright, they were borne
By brave hearts to glory!"

FROM THE HALL OF FLAGS, STATE HOUSE.

In the war period, there were 339 cities and towns in Massachusetts; of these 219 were represented in the Twenty-fourth Regiment.

FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONELS.

Thomas G. Stevenson, 25; Boston; Aug. 31, 1861; Brig-gen., Dec. 26, '62; k. Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 10, '64, commanding 1st Div. 9th Army Corps; b. Mt. Auburn.

Francis A. Osborn, Dec. 28, '62; M. O. Nov. 14, '64, ex. of s.; Brev. Brig-gen. Mar. 13, '65. In civil life General Osborn was Naval Officer, port of Boston, Mar. 19, '67—June 8, '69; in City Council, Boston, '67, '68, '69; Chairman, Massachusetts Civil Service Commission, three years from June 23, '86; declined reappointment. He was the first Commander of the Massachusetts Commandery, Loyal Legion, and the second Commander, Massachusetts Department Grand Army of the Republic.

Charles H. Hooper, Nov. 15, '64; M. O. Mar. 18, '65, as Lieut.-colonel; d. June 25, 1899, Boston. Colonel Hooper saw no more active service; he was confined at first in Libby Prison, thence was taken to Danville, Va., and finally to Salisbury N. C. At last he was returned to Richmond and as above to liberty. With Gen. Joseph Hayes, also of Massachusetts, he took charge of the receiving and distributing of supplies from the Federal Government. Major M. P. Turner's permit bearing date Feb. 3, 1865. His sword, an elegant weapon, was not restored to Colonel Hooper till Aug. 19, 1892, and even then was recovered at some outlay on his part, the southern possessor considering it after the nature of an entrance to a gold mine.

Albert Ordway, May 7, '65; M. O. Feb. 10, '66, as Lieut.-colonel, ex. of s.; Brev. Brig.-gen., Mar. 13, '65; d. Nov. 21, 1897. After the war, settled and married in Richmond; a member of Council and Board of Aldermen; candidate for Congress, and defeated; later in Washington, active in National Guard; by President Cleveland made a Brigadier in command of all of the forces in the district; he brought them to a high degree of efficiency.

Gen. R. H. Stevenson. Surg. S. A. Green. Gen. F. A. Osborn.

SURVIVING FIELD OFFICERS, 1907.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

Francis A. Osborn, 27; Boston; Aug. 31, 1861; prom. Colonel.

Robert H. Stevenson, Dec. 28, '62; res. May 31, '64; Brev. Colonel and Brig.-gen., Mar 13, '65.

Charles H. Hooper, June 1, '64; captured July 24, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; paroled Feb. 22, 1865.

Albert Ordway, Nov. 15, '64; prom. Colonel.

Thomas F. Edmands, May 7, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Major; Brev. Colonel, Mar. 13, '65; d. Aug. 30, 1906; b. Mt. Auburn. For thirty-three years Colonel Edmands commanded the First Corps of Cadets, Boston's crack military organization, having resigned his position hardly more than a month before his death.

MAJORS.

Robert H. Stevenson, 23; Boston; Sept. 2, 1861; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern, N. C.; prom. Lieut.-colonel.

Charles H. Hooper (E), Dec. 28, '62; prom. Lieut-colonel.

Edward C. Richardson (G), June 1, '64; dis. Sept. 23, '64, disa. After the strife was over, forming a business partnership with his First Lieutenant, J. M. Barnard, he continued in business in Savannah, Ga., for thirty-five years. Now, retired, he resides in Boston.

Albert Ordway (I), Sept. 24, '64; prom. Lieut.-colonel.

Thomas F. Edmands (G), Nov. 15, '64; prom. Lieut.-colonel.

Davis Foster (D), May 7, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Capt.; Brev. Major, U. S. Vols., Mar. 13, '65; d. Savannah, Ga., Sept. 21, 1876. The stay of the Twenty-fourth in St. Augustine resulted in the marriage of Major Foster to Miss Dolores Sanches, descended from one of the old Spanish families; tiring of a planter's life he became a merchant in Savannah, dying there early in life, the result of wounds received in the service. His son, J. C. R. Foster, is now Adjutant-general of the State of Florida, an elective office.

ADJUTANTS AND ACTING ADJUTANTS.

John F. Anderson, 28; Boston; Sept. 2, 1861; dis. June 7, '63; commissioned, June 9, '63, Major and A. D. C., serving on staffs of Generals Burnside and Foster

respectively; Brev. Lieut.-col. U. S. Vols., Mar. 1, '65; Brev. Colonel and Brig.-gen., Mar. 13, '65; res. March 27, '65; d. April 19, 1902, Portland, Me.

Wm. L. Horton (I), Dec. '62; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; vid. Company A.

Albert Ordway (G), after Battle of Newbern.

Charles G. Ward (H), March—May, '63.

James M. Barnard (G), June, '63—Sept. '63.

Thomas F. Edmands (K), Oct. '63, one month.

Charles G. Ward, Nov. '63; k. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Virginia.

Thomas F. Edmands, May—July, '64.

Thomas M. Sweet (I), July 21, '64; declined promotion to Captain; M. O. Nov. 12, '64; ex. of s.; d. June 9, '73; b. Mt. Auburn.

Benjamin F. Stoddard (F), Nov. 25, '64—June 21, '65; Captain and Acting Adjutant to Aug. '65.

Augustus D. Ayling (C), Aug. '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66. From July, '79, to December, '06, Adjutant-general of the State of New Hampshire. General Ayling was the compiler of the famous and almost incomparable register of New Hampshire troops in the War of the Rebellion. Retired, he now resides in Centreville, Mass.

QUARTERMASTERS.

William V. Hutchings, 34; Gloucester; Sept. 2, 1861; appointed Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. Vols., Nov. 22, '62; dis. from the Twenty-fourth, April 16, '63, G. O. W. D; res. May 29, '65; d. Auburndale, Mass., July 26, 1888. Resuming the insurance business, Major Hutchings found time to serve upon the military staff of Governor A. H. Rice, and to pass through the several offices of the Loyal Legion.

James Thompson, acting Quartermaster, till his appointment, Nov. 27, '62; M. O. Jan. 12, '65. Since 1871 Captain Thompson has been employed in the U. S. Custom House, Boston.

James N. North, 24; Chelsea; Feb. 15, '65; res. Oct. 7, '65; had served as private, Co. B, 1st Mass. Infantry, 2d Lieut. 35th U. S. Col. Troops, 1st Lieut. and Adjutant 1st U. S. Col. Cav.

Eben H. Dadd (G), Oct. 18, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

SURGEONS.

Samuel A. Green, 31; Boston; Sept. 2, 1861; M. O. Nov. 3, '64, ex. of s. as Major; Brev. Lieut.-colonel, U. S. Vols. Mar. 13, '65; had served as 1st Lieut. and Assistant Surgeon, 1st Mass. Infantry, May 25—Sept. 2, '61. Dr. Green's life has been filled with good works, whether as city physician, overseer of Harvard University, trustee of the Peabody fund, member of Boston's school board, trustee of the Public Library, Mayor of Boston 1882, vice-president and librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, or historian of his native town, Groton, he has never faltered a moment. Above all, he loves his old comrades-in-arms.

Edward R. Wheeler, Nov. 10, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Major; d. April 30, 1904.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

Hall Curtis, 28; Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. Surgeon and Major, 2d Mass. H. A., June 18, '63; d. June 1, 1906, Beverly Farms.

Charles E. Briggs, Boston, Aug. 13, '62; prom. Surgeon and Major, 54th Mass. Infantry, Nov. 24, '63; d. in Boston, June 18, 1894.

William S. Tremain, Boston; Aug. 7, '63; prom. Surgeon and Major, 31st U. S. Col. Troops, April 12, '64; later Medical Officer in Regular Army; d. Jan. 9, 1898, Buffalo, N. Y.

Edward R. Wheeler, 26; Spencer; May 15, '64; prom. surgeon.

John W. Parsons, 24; Boston; April 8, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

CHAPLAINS.

William R. G. Mellen, 40; Gloucester; Sept. 2, '61; res. Jan. 10, '63; d. Dec. 30, '95, Yonkers, N. Y.

Edmund B. Willson, Salem; Dec. 7, '63; res. July 6, '64; d. 1895.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

SERGEANT-MAJORS.

Frank W. Loring, 24; Boston; Sept. 2, '61; dis. Aug. 18, '62, to become 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, 38th Mass. Infantry; Brev. Captain and Major, Mar. 13, '65; d. Oct. 29, 1905, Meran, Austria. With Major Loring the business of a broker was obliged to yield to his love of art. Having married Miss Caroline P. Carew in England he made his home in Florence, Italy.

William T. Jones (E), Aug. 9, '62—Aug. 14, '63; dis. for Com. 2d Mass., H. A.; later 1st Lieut. in same.

John T. Wilson (E), Aug. 15, '63—Jan. 21, '64; prom. 2d Lieut., Co. E.

William C. Severson (I), Jan., '64; dis. April 12, '64, for promotion.

Robert Carruthers (G), July 1—Oct. 14, '64; prom. 1st Lieut. and Captain, Co. H.

Frederick W. Wilson (C), Nov. 4, '64—Sept. 5, '65; absent sick.

Henry S. Worrall (B), Sept. 1, '65—M. O. Jan. 20, '66; prom. 1st Lieut. Jan. 20, '66.

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANTS.

James Thompson, 23; Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. 1st Lieut. and Quartermaster, Nov. 27, '62.

Frank H. Nichols (C), May 1, '63; M. O. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Eben H. Dadd (H), Dec. 5, '64; prom. 1st Lieut. Quartermaster Aug. 18, '65.

John Lowther (A), Sept. 2, '65; prom. 1st Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Dec. 7, '68; b. Mt. Auburn.

COMMISSARY-SERGEANTS.

Parmenas E. Wheeler, 27; ————; Sept. 2, '61; prom. 2d Lieut. (I) Aug. 1, '62.

John Ellis (H), Aug., '62; M. O. Sept. 2, '64, ex. of s.

Eben H. Dadd (H), Sept. 1, '64; transferred to Q. M. Department Dec. 5, '64.

Elbridge Howe (I), Dec. 6, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; prom. 1st Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

HOSPITAL-STEWARDS.

John H. McGregor, 28; Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. Assistant Surgeon, 12th Mass. Infantry, Aug. 14, '62.
Benjamin H. Mann (H), Aug. 13, '62; M. O. Sept. 4, '64, ex. of s.
Samuel H. Dunster (K), Sept. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIANS.

Daniel McPherson (E), May 1, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d.; found also as David.
George S. Stone (D), Jan. 1, '64; deserted Sept. 7, '65.
John W. Lincoln (C), Sept. 9, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

REGIMENTAL BAND (GILMORE'S).

Gilmore, Patrick S., Leader, 31; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Aug. 30, '62, by the General Order No. 78, doing away with regimental bands; d. St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 24, 1892.
Arbuckle, Matthew, 33; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. October 3, '62.
Blake, Henry N., 32; Chelsea; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '62.
Cundy, William H., 29; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '62.
De La Fontaine, Charles, 36; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '62.
Ford, Frederick F., 26; Boston; Sept. 26, '61; dis. Oct. 3, 1862.
Frederick, Louis, 50; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct 3, '62.
Fuller, Frank B., 23; Deerfield; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, 1862.
Heise, August, 36; Providence, R. I.; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '62.
Higgins, Cornelius, 23; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '62.
Kammerling, Alwen, 17; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, 1862.
Kammerling, August, 39; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, 1862.
Kammerling, Herman A., 19; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '62.
Kelly, Frank M., 40; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct 3, '62.
Knowlton, Charles W., 27; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '62.

Mille, Edward, 32; Charlestown; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, 1862.

Morehouse, Isaac H., 22; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; d. May 19, '62, Newbern, N. C.

Nichols, William C., 33; Salem; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 10, 1862.

Payson, Thomas K., 28; Boston; Sept. 13, '61; dis. Oct. 10, 1862.

Simpson, Henry D., 24; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, 1862.

Stanley, Abram J., 33; Salem; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 10, '62.

Steinman, J. Henry, 38; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, 1862.

Whittemore, Stephen G., 34; Providence, R. I., Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 10, '62; later in band, Corps d'Afrique, U. S. A.; d.

Zimmerman, John A., 40; Charlestown; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 10, '62.

Zohler, Ferdinand, 35; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '62.

COMPANY A.

After the absorption of the Thirty-fourth and Fortieth Regiments, June, '65, and the assignment of ninety men to A, those already belonging were transferred to K and there served to their muster-out.

CAPTAINS.

William F. Redding, 33; weigher; East Boston, Sept. 2, '61; wd. June 5, '62; M. O. Sept. 22, '64, ex. of s.; d. Spring Valley, N. Y., Mar. 7, 1876.

Alexander M. Hayward, Sept. 24, '64; res. May 15, '65, disa.; d. May 14, '97; Charlestown. In the U. S. postal service from 1865 to his death; for many years had charge of the foreign branch. "He was brave, considerate, and kind to everybody," words of Capt. G. W. Nichols.

George B. Macomber, original 1st Lieut. Co. E, 34th Mass. Infantry, joining from Oakham, transferred with others to the 24th, June 16, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; 2d Lieut. 14th U. S. Infantry, May 11, '66; trans. to the 32d U. S. Sept 21, '66; 1st Lieut. Jan. 14, '67; trans. 21st U. S. Infantry, April 19, '69; d. Sept. 19, '69.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

James H. Turner, 25; tradesman, Medford; Sept. 2, '61; res. July 31, '62.
William L. Horton (I), Aug. 1, '62; dis. Mar. 12, '64, disa. from wounds; d. Nov. 23, 1884; b. Mt. Auburn.
Charles T. Parkins (C), Mar. 13, '64; res. June 10, '64; d. Dec. 6, '87, Danvers.
Alexander M. Hayward (B), June 11, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run; prom. Captain.
Andrew Wilson (E), Oct. 15, '64; trans. Co. K, June 16, '65, and prom. Captain.
Joseph W. Hobbs (D), Aug. 18, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
John Lowther, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Horatio D. Jarves, 25; Boston; Sept. 2, '61; wd. June 5, '62, Tranter's Ck., N. C.; dis. Jan. 1, '64, for Com. as Major, 56th Mass. Infantry; later Lieut.-colonel in the same; d. April 16, 1883, Togus, Me., N. S. H.
George W. Nichols (H), Jan. 8, '64; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff; prom. 1st Lieut.; trans. to Co. C.
Edward H. Davenport, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Adams, Isaiah M., 22; farmer, East Bridgewater; Oct. 4, '61; dis. Sept. 22, '63, disa.
Adams, Watson F., 19; laborer, East Bridgewater; Oct. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 16, '64, ex. of s.
Allen, Jesse H., 42; mariner, Sandwich; Oct. 4, '61; M. O. Sept. 2, '64, ex. of s.
Austin, Alexander R., 38; laborer, South Boston; Aug. 6, '62; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Corp.
Baker, Charles (Corp.), 26; tinsmith, East Boston; Sept. 12, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern, N. C.; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.
Baker, Erastus, 20; driver, Barnstable; Oct. 17, '61; dis. Oct. 17, '64, ex. of s.
Bans, William, 18; ropemaker, Roxbury; Oct. 14, '61; k. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern, N. C.

Capt. J. L. Stackpole (I). Lieut. J. A. Perkins (I). Capt. W. F. Redding (A).
Lieut. J. B. Nichols (H). Lieut. H. D. Jarves (A). Capt. John Daland (H).

Barnès, Albert F. (R), 24; shoemaker, Cohasset: Aug. 14, '62; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; M. O. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Barrett, Lewis F. (Corp.), 19; clerk, Boston; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to 28th Mass. Infantry, Nov. 15, '61.

Barrows, Henry J. (R), 31; jeweler, Foxboro; Aug. 13, '62; d. Oct. 6, '62, Newbern.

Bates, Caleb N., 44; mason, Boston; Nov. 30, '61; d. May 6, '62, Newbern.

Beal, William H. (R), 22; farmer, Cohasset; Feb. 24, '64; d. Dec. 20, '65; had served in Co. K, 1st Mass. Infantry; wd. at Gettysburg July 2, '63; also Beals.

Berwin, Henry, 20; clerk, Swampscott; Sept. 28, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; desert. Sept. 22, '65, Co. K.

Bidwell, William P. (R), 34; laborer, Boston; Aug. 4, '62; M. O. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Bond, James, 21; polisher, Boston; Oct. 17, '61; dis. Oct. 17, '64, ex. of s.

Bond, Robert, 26; boatman, Boston; Sept. 23, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; d. of wounds, Sept. 2, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Bowers, Patrick (R), 32; laborer, Sudbury; Aug. 2, '62; dis. Mar. 26, '63, disa.

Bowers, William J., 26; mason, Cambridge; Sept. 9, '64; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff; M. O. Sept. 9, '64, ex. of s.

Burke, David, 30; laborer, Boston; Sept. 28, '61; dis. May 5, '63, disa.; dead.

Callahan, Cornelius, 28; laborer, West Roxbury; Sept. 22, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; wd. Oct. 14, '64, Darbytown Rd., Va.; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Campbell, Patrick, 37; laborer, Boston; Sept. 22, '61; dishonorably dis. Feb. 10, '65, by sentence, General Court Martial.

Carney, Thomas, 28; bootmaker, Boston; N. F. R.

Chamberlain, George F. (R), 18; farmer, Blackstone; Mar. 14, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Chamberlain, Henry L. (Sergt.), 24; clerk, Boston; Sept. 27, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; had served in Co. I, 1st Mass. Infantry, May 24 to Sept. 2, '61; d. June 13, 1899, Chelsea S. H.

Chamberlain, Nahum B. (R), 21; farmer, Lexington; Aug. 9, '62; re. Dec. 21, '63; dis. May 20, '65, disa.; d. Jan. 11, 1905, Jamaica Plain.

Charleton, Edward (R), 21; glassmaker, Saugus; Aug. 2, '62; re. cr. to Roxbury, Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Charleton, James (R), 25; farmer, Saugus; Aug. 2, '62; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Clark, Edward, 23; mechanic, Palmer; Sept. 9, '61; M. O. Sept. 9, '64, ex. of s.

Cole, Daniel (R), 44; shipper, Boston; Aug. 6, '62; dis. Oct. 3, '62, disa.

Corliss, Harvey J., 27; farmer, East Boston; Sept. 14, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Coughlan, Martin A., 26; miller, Boston; Oct. 15, '61; M. O. Oct. 15, '64, as Corp., ex. of s.; d. Dec. 16, '97, Chelsea, S. H.

Crawford, John, 35; spinner, Blackstone; Nov. 8, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.; d. Mar. 8, 1881, Dayton, Ohio, N. S. H.

Cummings, Alonzo, 19; barber, Worcester; Sept. 7, '61; dis. July 22, '63, disa.

Devins, Richard, 26; mariner, Boston; Sept. 23, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; desert. Mar. 20, '64.

Dingley, Charles B., 40; farmer, Stoughton; Sept. 13, '61; dis. June 3, '64, disa.

Dixon, John J., 27; spinner, Woonsocket, R. I. (cr. to Boston), Oct. 17, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; Corp. Oct. 17, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Doland, Leroy, 21; mechanic, Palmer; Oct. 2, '61; k. June 5, '62, Tranter's Creek, N. C.

Downs, William, 37; boot-treer, Boston; Sept. 7, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Eddy, Lorenzo D., 24; bootmaker, Randolph; Sept. 17, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; Co. K; d. Nov. 29, '99, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Egan, Michael, 37; farmer, Moreton, Vt.; Nov. 11, '61; re. cr. to Boston, Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Corp. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Egan, William, 24; stonecutter, Quincy; Sept. 17, '61; M. O. Sept. 17, '64; ex. of s.

Ewer, Benjamin, 38; mariner, Sandwich; Oct. 4, '61; M. O. Oct. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Farren, James, 21; mechanic, Boston; Sept. 22, '61; desert. Dec. 8, '61.

Farrington, Daniel, 33; coatmaker, West Newbury, Sept. 6, '61; desert. Dec. 8, '61.

Finnegan, Michael, 24; machinist, Boston; Sept. 17, '61; re. Sergt. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Fish, John F., 21; mariner, Sandwich; Oct. 14, '61; d. Oct. 5, '62, Sandwich, Mass.

Flagg, Charles H. (R), 21; shoemaker, Lexington; Aug. 12, '62; re. Dec. 21, '63; dis. July 2, '65, disa., Co. K; d. Feb. 25, 1907, Leominster.

Foley, John W., 23; mechanic, Palmer; Sept. 10, '61; M. O. Sept. 10, '64, ex. of s.

French, William, 31; teamster, Boston; Oct. 2, '61; dis. June 29, '63, disa.

French, William H. (R), 26; shoemaker, Boston; Aug. 11, 62; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Fuller, Francis D., 24; farmer, Palmer; Sept. 9, '61; dis. Sept. 11, '62, disa.; later served in Co. E, 57th Mass. Infantry.

Gibbons, Thomas (R), 30; laborer, Saugus; Mar. 21, '64; Corp. Nov. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Gibson, James, 38; farmer, Boston; Sept. 10, '61; drowned, May 10, '62, Washington, N. C.

Gillen, John C., 32; carpenter, Boston; Sept. 12, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run; dis. Sept., '64, ex. of s.

Goldsmith, Wm. R. (R), 26; hat-presser, Foxboro; Aug. 13, '62; dis. Dec. 5, '64, ex. of s.; d. 1903.

Green, John A. (Corp.), 28; painter, East Boston; Sept. 19, '61; re. Sergt. Dec. 21, '63; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. E.

Guptill, John A. (wagoner), 38; stonecutter, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Hanson, John A., 30; carpenter, Boston; Sept. 20, '61; re. er. to Quincy; Dec. 21, '63; desert. Mar. 20, '64.

Harney, John A., 22; butcher, Boston; Oct. 7, '61, 1st Sergt.; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Hassin, Timothy (Hassion), 25; hatter, Amesbury; Nov. 9, '61; re. Dec. 26, '63; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Hendricks, Cornelius, 21; ropemaker, Roxbury; Sept. 19, '61; k. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern.

Hendricks, David, 25; ropemaker, Roxbury; Dec. 2, '61; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff; dis. Dec. 2, '64, ex. of s.; d. May 19, 1903, Roslindale.

Henry, Harrison (R), 28; shoemaker, Cohasset; re. Dec. 26, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Hill, George, 18; jeweler, Newton; Oct. 24, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Sergt. Co. K; Com. 2d Lieut. Jan. 20, '66.

Howard, John F. (R), 18; shoemaker, Beverly; er. to Bridgewater; Nov. 10, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Howley, John, 18; bootmaker, Quincy; Nov. 14, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; dis. Jan. 10, '65, disa.; dead.

Ingalls, Walter, 38; gardener, Dedham; Oct. 11, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.

Jones, Charles H., 23; farmer, Boston; Oct. 8, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; Corp. June 13, '63; Sergt. Jan. 1, '64; wd. Oct. 7, '64; dis. Jan. 20, '66, Co. B.

Knodell, Alexander, 19; printer, St. John, New Brunswick; Sept. 13, '61; er. to Roxbury; desert. Mar. 20, '64.

Knodell, Robert (R), 25; carpenter, St. John, N. B.; cr. to Boston; Dec. 23, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Kritzman, Arthur (mus.), 14; jeweler, Boston; Oct. 12, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.; also Kitzman.

Lawler, William, 27; laborer, Charlestown; dis. Mar. 26, '63, disa.

[N. E. G.] Litchfield, George S. (Sergt.), 23; carver, Roxbury; Oct. 13, '61; k. June 5, '62, Tranter's Ck., N. C.

Lloyd, John (R), 36; tailor, Boston; cr. to Stoneham; Nov. 18, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Lorden, John, 26; laborer, Boston; Nov. 5, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; desert. Nov. 17, '65, Co. K.

Low, Wm. B.————, Boston; Nov. 26, '61; dis. Dec. 20, '61, disa.

Lowther, John, 21; farmer, Boston; Oct. 24, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; Q. M. Sergt. Feb. 2, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K; Com. 1st Lieut. Jan. 20, '66.

Lynch, Thomas, 19; teamster, Boston; Dec. 2, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff; dis. Aug. 9, '65, disa.

McGrath, Lawrence (R), 21; boot-fitter, Boston; Aug. 11, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; dead.

McGuire, Charles H., 21; farmer, Sharon; Sept. 13, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63, cr. to Roxbury; Corp. Sept. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K; d. 1901, Easton.

McKeown, John, 28; laborer, Roxbury; Oct. 16, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

McLellan, Henry B. (Corp.), 23; engraver, Medford; Oct. 26, '61; dis. Oct. 26, '64, ex. of s.; also borne on M. O. roll as William B.

McNamara, John (R), 22; laborer, Boston; Aug. 4, '62; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

McNulty, James, 20; mariner, Mt. Desert, Me.; Sept. 4, '61; re. cr. to Boston, Dec. 21, '63; dis. O. W. D., July 14, '65; had been prisoner of war; d. July 18, 1903.

McNulty, Michael, 33; bootmaker, Quincy; Nov. 14, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; desert. Mar. 20, '64.

Melcher, Charles H. (Corp.), 34; clerk, Roxbury; Sept. 12, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; trans. April 13, '65, to V. R. C.; dis. as 1st Sergt. Nov. 15, '65, V. R. C.

Minnahan, John, 26; painter, Boston; Oct. 29, '61; re. cr. to Grafton Dec. 21, '63; wd. July 27, '64, skirmish-line; M. O. as Corp. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Monks, Thomas, 20; shoemaker, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; dis. May 28, '63, disa.

Murdock, Franklin M., 24; clerk, Palmer; Oct. 2, '61; dis. Oct. 2, '64, ex. of s.

Nellagan John (R), 26; butcher, Halifax, N. S.; cr. to Boston; Feb. 23, '64; desert. Nov. 1, '65, Co. K.

O'Callahan, Patrick, 32; laborer, Boston; Oct. 17, '61; d. Oct. 6, '62, Newbern.

O'Leary, Jeremiah (R), 30; bootmaker, Boston; Aug. 5, '62; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K; d. April 28, 1875, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Page, William, 42; farmer, Dennis; Oct. 17, '61; dis. Oct. 11, '64, ex. of s.

Patterson, John, 39; stonecutter, Boston; Sept. 15, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern, N. C.; d. of wound Oct. 4, '62.

Pearl, Henry M., 22; farmer, Milton; Oct. 17, '61; dis. Nov. 20, '62, disa.

Phipps, Charles W., 24; teacher, Dedham; Sept. 18, '61; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Piercy, Samuel G. (Corp.), 20; brass-finisher, St. John, N. B.; Sept. 14, '61; re. cr. to Boston, Dec. 21, '63; desert. Mar. 20, '64.

Preble, Charles H. (Corp.), 22; farmer, Boston; d. Dec. 3, '61, Fort Warren, Boston Harbor; first death in regiment.

Riley, David (R), 28; laborer, Boston; Aug. 10, '62; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K.

Riley, Philip J., 21; glass-blower, Sandwich; Oct. 11, '61; dis. Oct. 11, '64, ex. of s.

Rivers, James H. (mus.), 17; clerk, Boston; Sept. 19, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.

Roche, Patrick, 28; farmer, Foxboro; Sept. 27, '61; trans. Mar. 14, '64, to V. R. C.; dis. Oct. 1, '64, as of Co. A, 24th Mass. Infantry.

Schroeder, Henry J. (R), 30; New York City; Jan. 1, '62; dis. June 20, '63, for Com. in 1st N. C. Vols.

Scott, David (R), 30; carpenter, Foxboro; April 13, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Shattuck, Mark, 36; blacksmith, Fitchburg; Nov. 1, '61; desert. Dec. 8, '61.

Shepard, Frank H. (Sergt.), 18; clerk, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. 2d Lieut. Dec. 28, '62; Co. K.

Shepardson, Hiram, 28; clerk, Boston; Sept. 9, '61; dis. April 28, '63, disa.

Smith, David C., 19; barber, Readville; N. F. R.

Smith, James B. (Corp.), 25; molder, Readville; Sept. 19, '61; trans. to V. R. C. Mar. 10, '64; dis. Sept. 18, '64.

Snell, Thomas C., 18; blacksmith, Readville; Sept. 25, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63, cr. to Dedham; Corp. Nov. 18, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

[N. E. G.] Snow, Daniel F. (1st Sergt.), 21; clerk, Boston; Sept. 27, '61; dis. June 9, '63, disa.; d. Feb. 13, '98, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Stafford, Thomas, 23; horse-shoer, Charlestown; Nov. 18, '61; dis. Nov. 18, '64, ex. of s.

Street, John, 43; painter, Boston; Sept. 7, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.

Sumner, John H. (R), 31; bonnet-blocker, Foxboro; Aug. 13, '61; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; d. May 12, 1900, South Braintree.

Taber, James D., 25; farmer, Stoughton; Sept. 13, '61; re. Dec. 21, '63; Corp. Jan. 1, '64; Sergt. Nov. 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K; dead.

Torrey, Wm. H., 22; molder, Foxboro; Nov. 20, '61; dis. as Sergt. June 8, '63, to take Com. 2d Lieut. 55th Mass. Infantry, later 1st Lieut., Capt. and Brev. Major.

Turner, John (R), 24; laborer, Boston; July 21, '62; wd. on picket July 12, '62; k. Sept. 12, '64, on picket, Petersburg, Va.

Tuttle, Samuel E. (Corp.), 23; shoemaker, Boston; wd. Mar. 14, '62; re. Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K; d. Jan. 5, 1899, Everett; b. Mt. Auburn.

Walker, H. M., 21; mechanic, Palmer; d. Dec. 12, '61, Ashland, Mass., N. F. R.

Wallace, Charles G., 22; cook, Cambridge; Nov. 14, '61; dis. Nov. 14, '64, ex. of s.

Warren, George H., 25; farmer, Ashland; Sept. 6, '61; dis. Sept. 6, '64, ex. of s.; later in V. R. C.

Welch, John M. (Sergt.), 24; printer, Foxboro; Sept. 4, '61; lost left leg at Roanoke Island, Feb. 8, '62; dis. Mar. 26, '63, disa.; dead.

West, Edward R., 22; farmer, Athol; Sept. 13, '61; d. a prisoner in Andersonville, Ga., May 24, '64.

White, Nelson S., 20;————, Readville; Oct. 17, '61; dis. Dec. 20, '64, for Com. 2d Lieut. 33d U. S. Col. Troops; later, 1st Lieut. and Captain.

White, Rufus F., 24; farmer, Wrentham; Sept. 14, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. July 14, '62; later in Co. H, 3d H. A.

Windel, John (R), 21; seaman, Cape Breton, N. S.; cr. to New Marlboro; Nov. 10, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. K; also Windell.

Wiswell, George W., 21; hair-manufacturer, Roxbury; Nov. 9, '61; dis. June 26, '63, disa.

Capt. J. B. Nichols (D). Capt. A. M. Hayward (A).

IN LATER YEARS.

Enlisted men received from the Thirty-fourth Regiment, June 16, 1865, thereafter constituting Company A of the Twenty-fourth:

Adams, Edwin M., 21; Worcester; Dec., '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Aldrich, John O. (Corp.), 29; shoemaker, Worcester; Dec. 8, '63; dis. as Sergt. Dec. 28, '65.

Ashton, Samuel, 18; mechanic, Colrain; Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Ballard, Milton, 19; farmer, Wendell; Dec. 30, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; roll says "Absent sick," Ft. Monroe, Va.

Barr, Wm. R., 31; shoemaker, Oakham; Dec. 10, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Benjamin, Joseph, 41; farmer, Spencer; Dec. 1, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Bennett, Wm. H., 19; farmer, Millbury; Dec. 26, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Benway, John W., 19; farmer, South Hadley; Nov. 7, '63; dis. July 1, '65, disa.; also found as Bennsay.

Bigelow, James G., 18; farmer, Spencer; Dec. 7, '63; Corp. July 1, '65; Sergt. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Bradley, Uri, 44; farmer, Colrain; Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Mar. 13, 1902, Chelsea S. H.

Breauseau, Lewis, 18; operative, Barre; Dec. 4, '64; desert. Aug. 14, '65; had served in Co. I, 53d Mass.; also Browseau.

Burke, James A., 27; cutter, Greenfield; Oct. 27, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; roll says, "Absent sick," Chester, Penn.

Burnham, Jos. H. (mus.), 17; Holyoke; Dec. 4, '63; dis. Dec. 24, '65.

Burroughs, Jonathan C. (Corp.), 31; bootmaker, Worcester; Dec. 8, '63; dis. Dec. 15, '65.

Butler, William, 18; farmer, Greenfield; Dec. 1, '63; Corp. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Cantwell, George B., 22; farmer, Deerfield; Dec. 21, '63; dis. June 18, '65, disa.; borne also as "Cantrell."

Casey, Patrick, 39; weaver, Worcester; Nov. 25, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Chapman, Joseph P., 18; farmer, Springfield; Aug. 10, '64; Corp. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Chester, Francis A. C., 1st Sergt., 23; farmer, Somerville; desert. Dec. 19, '65.

Clark, Henry G., 32; farmer, Greenfield; Nov. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Clark, John H., 19; farmer, Worcester; Dec. 5, '63; desert. Dec. 15, '65.

Collins, John, 38; operator, Worcester; Nov. 28, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Cook, George W., 40; farmer, Greenfield; Aug. 9, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Cummings, John W. (Corp.), 32; farmer, Ware; Sept. 22, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Davenport, Edward H. (Corp.), 21; farmer, Greenfield; Dec. 17, '63; Sergt. Sept. 21, '65; 1st Sergt. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; Com. 2d Lieut. Jan. 20, '66.

Deshon, Joseph, 18; laborer, Ashfield; Jan. 12, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Dugan, Thomas, 18; farmer, Charlemont; Dec. 31, '63; desert. Oct. 27, '65.

Eberlein, John, 36; tailor, Deerfield; Feb. 23, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Eddy, Lucas J., 21; farmer, Greenfield; Sept. 25, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Elkins, Winnick, 42; farmer, Springfield; Dec. 11, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; had served in Co. K, 27th Mass. Infantry.

Farnsworth, Joseph R., 23; farmer, Colrain; Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Fay, Charles L., 39; bootmaker, Spencer; Dec. 1, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Gammell, Andrew, 28; laborer, Holden; Dec. 16, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Gaylord, Gilbert H., 18; farmer, Springfield; Dec. 11, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Gibbons, Patrick, 34; laborer, Clinton; Dec. 7, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Gifford, Stephen E., 18; farmer, Pittsfield; Nov. 9, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Groves, Francis A. (Corp.), 23; shoemaker, Brimfield; Dec. 14, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Guild, Edward B., 25; carder, Millbury; Dec. 28, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Harrington, John, 30; shoemaker, Worcester; Nov. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Henry, Albert, 21; farmer, Holden; Sept. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Hogan, William, 34; laborer, Pittsfield; Oct. 14, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Howard, Joseph W., 18; farmer, Athol; Mar. 31, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Howe, George F., 18; farmer, Spencer; June 7, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Howe, Myron, 21; farmer, Wendell; M. O. as prisoner of war, Jan. 20, '66; no records.

Hunt, Albert L., 18; farmer, Warwick; Dec. 18, '63; Corp. Oct. 14, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Hunt, Albert L., 34; laborer, Pittsfield; Oct. 14, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Jennings, George W., 30; shoemaker, Greenfield; Aug. 9, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Kingman, Alexander C., 36; bootmaker, Northbridge; Dec. 31, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Klahn, Ludwig, 35; farmer, Springfield; Aug. 12, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Knight, Benjamin W., 18; laborer, Worcester; Oct. 14, '63; Corp. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Leonard, William, 29; mechanic, Deerfield; Jan. 2, '64; dis. Nov. 19, '65.

McCarthy, John, 44; laborer, Pittsfield; Nov. 11, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as Thomas; d. Nov. 28, '92, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

McElroy, Henry, 25; clerk, Boston; Dec. 29, '63; dis. July 14, '65, disa.

Maillette, Felix (Corp.), 18; boatman, Ashfield; Jan. 12, '64; Sergt. Oct. 14, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Maloy, Thomas, 24; laborer, Clinton; Dec. 11, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Manning, Wm. C., 23; painter, Worcester; Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Marsh, Oscar, 18; machinist, Warren; Dec. 19, '63; d. Mar. 13, '65, Wilmington, N. C.

Martin, William, 23; farmer, Deerfield; Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Miner, Jonathan J., 21; farmer, Windsor; Jan. 4, '64; Corp. Oct. 14, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Neff, Roland E., 19; farmer, Worcester; Sept. 29, '63; Corp. Sept. 21, '65; Sergt. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Newton, Emerson, 18; farmer, Montague; Dec. 29, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

O'Keefe, Daniel, 24; clerk, Springfield; Jan. 11, '64; dis. Dec. 25, '65, as Sergt.

Packard, Melvin, 26; mechanic, Northampton; Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Parker, William R., 33; mechanic, Deerfield; Jan. 22, '64; Corp. July 1, '65; Sergt. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Pellissier, Francois, 19; sailor, Greenfield; Dec. 17, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Pennock, Charles L., 25; farmer, Pittsfield; Oct. 26, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Phillips, Edward, 18; farmer, Hadley; Dec. 28, '63; Corp. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Potter, Warren J., 21; farmer, Greenfield; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Pratt, Edward L., 41; shoemaker, Pittsfield; Dec. 10, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Pratt, Oren A., 18; farmer, Clinton; Dec. 11, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; had served in Co. I, 53d Mass.
Putnam, Nathan B., 36; pailmaker, Greenfield; Nov. 16, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Riley, Michael, 35; spinner, Worcester; desert. Dec. 16, '65.
Rivers, Edward, 18; laborer, Worcester; Dec. 16, '63; dis. Dec. 16, '64.
Sargent, Ephraim H., 25; farmer, Worcester; Dec. 7, '63; dis. Aug. 26, '65.
Siegars, Gilbert E., 27; pattern-maker, Worcester; Jan. 4, '64; dis. Jan. 18, '66, disa.
Smith, Andrew, 28; music-teacher, Swansea; Jan. 13, '64; dis. June 29, '65.
Smith, Joseph D., 33; teamster, Springfield; Aug. 10, '64; dis. July 6, '65.
Smith, William R., 22; mechanic, Greenfield; Sept. 16, '63; dis. Dec. 15, '65.
Stearns, Ezra J., 21; farmer, Worcester; Dec. 7, '63; dis. Dec. 5, '65, disa.
Stimson, Royal, 24; farmer, Greenfield; Oct. 30, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also Stimpson.
Stowell, Charles H., 18; farmer, Greenfield; Nov. 16, '63; Corp. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Temple, Henry W., 22; farmer, Greenfield; Dec. 21, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Veber, Elias E., 22; farmer, Charlemont; Dec. 25, '63; dis. July 24, '65, disa.
Walker, Charles, 18; mechanic, Colrain; Jan. 11, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Walker, Silas P., 22; student, Worcester; Dec. 9, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also Silas N.
Wallace, Joseph, 24; farmer, Colrain; Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Waterman, Benjamin D., 30; farmer, Greenfield; Nov. 23, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Waterman, Horton, 32; farmer, Shrewsbury; Feb. 5, '64; dis. May 11, '65.
Weston, Chester H. (or A.), 18; farmer, Worcester; Jan. 4, '64; absent sick at M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Wilbur, Benjamin C., 27; farmer, Richmond; Jan. 4, '64; dis. Dec. 15, '65.

COMPANY B.

CAPTAINS.

George F. Austin, 23; merchant, Salem; Sept. 2, '61; res. Aug. 21, '62; had served as 1st Lieut. Co. I, 8th M. V. M., May 18—Aug. 1, '61; d. Jan. 15, '79, New Orleans.

George W. Gardner, Aug. 27, '62; dis. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.; d. March 18, '65, Salem; had been appointed City Marshal, but he died before assuming the office.

Jarvis White, Sept. 28, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; dead. He was postmaster of So. Superior, Wisconsin, for several years.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

George W. Gardner, 27; overseer, Salem; Sept. 2, '61; prom. Captain.

Thomas F. Edmands, Aug. 27, '62, from Co. K; prom. Captain, Co. G.

Jesse S. Williams (E), May 17, '64; wd. June 17, '64, picket; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Jarvis White (1), Aug. 17, '64; prom. Captain.

Henry L. Hartshorn, Oct. 15, '64, from Co. G, Sergt.; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; prom. Captain, Jan. 6, '66; not mustered.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Deming Jarves, Jr., 22; merchant, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; res. Sept. 9, '63, disa.; was early detached and served in the Signal Corps.

Alexander M. Hayward (C), Jan. 4, '64; prom. 1st Lieut., Co. A.

Leonard D. Cobb, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Abbott, Charles J., 22; teamster, Salem; Oct. 17, '61; dis., as wagoner, Oct. 17, '64, ex. of s.

Alden, Wm. R. (or B.), 23; mechanic, Boston; Oct. 1, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Oct. 10, '96, Norwood.

Armstrong, John H. (mus.), 14; Boston; Sept. 16, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Baird, James, 22; tinsmith, Philadelphia, Penn.; Sept. 13, '61; dis. June 24, '63, disa.

Bangs, George (R), 30; trader, Cambridge; July 21, '62; dis. July 22, '63, disa.

Barnard, George N., 18; hostler, Medford; Sept. 25, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; Corp. Nov. 13, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Barnes, Wm. H. (R), 22; farmer, Boston; Aug. 18, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Barnes, Wm. L. (R), 20; laborer, Boston; Aug. 18, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Barry, John (Corp.), 20; painter, St. John, N. B.; Sept. 19, '61; dis. Oct. 24, '62, disa.

Beal, James A., 26; farmer, Boston; Oct. 9, '61; wd. June 5, '62, Tranter's Ck., N. C.; dis. Oct. 9, '64, ex. of s.

Beedle, Jerry A. (R), 28; nailmaker, Taunton; May 8, '62; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Sergt.

Bent, William H., 21; cabinet-maker, Quincy; Oct. 1, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; Corp. April 22, '64; wd. Aug. 14, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; trans. to V. R. C. April 17, '65; dead.

Besse, Joshua, 27; nailer, Wareham; Sept. 30, '61; desert. Dec. 1, '61.

Blaisdell, Edward (R), 21; stone-cutter, Cambridge; July 21, '62; re. cr. to Boston, Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Corp.

Bly, Daniel M., 22; seaman, So. Danvers; Oct. 23, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; desert. Sept. 21, '65; lost at sea, off Thatcher's Island.

Bly, Joseph (Corp.), 23; seaman, Salem; Sept. 25, '61; dis. June, '63, disa.

Brown, Harry (R), 23; painter, Salem; cr. to Roxbury, Mar. 24, '64; dis. Oct. 31, '65, ex. of s.; had served in 91st Penn. Vols.

Brown, John H. (R), 28; shoemaker, Marblehead; Aug. 15, '62; re. Dec. 19, '63; desert. Sept. 21, '65.

Brooks, Charles H., 18; currier, Eliot, Me.; Sept. 21, '61; Corp. Feb. 1, '62; dis. July 27, '62, disa.

Buffum, Adelbert A. (Corp.), 18; clerk, Boston; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Sept. 23, '64, ex. of s.

Bumpus, Benjamin C., 37; laborer, Wareham; Sept. 30, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; Corp. Sept. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. April 10, 1889.

Bumpus, David C., 27; seaman, Wareham; Sept. 25, '61; d. Oct. 1, '63, Newbern, N. C.

Bumpus, Henry F., 28; seaman, Wareham; Oct. 28, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Bumpus, Lysander N., 33; nailer, Wareham; Oct. 16, '61; Dec. 19, '63; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Jan. 31, 1883.

Bumpus, Owen F., 18; laborer, Wareham; Sept. 26, '61; dis. Sept. 25, '64, ex. of s.

Burgess, Charles B. (wagoner), 22; hostler, No. Abington; Sept. 21, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; cr. to Medford; dis. June 9, '65; dead.

Campbell, John, 39; gardener, Wareham; Sept. 27, '61; dis. June 9, '63, disa.

Carthy, Edward, 21; teamster, Boston; re. Dec. 19, '63; wd. Oct. 13, '64, Darbytown Rd., Va.; dis. as Sergt. Nov. 14, '64.

Chase, Charles P., 21; butcher, Salem; Nov. 21, '61; captured Sept. 6, '62; re. Dec. 19, '63; Corp. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Chesley, Charles H., 18; machinist, Salem; Sept. 18, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Chipman, Charles G. (1st Sergt.), 21; clerk, Salem; Sept. 5, '61; dis. Sept. 30, '63, for Com. 2d Lieut. 54th Mass. Infantry; later 1st Lieut. and Captain; d. Jan. 25, 1887, Green Bay, Wis.; had served in Co. A, 5th M. V. M., May 1—July 1, '61.

Clough, Taylor (R), 34; shoe-cutter, Natick; May 21, '62; re. Dec. 19, '63; Corp. Sept. 1, '65; Sergt. Jan. 6, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Cloutman, Alvah (R), 29; May 14, '62; laborer, Boston; re. Dec. 19, '63; Sergt. April 22, '64; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. D.

Cobb, Leonard D. (Sergt.), 24; currier, Brunswick, Me.; Sept. 22, '61; re. cr. to So. Danvers, Dec. 19, '63; 1st Sergt., Sept. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; prom. 2d Lieut., Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

Coggins, Edward, 20; pianoforte-maker, Boston; Sept. 23, '61; trans. to Signal Corps, Oct. 15, '63; dis. Oct. 2, '64, ex. of s.

Coleman, Thomas H. (R), 19; bootmaker, Weymouth; Dec. 21, '63; desert. Sept. 21, '65.

Connelly, Patrick, 22; currier, Boston; Sept. 18, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Covell, Samuel O. (mus.), 14; storekeeper, Boston; Sept. 16, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Critchett, Charles E., 31; carriage-maker, Salem; Sept. 21, '61; dis. Sept. 23, '64, ex. of s.; d. June 3, '02, Melrose.

Dam, Benjamin F., 40; bookkeeper, Chelsea; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Jan. 2, '62, disa.

Devers, Edward, 19; teamster, Boston; Sept. 25, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; dis. Jan. 18, '66.

Doan, Patrick (R), 35; currier, Salem; cr. to Charlemont, Aug. 5, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Downing, Sylvester G. (R), 22; shoemaker, Boston; Aug. 28, '62; re. Dec. 19, '63, cr. to Charlestown; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Farris, Robert, 21; teamster, Boston; Sept. 17, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. June 12, 1885; b. Mt. Auburn; real name, Jas. McBrien.

Franklin, Charles, 28; nailer, Wareham; Sept. 25, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

French, George H. (Corp.), 22; nailer, Dorchester; Sept. 6, '61; d. Jan. 12, '63, Portsmouth, Va.

Friend, Alfred, 21; Oct. 26, '61; d. of wounds, July 17, '63, as Corporal, James Island, S. C.

Gibbs, Phineas, 42; foundryman, Plymouth; Sept. 6, '61; re. cr. to Sandwich, Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. 1892, Bourne.

Good, John H. (R), 20; laborer, Roxbury; Aug. 15, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Greeley, Thomas J., 18; painter, Salem; re. Dec. 19, '63; Corp. Sept. '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Halloran, Michael, 20; farmer, Wareham; Oct. 3, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Hammond, William B., 27; painter, Salisbury; Oct. 8, '61; Corp. Sept. 1, '63; dis. Oct. 9, '64, ex. of s.; d. Mar. 6, 1895, Georgetown, Mass.

Hancock, James, 41; painter, Boston; Oct. 21, '61; d. Aug. 10, '62, Washington, N. C.

Hayden, Joseph (Corp.), 26; nailer, Boston; Sept. 10, '61; dis. June 23, '63, disa.

Hayden, Joseph (R), 27; nailer, Wareham; Sept. 10, '62; dis. June 13, '63, disa.

Higgins, Asa T., 29; laborer, Boston; May 19, '62; Corp. May 26, '64; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Higgins, John O., 19; carriage-painter, Boston; Sept. 22, '61; dis. June 17, '63, disa.

Higgins, Willard S., Jr., 18; teamster, Boston; Sept. 19, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Ireson, Francis E. (R), 25; shoemaker, Marblehead; Aug. 15, '62; re. Dec. 19, '63; d. of wounds Nov. 21, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.

Jacobs, Lawrence, 19; printer, Boston; Oct. 15, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Dec. 10, 1896.

Johnson, Uriah M. (R), 36; laborer, Wareham; Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Kehew, Francis A., 25; cooper, Salem; Oct. 17, '61; re. Dec. '63; dis. as Sergt. Sept. 22, '65.

Kehew, George, 21; cooper, Salem; Oct. 17, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Kehew, John H., 28; cooper, Salem; Oct. 17, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; desert. Aug. 17, '65.

Knight, Joseph S. (R), 25; shoemaker, Marblehead; Aug. 15, '62; re. Dec. 19, '63; Corp. Oct. 1, '64; Sergt. Sept. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; dead.

Lake, David G. (Sergt.), 29; machinist, Topsfield; Sept. 22, '61; dis. Dec. 20, '62, for promotion; dead.

Leland, Edward (R), 33; bootmaker, Holliston; May 14, '62; d. Oct. 30, '63, St. Augustine, Fla.

Lennon, Joseph R., 22; clerk, Roxbury; Oct. 30, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; dis. 1st Sergt., Feb. 28, '65, disa.

Lewis, Galen, 17; paper-hanger, Medford; Sept. 25, '61; trans. to Signal Corps July 20, '63.

Lindsey, Wm. H. (R), 19; shoemaker, Taunton; May 13, '62; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. as Corp. Jan. 20, '66.

Littlefield, James C., 18; teamster, Watertown; Oct. 15, '61; wd. Sept. 6, '62, Washington N. C.; dis. June 9, '63, disa.; d. Jan. 30, 1905, Everett.

Luscomb, Wm. H., 18; farmer, Salem; Sept. 10, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. as Corp. Jan. 20, '66.

McBrien, James; vid. Robert Farris.

McCarthy, Jeremiah (R), 37; ————, Boston; April 6, '64; wd. Oct. 28, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Dec. 26, 1894, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

McCarthy, John (R), 21; teamster, Somerville; May 3, '62; re. cr. to Boston, Dec. 19, '63; wd. Oct. 13, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

McCue, Barnard, 19; shoemaker, Boston; Sept. 25, '61; dis. May 6, '63, disa.

McIntyre, George, 19; farmer, Salem; Sept. 18, '61; d. of wounds, April 10, '62, Newbern.

Malone, Michael (R), 22; machinist, Portsmouth, N. H.; cr. to Sudbury, Mar. 26, '64; desert. July 30, '65.

Martin, Richard H., 19; shoemaker, Marblehead; Sept. 30, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; d. of wounds, June 30, '64, Hampton, Va.

Meacham, Edward, 20; clerk, So. Danvers; Oct. 6, '61; dis. July 22, '63, disa.

Mudge, Everett, 30; painter, Lynn; Oct. 3, '61; dis. Oct. 9, '64, ex. of s.; d. Nov. 29, '95.

Nolan, Francis, 23; painter, Salem; Nov. 12, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; Corp. Sept. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Norris, George M. (Corp.), 30; machinist, Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Sept. 16, '64, ex. of s.

O'Keefe, John, 36; shoemaker, Salem; Sept. 14, '61; dis. Sept. 14, '64, ex. of s.; d. Mar. 3, '98, Danvers.

Oldham, Isaac T., 24; nailer, Wareham; Sept. 25, '61; d. Feb. 26, '63, Portsmouth, Va.

Oldham, John R. (R), 18; hostler, Wareham; Jan. 1, '64; k. Aug. 14, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; had served in Co. B, 3d M. V. M., Sept. 26, '62—June 26, '63.

Oldham, John S., 30; stevedore, Wareham; Sept. 29, '61; d. Jan. 12, '63, Newbern, N. C.

Oldson, Francis T., 26; cooper, Salem; Oct. 17, '61; d. of wounds, Sept. 6, '61.

O'Neal, Thomas, 38; laborer, Salem; Oct. 19, '61; dis. Aug. 7, '63, disa.; d. June 12, 1905, Salem.

Osborn, Franklin, Jr., 29; farmer, So. Danvers; Dec. 2, '61; Corp. Dec. 19, '62; dis. May 1, '63, disa.

Parker, George F., 19; confectioner, Salem; Sept. 30, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; dis. July 21, '65, disa.

Peach, George S. (Sergt.), 37; cordwainer, Salem; Sept. 12, '61; lost leg, April 11, '63, Seabrook Isle, S. C.; dis. April 22, '64, disa.

Perry, David A., 25; seaman, Wareham; Sept. 27, '61; Dec. 19, '63; d. Sept. 28, '64, Hampton, Va.

Pettingill, Wm. H., 21; hatter, Newburyport; Oct. 1, '61; re. cr. to Cambridge, Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Phillips, Wm. (R), 18; bootmaker, Weymouth; Dec. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as Lewis.

Pittsley, Charles B. (or P.), 18; nailer, Freetown; Sept. 2, '61; re. cr. to Wareham, Dec. 19, '63; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff; dis. June 21, '65, disa.

Plummer, Frank (Corp.), 25; cordwainer, Salem; Sept. 25, '61; re. cr. to So. Danvers, Dec. 19, '63; Sergt. Dec. 19, '62; dis. Aug. 1, '65, disa.

Power, Frank (R), 18; laborer, Boston; Aug. 18, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Putnam, Henry M., 18; ————, Boston; Oct. 10, '61; desert. Nov. 1, '61.

Reed, Thomas, 34; shoemaker, Salem; Oct. 5, '61; dis. Oct. 5, 64, ex. of s.

Ryan, James, 21; laborer, Wareham; Sept. 27, '61; wd. June 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred; dis. Sept. 27, '64, ex. of s.

Sanger, Augustus H., Jr., 19; mechanic, So. Danvers; dis. as Sergt. Oct. 15, '64, ex. of s.; d. April 11, 1901, S. H.; also found as Albert.

Scates, David M., 26; mariner, Salem; Oct. 25, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.

Shove, George H., 24; currier, Lynn; Oct. 20, '61; dis. Oct. 23, '64, ex. of s.

Sinclair, David, 36; carpenter, Salem; Oct. 3, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Smith, John, 28; machinist, Boston; Oct. 21, '61; dis. Sept. 6, '62, disa.

Sprague, Edwin D., 19; farmer, Medford; Sept. 23, '61; d. of wounds, Sept. 8, '62, Newbern; wd. the 6th at Washington, N. C.

Stacey, Henry J. (R), 41; mariner, Marblehead; Aug. 19, '62; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as Jos. G.

Stevenson, Alexander, 31; mechanic, Boston; Oct. 1, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Swift, Joseph H., 23; farmer, Falmouth; Sept. 12, '61; dis. Sept. 12, '64, ex. of s.

Taylor, Wallace, 42; carpenter, Boston; Oct. 11, '61; d. Oct. 23, '62, Newbern.

Thomas, Albert, 22; laborer, Weymouth; Sept. 23, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. June 7. '93.

Trask, Charles W., 23; clerk, So. Danvers; Sept. 21, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; d. as Corp. July 2, '64, Point of Rocks, Va.

Vincent, James N., 30; blacksmith, Chelsea; Sept. 26, '61; k. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern.

Wetherell, Isaac P., 24; farmer, Granville; Oct. 3, '61; dis. April 1, '63, disa.

Whipple, Simeon R. (Corp.), 34; currier, Concord; Oct. 3, '61; dis. Oct. 9, '64, ex. of s.; d. Mar. 30, 1900.

White, George, 22; seaman, Braintree; Sept. 18, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; cr. to Quincy; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. 1901, Quincy.

Wiley, Wm. F. (1st Sergt.), 24; currier, Salem; Sept. 22, '61; re. Dec. 19, '63; cr. to So. Danvers; prom. 1st Lieut. Oct. 14, '64, Co. K; had served in Co. I, 8th M. V. M., May 18—Aug. 1, '61.

Willey, John H. (R), 23; teamster, Sharon; May 12, '62; dis. Oct. 7, '62, disa.

Willey, Wm. A., 20; printer, Salem; Sept. 25, '61; dis. Sept. 12, '62, disa.

Worrall, Henry S. (R), 21; engineer, Boston; May 8, '62; re. Dec. 19, '63; Corp. April 22, '64; Sergt. Oct. 16, '64; 1st Sergt. Mar. '65; Sergt.-major Sept. 1, '65; prom. 1st Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; d. Mar. 12, 1902, S. H.

Young, George W., 28; seaman, Rockport; Oct. 14, '61; d. April 21, '62, Newbern.

COMPANY C.

CAPTAINS.

William Pratt, 26; clerk, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; trans. to Co. D, May, '63; dis. June 26, '63, to become Captain and A. A. G., U. S. Vols.; d. Mar. 28, '93, New York.

James B. Bell, Dec. 28, '62; dis. Sept. 27, '64, ex. of s.; d. July 29, 1894, Boston.

George W. Nichols, Sept. 28, '64; res. Jan. 14, '65; d. Nov. — 1903.

Alvah Cloutman, Jan. 15, '65; from Co. D; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Aug. 18, 1892, Boston.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

James B. Bell, 35; tradesman, Cambridge; Sept. 2, '61; prom. Captain.

Nathaniel S. Barstow, Dec. 28, '62; detached and served in the Signal Corps, rendering valuable service; d. May 22, '64, Newbern, N. C.; b. Mt. Auburn.
George W. Nichols, June 16, '64, from Co. A; prom. Captain.
Augustus D. Ayling (R), 24; Lowell; May 21, '65; Adjutant, Aug., '65; had served as private in the 7th Battery, and as 2d and 1st Lieuts. in the 29th Mass. Infantry.
Henry Hancock, Jan. 6, '66; not mustered.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Nathaniel S. Barstow, 22; student, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. 1st Lieut.
Frank B. DePeyster, Mar. 14, '64; declined.
Henry Hancock, Aug. 18, '65; declined.
Frederick W. Wilson, June 7, '65; cancelled.
Cyrus Andrews, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Allen, George W., 22; farmer, Northboro; Sept. 7, '61; dis. Sept. 6, '64, ex. of s.
Altrieth, Leonard, 27; tailor, Attleboro; Sept. 12, '61; dis. May 24, '62; d. Medford, Mar. 15, 1902.
Andrews, Cyrus, 27; shoemaker, Essex; Oct. 18, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 13, '64, Drewry's Bluff; Corp. June 1, '64; Sergt. Oct. 8, '64; prom. 2d Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Bartlett, John W., 18; farmer, Holyoke; Sept. 30, '61; d. of wounds Mar. 29, '62, Newbern.
Baxter, John M., vide John McMahon.
Berry, Charles H., 23; farmer, East Boston; Sept. 3, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64, cr. to Wayland; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; Berry was the regimental postmaster throughout his term of service.
Bills, Wilber H., 22; farmer, Great Barrington; Sept. 10, '61; dis. May 2, '63, disa.; served later in Co. D, 57th Mass. Infantry.
Blackman, Benjamin E., 19; mariner, Woolwich, Me.; Oct. 19, '61; d. Jan. 29, '62, Annapolis, Md.
Blagg, George F., 20; clerk, Waltham; Oct. 14, '61; dis. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.

Boynton, Daniel, 24; mariner, Palermo, Me.; Oct. 17, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64, cr to Gloucester; Corp. Sept. 1, '64; Sergt. Sept. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Bragg, Edwin C., 21; ————Attleboro; Sept. 14, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; lost on steamer, General Lyon, April 28, '65.

Bray, Josiah C., 31; mariner, Gloucester; Oct. 10, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. July 1, '62; Sergt. Jan. 11, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Carr, John D., 23; shoemaker, Gloucester; Oct. 4, '61; dis. April 23, '62, disa.

Carroll, John, 22; painter, Boston; Sept. 10, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Carver, Justin A., 22; shoemaker, Marshfield; Oct. 17, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Oct. 5, '62, disa.

Childs, Oliver F., 32; farmer, Saugus; Oct. 14, '61; dis. Sept. 20, '62, disa.

Chubbuck, Perez (Corp.), 26; ship-carpenter, Quincy; Oct. 21, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Millbury; wd. Oct. 13, '64, Darbytown Rd., Va.; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Clark, Henry A., 18; student, Lowell; Oct. 19, '61; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Coffin, Jason L., 19; shoemaker, Winchester; re. cr. to Millbury, Jan. 4, '64; wd. Oct. 7, '64; Darbytown Rd., Va.; dis. June 17, '65, disa.

Conly, John, 20; farmer, West Stockbridge; Sept. 30, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Cook, John C., Jr. (R), 21; clerk, Roxbury; Aug. 7, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s. As Secretary, Treasurer or Vice-president of the Regimental Veteran Association, Corporal Cook has been in continuous service since 1880; he is Secretary at present; with just two years out, he has been a member of Boston's Board of Assessors since 1878.

Cooley, George I., 18; farmer, Boston; Sept. 7, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Corliss, Reuben (R), 44; stone-cutter, Gloucester; Aug. 5, '62; dis. Oct. 3, '62, disa.

Cormerais, Lucius, 40; accountant, Boston; Oct. 20, '61; dis. Mar. 4, '64, disa.

Corser, Wm. H. (R), 34; pianoforte-maker, Medford; July 24, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64, cr. to Medford; dis. Sept. 21, '65, disa.

A. J. Vining (K). C. H. Berry (C). Sam'l Willis (C).
Sergt. G. T. Sibley (D) (1890). S. Remington (H). E. B. Lyon (K).

Crowley, James (mus.), 17; waiter, Boston; Sept. 17, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64, cr. to Roxbury; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Day, Jerome N. (R), 22; cordwainer, So. Reading; July 18, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Medford; Corp. Jan. 11, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

DePeyster, Frank B. (Sergt.), 19; clerk, Roxbury; Oct. 28, '61; 1st Sergt. July 1, '64; prom. 2d Lieut. Mar. 14, '64; not mustered; dis. Oct. 27, '64, ex. of s.

Dirks, Charles P., 38; jeweler, Attleboro; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Sept. 17, '64, ex. of s.; d. 1903.

Dresser, George N., 21; shoemaker, Georgetown; Oct. 3, '61; dis. Oct. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Drew, Lewis A., 22; clerk, Boston; Nov. 8, '61; d. Sept. 6, '62, Newbern.

Duren, Charles M., 19; clerk, Cambridge; Oct. 24, '61; dis. Jan. 6, '64, for Com. 2d Lieut. 54th Mass. Infantry; later 1st Lieut. and Adjt.; d. Mar. 16, '69, Bangor, Me.

Durgin, James A., 26; lumberman, Veazie, Me.; Oct. 18, '61; dis. April 23, '63, disa.

Eastland, Frederick E., 26; carpenter, Stockbridge; Sept. 26, '61; re. cr. to So. Reading, Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 16, '64; dis. Feb. 16, '65.

Eaton, Victor (R), 21; cordwainer, So. Reading; July 18, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. Oct. 13, '64; trans. V. R. C. April 11, '65; dis. Nov. 16, '65.

Eckert, Joseph, 45; carpenter, Cambridge; Oct. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.

Fay, Edward, 34; farmer, Sherborn; Oct. 2, '61; Corp. Aug. 15, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 16, '64; dis. July 12, '65, disa.

Foley, John G., 30; printer, Boston; Nov. 28, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Roxbury; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Sept. 12, '92, Cambridge.

Fortier, Fabian A., 34; mechanic, Lee, Sept. 9, '61; wd. May 16, '64; dis. Sept. 7, '64, ex. of s.; d. Dec. 14, '66.

Furnald, Alonzo (wagoner), 19; expressman, Quincy; Oct. 8, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Stockbridge; Corp. Sept. 21, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Gilford, David A. (Corp.), 35; carpenter, Danvers; Oct. 28, '61; trans. Mar. 6, '64, to 173d Co., 2d Batt., V. R. C.; dis. Nov. 12, '64, ex. of s.; d. Aug. 4, '97.

Gilford, Elbridge H. (Sergt.), 19; box-maker, Danvers; Oct. 7, '61; dis. Oct. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Gilmore, Willard, 22; farmer, Sherborn; Sept. 14, '61; d. Oct. 31, '62, Newbern.

Gordon, John, 18; student, Essex, N. H.; Oct. 18, '61; Corp. Dec. 5, '61; dis. June 11, '63, for Com. as Captain, 55th Mass. Infantry.

Gould, James O., 18; clerk, Gloucester; Oct. 7, '61; Corp. Feb. 1, '63; trans. to Signal Corps, Mar. 12, '64.

Gray, Samuel B. (R), 24; artisan, Boston; Oct. 14, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Greenough, Archibald (R), 22; stone-cutter, Gloucester; July 17 '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. June 1, '64; d. in Rebel Prison, Richmond, Va., Mar. 7, '65.

Hadley, Daniel, 21; mason, Chelsea; Oct. 9, '61; desert. Dec. 8, '61.

Hale, Jonas, 27; farmer, Winchester; Sept. 18, '61; dis. Sept. 7, '64, ex. of s.

Hancock, Henry, 41; painter, Boston; Oct. 20, '61; Corp. Dec. 1, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; Sergt. June 1, '64; 1st Sergt. Oct. 28, '64; 2d Lieut. Aug. 18, '65; declined Com.; 1st Lieut. Jan. 6, '66; not mustered; M. O. Jan. 20, '66 as 1st Sergt.; d. Aug. 30, 1902, Milford, Mass.

Harrington, Wm. E., 35; farmer, Westboro; Sept. 7, '61; dis. Sept. 6, '64, ex. of s.

Hart, Michael F. (R), 27; printer, Boston; July 24, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. Aug. 18, '65, disa.; dead.

Hayward, Alexander M. (Sergt.), 21; shoemaker, Reading; Sept. 21, '61; 1st Sergt.; re. Jan. 4, '64; prom. 2d Lieut. Co. B.

Holbrook, Ellis R. (mus.), 16; shoemaker, Easton; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Aug. 28, '63, inefficiency.

Howes, Erastus, 27; ship-joiner, Essex; Oct. 19, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Boston; wd. May 16, '64; trans. April 13, '65, to Co. G, 18th Regt. V. R. C.; dis. Nov. 15, '65; d. June 3, 1905, Gloucester.

Jordan, Robert, 18; sailor, Essex; Sept. 6, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Joy, Francis E., 21; shoemaker, Charlestown; Sept. 30, '61; d. of wounds, June 30, '62, Newbern.

Kurr, Edward W., 26; teamster, Boston; Oct. 21, '64, ex. of s.

Larkins, Lawrence, 20; printer, East Boston; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Oct. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Lincoln, John W., 26; cabinet-maker, Northboro; Sept. 28, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Principal Mus. Sept. 9, '65.

Loring, George A., 18; clerk, Boston; Sept. 5, '61; dis. Sept. 5, '64, ex. of s.

Lufkins, Charles P., 18; shoemaker, Essex; Nov. 28, '61; d. Aug. 1, '63, Hilton Head, S. C., of injury rec'd. July 25, '63, Morris Isle, S. C.

McArtney, Charles W., 27; cabinet-maker, Roxbury; Nov. 23, '61; d. Sept. 22, '63, Morris Island, S. C.; also borne as McCartney.

McEmmons, Edward J., 32; mariner, Gloucester; Oct. 19, '61; dis. Oct. 19, '64, ex. of s.

McFarlane, John, 18; shoemaker, Barnstable; Sept. 30, '61; desert. June 16, '63, Newbern.

McGee, Edward (R), 21; cordwainer, So. Reading; July 26, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; desert. Jan. 13, '65.

McIntire, Edward E., 18; shoemaker, Essex; Nov. 28, '61; dis. Nov. 28, '64, ex. of s.; d. June 16, 1896.

McKown, Cyrus, 18; fisherman, Boothbay, Me.; Oct. 18, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Gloucester; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

McLeary, George, 22; saddler, Greenfield; cr. to Ashfield; Jan. 7, '65; dropped for desertion, June 5, '65.

McMahon, John (Corp.), 28; barber, Boston; Sept. 6, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Feb. 6, '65, disa.; d. as John M. Baxter, ————, 1893, Somerville.

McNiel, Angus, 22; teamster, Cape Breton, N. S.; Oct. 18, '61; d. April 23, '62, Newbern.

Mahoney, John (R), 42; laborer, Boston; cr. to Chicopee; Mar. 8, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Maloy, Edward, 24; farmer, Clinton; Sept. 7, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. Mar. 21, '64, Clinton.

Mentzer, George, 23; farmer, Northboro; Sept. 25, '61; dis. Sept. 28, '64, ex. of s.; also borne as Meutzer.

Meyer, Ernest (Corp.), 36; jeweler, Attleboro; Sept. 12, '61; dis. Sept. 15, '63, disa.; d. Dec. 7, 1899. He was Drum-major of the regimental band.

Monserill, George, 29; bootmaker, Taunton; Oct. 19, '61; dis. Dec. 29, '61, disa.

Moody, Edwin A. (Corp.), 21; carpenter, Lowell; Sept. 20, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. of wounds, May 28, '64, Hampton, Va.

Mullen, John (R), 20; varnisher, N. Y. City; cr. to Granby, Dec. 30, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Nelson, John W., 33; shoemaker, Wheelock, Vt.; Oct. 23, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Lynn; wd. Oct. 13, '64, Darbytown Rd., Va.; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. 1904.

Newman, James, 20; farmer, Adams; Sept. 14, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Stockbridge; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Nichols, Francis H. (R), 23; clerk, Boston; Aug. 7, '62; prom. Q. M. Sergt. (F. & S.) May 1, '63.

Oakley, James B., 24; printer, Boston; Oct. 12, '61; dis. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.; also borne as Joseph B.

O'Brien, Jeremiah (R), 34; ————, Gardner; Dec. 28, '64; desert. Dec. 28, '65.

Osgood, Josiah A. (Corp.), 19; student, Chelsea; Oct. 18, '61; dis. Nov. 5, '62 for Com. as Capt., 47th Mass. Infantry.

Ostrander, Charles L., 26; engineer, Stockbridge; Sept. 17, '61; dis. Sept. 7, '64, ex. of s.

Owens, William, 25; teamster, Boston; Oct. 12, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Feb. 2, '72, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Paro, Lemuel (R), 19; laborer, Vermont; cr. to Ashford, Jan. 17, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Parsons, Edward, 18; mariner, Readville; Oct. 16, '61; dis. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.

Payson, John W., 21; farmer, Georgetown; re. Jan. 20, '64; cr. to Stockbridge; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Pepoon, Marshall W., 21; teamster, Stockbridge; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Sept. 10, '64, ex. of s.

Perkins, Charles T. (1st Sergt.), 31; manufacturer, Salem; Oct. 24, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; prom. 2d Lieut. Co. K.

Perkins, Enoch, 19; mariner, Damariscotta, Me.; Oct. 18, '61; dis. April 2, '62, disa.

Phinney, William P., 35; mariner, Plympton; Oct. 18, '61; Corp. July 30, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Powers, Peter, 20; factory-hand, So. Adams; Sept. 30, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Pittsfield; dis. June 17, '65; lost right arm at Deep Run.

Rathburn, Charles W., 21; farmer, Stockbridge; Sept. 14, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; desert. Dec. 23, '65.

Read, John C. (Corp.), 27; mariner, Gloucester; Oct. 12, '61; Sergt. Aug. 5, '62; dis. Oct. 21, '64, ex. of s.

Risk, Robert, 18; shoemaker, Easthampton; Sept. 7, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Sept. 6, '66, ex. of s.

Royal, Dudley C., 34; victualler, So. Reading; Oct. 28, '61; re. Jan. 4, '61; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Sanacal, Lewis (R), 33; harness-maker, Stockbridge; cr. to Orleans, Mar. 21, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Sargent, Albert (R), 18; mariner, Gloucester; July 18, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. Aug. 16, '64, Hampton, Va.

Sargent, Rinaldo R., 29; mariner, Gloucester; Oct. 23, '61; re. Jan. 20, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Saunders, Robert, 35; mariner, Bucksport, Me.; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Nov. 26, '62, disa.

Shepard, David, 29; shoemaker, Manchester; Oct. 21, '61; dis. April 20, '63, disa.

Sherman, James, 40; jeweler, Attleboro; Sept. 16, '61; trans. to V. R. C. Mar. 9, '64; dis. Sept. 16, '64, ex. of s.; d. Nov. 24, 1902.

Souther, George G., 22; carpenter, Quincy; Sept. 10, '61; dis. July 8, '63, disa.

Stoddard, Benjamin F. (Sergt.), 21; clerk, Salem; Oct. 15, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. F.

Stowell, George A. (R), 42; jeweler, Boston; July 18, '62; dis. Oct. 3, '62, disa.

Thayer, Daniel A. (R), 23; boot-maker, Gloucester; July 28, '62; d. Jan. '64, Hilton Head, S. C.

Thayer, Ebenezer F., 29; teamster, Great Barrington; Oct. 21, '61; dis. Dec. 9, '61, disa.

Thomas, John, 32; jeweler, Attleboro; Sept. 9, '61; k. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern.

Tibbetts, Thomas Z., 19; fisherman, Boothbay, Me.; Oct. 8, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Gloucester; d. of wounds May 16, '64, Hampton, Va.

Truitt, John, 40; mariner, Gloucester; Oct. 14, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Dec. 31 '85, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Turner, James W. (R), 42; laborer, Boston; Mar. 11, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Mar. 25, '02, S. H.

Weeks, Nelson, 24; mason, Stockbridge; Sept. 17, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Weiss, Jacob, 30; jeweler, Attleboro; Sept. 12, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Willis, Samuel, 24; mariner, Abington; Oct. 16, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Wilson, Frederick W., 31; draughtsman, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Sergt.-major, Nov. 4, '64; prom. 2d Lieut. June 7, '65; cancelled; absent sick; d. Oct. 1, '65, Boston.

Wyman, William (R), 20; painter, So. Reading; July 23, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Melrose; wd. Aug. 14, '64; dis. July 20, '65, disa.; d. Feb. 23, 1903.

Young, Dewitt C., 31; jeweler, Attleboro; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Sept. 10, '64, ex. of s.

Young, Timothy (R), 44; mariner, Gloucester; Aug. 5, '62; dis. Sept. 26, '62, disa.

COMPANY D.

CAPTAINS.

John T. Prince, Jr., 26; merchant, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; res. Jan. 18, '63, disa.

William Pratt, from Co. C, May '63—June 26, '63; vid. Co. C.

James B. Nichols, June 27, '63, from Co. K; dis. Sept. 1, '64, disa.; d. July 21, '99, Salem. Had been city auditor of Salem many years; died in office.

Davis Foster, Sept. 3, '64; prom. Major.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

John N. Partridge, 23; merchant, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. Captain, Co. F.

Davis Foster, July 5, '64; from Co. H; prom. Captain.

Alvah Cloutman, Oct. 14, '64; from Co. D; prom. Captain, Co. C.

Alexander M. Hayward, Aug. 18, '65; Lieut. Hayward had been discharged as Captain, the preceding May, but he now returns to the regiment on a second enlistment; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Alexander McWhirk, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

Samuel H. Root, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Thomas M. Sweet, 25; merchant, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. 1st Lieut. and Adjt., Co. I.

Oliver H. Walker, Aug. 27, '63; d. Jan. 3, '64, of wounds rec'd Dec. 30, '63, near St. Augustine, Fla.

Joseph W. Hobbs, July 1, '65, from Co. E; prom. Lieut. Co. A.

William A. Couthony, Mar. 14, '64; declined.

Samuel H. Root, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Alden, Albert W. (R), 26; farmer, Florida; Aug. 4, '62; dis. Dec. 5, '64, ex. of s.

Alden, Henry D. (or L.), 21; laborer, Adams; Sept. 5, '61; dis. Sept. 5, '64, ex. of s.; d. May 13, 1887, Adams.

Ayers, George W., 28; carpenter, Somerville; Nov. 18, '61; d. Dec. 9, '64, Annapolis, Md.

Ballou, Irving W. (R), 19; farmer, Florida; Aug. 4, '62; dis. Dec. 5 '64, ex. of s.; d. Nov. 8, '93, No. Adams.

Barnard, George H., 19; farmer, Salisbury; Oct. 31, '61; desert. Nov. '62, Newbern.

Barnes, Frank (R), 22; clerk, Nashville, Tenn.; cr. to Hardwick; Dec. 27, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Bathrick, Alanson E., 32; farmer, Mendon; Sept. 6, '61; d. May 18, '62, Newbern.

Beaton, William (R), 23; miner, Boston; cr. to Stockbridge; Dec. 8, '64; dis. May 21, '65, disa.

Besse, Elisha G. (Sergt.), 21; nailer, Wareham; Sept. 24, '61; dis. June 23, '63, disa.

Bigelow, Charles F., 21; carpenter, West Boylston; Nov. 1, '61; dis. Nov. 11, '64, ex. of s.

Blake, John (R), 24; iron-molder, New York; cr. to Douglas; en. for one year, Dec. 9, '64; dis. Dec. 9, '65, ex. of s.

Bliss, George W. (R), 30; farmer, Florida; Aug. 4, '62; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.; dis. Dec. 5, '64, ex. of s.

Blood, Charles (Corp.), 36; upholsterer, Boston; Oct. 1, '61; dis. Oct. 1, '64, ex. of s.

Bowen, Wilson D., 19; carpenter, Taunton; Sept. 25, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Brannan, James (R), 40; cordwainer, Natick; Dec. 28, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Briggs, Walter R. (Corp.), 21; clerk, Boston; Dec. 3, '61; dis. Dec. 3, '64, ex. of s.

Brown, Patrick, en. Readville; Dec. 1, '61; dis. April 15, '63, disa.

Brown, William B. (R), 44; shoemaker, So. Reading; Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Burdick, Silas W. (R), 18; farmer, Blandford; Mar. 17, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Burgess, Elisha H. (Corp.), 24; mariner, Sandwich; Sept. 24, '61; dis. May 28, '63, disa.; d. May 29, '03.

Burnham, James H., 37; butcher, So. Reading; Dec. 2, '61; dis. Dec. 2, '64, ex. of s.

Canning, Wm. (mus.), 15; errand-boy, Boston; Sept. 24, '61; d. Aug. 31, '62, Washington, N. C.

J. C. Eastman (D). C. T. Ford (D). T. Fanning (D).
B. McCue (B). Cyrus Getchell (D).

Canton, Dennis, 29; hostler, Boston; Oct. 16, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64, as Wagoner; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Clark, Sylvester W., 20; laborer, en. Readville; Dec. 5, '61; k. Sept. 6, '62, Washington, N. C.; had served in Co. H, 5th M. V. M. May 1—July 31, '61.

Costello, Hugh, 29; weaver, Warren; Sept. 30, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.; dis. Nov. 1, '64, ex. of s.; d. May 14, '99, Boston.

Couthony, Wm. A. (Sergt.), 19; clerk, Boston; Oct. 31, '61; 1st Sergt. Jan. 3, '64; 2d Lieut. Mar. 14, '64; not mustered; dis. Oct. 30, '64, ex. of s.

Cutler, Benjamin W., 24; clerk, Lynn; Nov. 25, '61; dis. Sept. 29, '62, disa.

Daniels, Andrew J., 18; hatter, Boston; Nov. 22, '61; d. Nov. 18, '63, Beaufort, S. C.

Daniels, David C., 31; carpenter, Williamstown; Sept. 13, '61; d. Aug. 27, '62, Washington, N. C.

Davis, Wm. H. H. (wagoner), 21; blacksmith, Gloucester; Nov. 1, '61; dis. Dec. 3, '64, ex. of s.

Dempsey, James, 38; laborer, Boston; Oct. 14, '61; d. Sept. 2, '63, Morris Island, S. C.

DeRibas, Louis A., 21; salesman, Boston; Nov. 29, '61; d. of wounds, Aug. 15, '62, Boston.

Dodge, William H. (R), (Sergt.), 19; painter, Haverhill; Oct. 26, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; d. of wounds Oct. 23, '64, DeCamp Hospital, N. Y. Harbor.

Dow, Albert S., 39; seaman, Manchester; Nov. 11, '61; d. Sept. 4, '63, Morris Island, S. C.

Dowd, Edward, 21; laborer, Ware; Sept. 9, '61; dis. Sept. 9, '64, ex. of s.

Doyle, Lawrence, 19; brass-worker; Nov. 9, '61; d. April 30, '63, Newbern.

Dunham, Isaac C., 19; nailer, Wareham; Oct. 18, '61; dis. Corp. Dec. 10, '62; Sergt. Oct. 30, '63; dis. Oct. 18, '64, ex. of s.

Eastman, James C., 20; farmer, Shrewsbury; Nov. 18, '64; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Worcester; Corp. Dec. 6, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Fanning, Thomas, 25; seaman, Lubec, Me.; Nov. 14, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Nov. 19, '64, ex. of s.

Feehan, Bernard (R), 27; morocco-dresser, Lynn; Nov. 26, '64; cr. to Raynham; dis. Nov. 28, '65, ex. of s.; one year man.

Fitch, Charles A. (R), 18; turner, Boston; Aug. 7, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Fitzgerald, Francis (R), 18; printer, Boston; Oct. 27, '61; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Mar. 2, '86 Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Flynn, Thomas (R), 35; teamster, Saugus; Jan. 15, '65; desert. Oct. 16, '65.

Folger, Isaac H. (Corp.), 19; clerk, Nantucket; Oct. 1, '61; dis. Nov. 6, '62, disa.

Ford, Charles T., 21; carpenter, Salem; Dec. 1, '61; dis. Dec. 15, '63, disa.

Freeman, Bernard (R), 39; tinplate-maker, So. Reading; Dec. 31, '63; wd. May 16, '64; trans. to V. R. C. April 10, '65.

Fuller, Isaac A. (R), 26; shoemaker, No. Turner, Me.; cr. to Abington; Jan. 4, '64; Corp. July 2, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Gammons, George N. (Sergt.), 22; iron-worker, Middleboro; Sept. 10, '61; d. Mar. 8, '62, Roanoke Island, N. C.

Gammons, Phineas P., 19; nailer, Providence, R. I.; Sept. 25, '61; dis. Sept. 25, '64, ex. of s.

Gammons, Thomas G. (Corp.), 19; shoemaker, Middleboro; Oct. 18, '61; Sergt. Dec. 20, '62; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Oct. 18, '64, ex. of s.

Garrity, Thomas, 27; teamster, Boston; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Sept. 21, '63, disa.; result of wounds.

Garrow, James J. (R), 30; mason, Boston; Aug. 5, '62; dis. Dec. 5, '64, ex. of s.

Getchell, Cyrus, 21; carpenter, Wells, Me.; Dec. 4, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.

Gilbert, Robert V., 23; teamster, Warren; Nov. 2, '61; dis. Jan. 8, '63, disa.

Greeley, Philip T. (R), 27; mariner, West Cambridge; Aug. 16, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; wd. Aug. 14, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, had been in the Navy.

Griswold, Theodore D., 18; porter, Pittsfield; Sept. 16, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Hallahan, Daniel (R), 41; laborer, Boston; Dec. 8, '64; cr. to Worthington; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Ham, Alvaro D. (R), 18; laborer, Lawrence; May 14, '62; dis. Dec. 5, '64, ex. of s.

Ham, James D. (R), 19; clerk, Boston; Aug. 7, '62; Corp. Jan. 10, '63; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Hampton, Daniel, 25; factory-hand, Ware; Sept. 7, '61; dis. Sept. 5, '64, ex. of s.

Haskell, Wm. H., 30; farmer, Manchester; Nov. 20, '61; dis. May 28, '63, disa.

Hayes, Timothy, 20; blacksmith, Springfield; Sept. 4, '61; d. Dec. 6, '62, Newbern.

Hoffman, Joseph, 35; painter, Boston; Oct. 9, '61; dis. July 14, '62, disa.

Holmes, John H., 21; fisherman, Dresden, Me.; Nov. 14, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Gloucester; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Jackson, Paul N. (R), 18; stone-cutter, No. Bridgewater; May 28, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. June 17, '64; Corp. July 2, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Johnson, Charles (R), 30; peddler, Boston; Dec. 20, '64; cr. to Chelsea; desert. Aug. 17, '65.

Kelley, John (R), 21; cook, Watertown, N. Y.; Dec. 30, '64; cr. to Granby; desert. June 11, '65.

Kennedy, John, 38; carpenter, Roxbury; Oct. 17, '61; dis. Oct. 17, '64, ex. of s.

Lane, John, 36; mariner, Gloucester; Nov. 4, '61; d. Jan. 17, '63, Newbern.

Lawton, Richard (mus.), 14, errand-boy, Boston; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Lee, James H., 32; mariner, Manchester; Nov. 15, '61; d. Sept. 7, '62, Washington, N. C.

Lowell, Samuel (R), 27; farmer, Phippsburg, Me.; Dec. 9, '63, cr. to Charlestown; M. O. Jan. 22, '66.

Lucas, John G., 20; farmer, Dorchester; Nov. 30, '61; Corp. Dec. 5, '63; dis. Nov. 30, '64, ex. of s.

Lucas, Robert T., 19; farmer, Manchester; Nov. 30, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; dis. Nov. 30, '64, ex. of s.

Lurvey, Daniel H., 20; mariner, Gloucester; Oct. 26, '61; d. May 2, '62, Newbern.

McDonald, John (R), 19; sailor, St. John, N. B.; Jan. 7, '65; cr. to Ashfield; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

McFee, Michael, 25; farmer, Newton; Nov. 22, '61; d. Aug. 9, '62, Washington, N. C.

McKenna, Daniel, 17; factory-hand, Pittsfield; Sept. 5, '61; dis. Sept. 5, '64, ex. of s.

McKean, George W., 18; seaman, Boston; Nov. 14, '61; k. as Corp. Sept. 17, '64, on picket, Petersburg, Va.

McMahan, William, 19; factory-hand, Ware; Sept. 7, '61; dis. Mar. 23, '63, disa.

McMullen, Patrick, 26; plasterer, Waltham; Sept. 17, '61; dis. Sept. 17, '64, ex. of s.

McWhirk, Alexander, 18; farmer, Newburyport; Dec. 4, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Milton; Corp. Nov. 15, '63; Sergt. Nov. 1, '64; 1st Sergt. Dec. 15, '65; 1st Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

McWhirk, James (R), 18; laborer, Dorchester; Jan. 16, '65, cr. to Fitchburg; wd. Aug. 16, '64; Corp. Sept. 7, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Mahoney, Dennis, 24; farmer, Boston; Nov. 14, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Mar. 7, '85, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Mahoney, John C., 33; laborer, Salem; Dec. 3, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; wd. Oct. 7, '64, Darbytown Rd., Va.; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Marmo, Francis, 18; seaman, Fox Island, Me.; Nov. 13, '61; d. Sept. 6, '62, Washington, N. C.

Martin, John W., 18; farmer, Quincy; Nov. 29, '61; re. Sergt. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Milton; wd. Aug. 16, '64; prom. 1st Lieut. Nov. 14, '64, Co. G.

Merrill, George W., 21; shoemaker, Salisbury; Oct. 29, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa., Newbern.

Merriam, Augustus D. (R), 29; fireman, Boston; July 28, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; dead.

Capt. S. B. Crane (F).

James Crowley (C).

Sergt. W. A. Couthony (D).

Metcalf, Cyrus E. (R), 24; shoemaker, No. Turner, Me.; Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Abington; Corp. Dec. 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Jan. 14, '99.

Mitchell, Wm. S. (R), 27; machinist, Boston; July 8, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; desert. May 2, '64.

Moulton, Charles T., 21; shoemaker, Salisbury; Oct. 29, '61; d. Jan. 17, '63, Newbern.

Murray, David, 18; file-cutter, Boston; Nov. 26, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Nov. 26, '64, ex. of s.

Murray, Walter, 43; carpenter, Lynn; Nov. 28, '61; dis. Nov. 28, '64, ex. of s.

Nute, Asa B., 18; clerk, Boston; Oct. 28, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Oct. 28, '64, ex. of s.; d. Jan. 13, '94.

O'Reilly, John, 23; factory-hand, Hinsdale; Sept. 5, '61; dis. Sept. 15, '64, ex. of s.

O'Sullivan, Thomas, 21; farmer, Ware; Sept. 7, '61; dis. April 20, '63, disa.; d. July 4, 1899, S. H.

Parker, Charles M. (R), 27; farmer, Lexington; Aug. 9, '62; Corp. Nov. 10, '63; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Parker, George W., 30; factory-hand, Lawrence; Oct. 19, '61; dis. April 23, '63, disa.; later served in Co. L, 2d H. A.

Partridge, Charles W., 18; clerk, Bellingham; Nov. 22, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; Corp. Sept. 6, '64; wd. Oct. 7, '64, Darbytown Rd., Va.; dis. June 24, '65, disa.; result of wounds.

Phelps, John T., 29; carpenter, Savoy; Oct. 2, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Oct. 2, '64, ex. of s.; d. Aug. 1, 1891, Adams.

Phelps, William J., 41; engineer, Chelsea; Nov. 13, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Nov. 13, '64, ex. of s.; dead.

Poole, Frank, 23; seaman, Gloucester; Oct. 26, '61; dis. Nov. 13, '64, ex. of s.

Reed, James W., 19; farmer, Uxbridge; Nov. 15, '61; dis. Nov. 16, '64, ex. of s.

Riley, Thomas (R), 22; steward, Yarmouth, N. S.; Mar. 29, '65; cr. to Boston; desert. Dec. 25, '65.

Root, Samuel H. (R), 44; clerk, Boston; Aug. 15, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; Corp. Mar. 27, '63; Sergt. Nov. 1, '64; 2d Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Rounseville, Wm. H. (Corp.), 21; carriage-maker, Mattapoisett; Oct. 1, '61; Sergt. Jan. 2, '63; dis. Oct. 1, '64, ex. of s.

Rowe, Ozias N., 18; lather, Gloucester; Nov. 23, '61; dis. Nov. 23, '64, ex. of s.

Ryan, John (R), 28; seaman, Boston; Nov. 30, '64; cr. to Whately; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Sargent, Winthrop, 37; seaman, Manchester; Nov. 15, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; dead.

Saunders, Charles B., 21; sawyer, Savoy; Oct. 14, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; d. Sept. 30, '63, St. Augustine, Fla.

Scott, John H., 39; seaman, Gloucester; Nov. 21, '61; dis. May 2, '62, disa.

Scott, William H., 21; mariner, Abington; Nov. 28, '61; dis. Nov. 28, '64, ex. of s.

Shannahan, Daniel, 40; seaman, Boston; Nov. 27, '61; d. Sept. 1, '62, Washington, N. C.

Shepard, Thomas (R), 19; laborer, Toronto, C. W.; Dec. 20, '64; cr. to Hadley; desert. June 11, '65.

Smart, Ira S., 34; farmer, Williamstown; re. Jan. 2, '64; dis. Sept. 30, '65, disa.

Spear, John M., Jr., 27; merchant, Milton; Dec. 5, '61; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; d. April 14, 1893.

Stewart, James (R), 26; painter, Boston; Jan. 13, '65; cr. to Gill; desert. Aug. 17, '65.

Stimson, Charles E. (R), 21; seaman, Cambridge; Jan. 14, '65; cr. to Charlestown; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; had served 3 years in the Navy.

Stockwell, Simeon M., 23; ————. Prescott; Sept. 12, '61; dis. Sept. 12, '64, ex. of s.; also Simon O.

Stone, George S. (R), 40; paper-hanger, Charlestown; Aug. 12, '62; re. Feb. 5, '64; desert. Sept. 7, '65.

Sweeney, William, 18; farmer, Barre; Sept. 25, '61; d. Aug. 31, '62, Washington, N. C.

Taylor, Albert (R), 18; farmer, Yarmouth; Feb. 24, '64; wd. May 30, '64, on picket, also Aug. 16, Deep Run; dis. Sept. 12, '65, disa.

Temple, Washington H. (R), (mus.), 16; painter, Boston; Oct. 7, '63; desert. Dec. 5, '65.

Tenney, Benjamin F. (R), 28; blacksmith, Florida; Aug. 2, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Thomas, George W., 19; farmer, Nantucket; Oct. 26, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; absent sick at M. O.

Tower, Houghton (R), 27; farmer, Florida; Aug. 4, '62; d. of wounds, Dec. 4, '64, Hampton, Va.

Trull, George A. (R), 23; clerk, Lexington; Aug. 9, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Walker, Ephraim, 37; farmer, Williamstown; Oct. 9, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; dis. May 9, '63, disa.; later, Co. D, 57th Mass. Infantry.

Walker, Oliver H. (1st Sergt.), 23; clerk, Boston; July 16, '61, as Private, Co. C, 13th Mass. Infantry; trans. to the 24th, Dec. 11, '62; prom. 2d Lieut.

Wartrous, George W., 22; seaman, Harwich; Oct. 8, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; re. Jan. 2, '61; cr. to Yarmouth; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Washburn, Justus W. F. (R), 19; clerk, Montpelier, Vt.; Dec. 3, '63; cr. to Boston; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Corp. L. E. Whitney (D).
1st Sergt. J. White (G).

Corp. J. McWhirk (D).
Wm. Canning (D).

Corp. C. W. Partridge (D).
Albert Alden (I).

Weeks, Samuel, 18; fisherman, Gloucester; Nov. 22, '61; re. Jan. 2, '61; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Weis, Joseph, 38; piano-maker, Boston; Oct. 9, '61; dis. ————, '62, disa.

Westgate, Cyrus F., 25; nailer, Wareham; Oct. 18, '61; d. May 17, '62, Newbern.

Whitney, Lewis E., 19; bootmaker, Bellingham; Nov. 25, '61; Corp. Jan. 15, '63; re. Jan. 2, '64; d. of wounds, Mar. 3, '65, Bellingham.

Wilson, Horace, 43; farmer, Spencer; Nov. 5, '61; d. April 26, '62, Newbern.

Winn, Andrew J., 23; ————, Gloucester: Dec. 5, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr .to Brewster; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Wortman, Wm. B. (R), 21; hatter, Boston; Nov. 13, '61; Corp; dis. Sept. 27, '62, disa.

Wright, Charles L. —; ————, Worcester; Sept. 7, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Young, Charles B. (R), 31; shoemaker, No. Turner, Me.; Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Abington; wd. Oct. 7, '64, Darbytown Rd.; dis. May 25, '65.

Company E.

CAPTAINS.

Charles H. Hooper, 25; merchant, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. Major.

Charles A. Folsom, Jan. 19, '63; dis. Sept. 23, '64, disa.; d. Jan. 10, 1905, Chicago.

John A. Green, Oct. 15, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Charles A. Folsom, 24; clerk, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. Captain.

Daniel Sargent, Jan. 19, '63; dis. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.; Com. Captain, Sept. 3, '64; not mustered; d. Feb. 18, 1892, Boston; b. Mt. Auburn.

John A. Green, Oct. 14, '64, from Co. A; prom. Captain, the next day.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Daniel Sargent, 23; ————, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; prom. First Lieutenant.

Jesse S. Williams, from Co. G, Jan. 19, '63; prom. First Lieutenant, Co. B.

John J. Wilson, Sept. 10, '63; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. I.

George P. Small, Mar. 13, '64; declined.

Stephen F. Davis, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

Henry Scales, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Ashton, Henry, 28; weaver, Providence, R. I.; Oct. 17, '61; d. Aug. 27, '63, Morris Island, S. C.

Arvedson, Wm. L. (Sergt.), 28; blacksmith, Salem; Oct. 28, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Sept. 1, '62.

Baker, Henry (R), 19; cutter, Cambridge; Aug. 8, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; desert. Dec. 4, '64.

Barrett, James, 32; harness-maker, Boston; Oct. 21, '61; dis. Oct. 24, '64, ex. of s.; d. Dec. 6, '94, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Bates, Thomas S., 18; laborer, Boston; Sept. 8, '61; dis. Sept. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Blair, John H. (R), 27; glass-cutter, Cambridge; Aug. 8, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Blaisdell, Jonathan E., 42; shoemaker, Amesbury; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Salisbury; trans. V. R. C. May 4, '65; dis. Nov. 15, '65.

Boans, John, 25; laborer, Boston; Nov. 30, '61; dis. Nov. 30, '64, ex. of s.

Bonney, Henry C., 20; machinist, Dedham; Dec. 2, '61; Corp. Nov. 10, '63; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Briggs, Marson F. E., 21; operative, Cheshire; Sept. 7, '61; dis. Oct. 24, '63, disa.

Brown, Henry, 39; gardener, Manayunk, Pa.; Sept. 19, '61; d. May 9, '64, N. Y. City.

Burke, Daniel, 19; stone-cutter, Roxbury; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 14, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Burke, Michael J. (R), 18; laborer, Boston; Feb. 23, '65; cr. to Rockport; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Burnham, Harlan P., 21; sailor, Essex; Nov. 7, '61; dis. Nov. 7, '64, ex. of s.

Burns, John, 18; clerk, Boston; Oct. 5, '61; k. Aug. 26, '63, Morris Island, S. C.

Butterfield, George W., 20; farmer, Tyngsboro; Sept. 26, '61; d. June 14, '62, Washington, N. C.

Campbell, George A., 25; shoemaker, Salisbury; Nov. 18, '61; dis. Mar. 4, '63, disa.

Carey, John B., 24; sailor, Bowdoinham, Me.; Sept. 8, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. Mar. 14, '64, Drewry's Bluff; desert. Aug. 6, '65.

Lieut. D. Sargent (E). Capt. Wm. Pratt (C). Capt. C. H. Hooper (E). Lieut. T. M. Sweet (D). Lieut. C. A. Folsom (E). Lieut. J. N. Partridge (D).

Cheney, John W. (R), 18; cigar-maker, Saugus; Mar. 14, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Cheney, William, 19; shoemaker, Saugus; Dec. 9, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Clifford, Richard (R), 26; awl-finisher, Ireland: June 23, '64; wd. May 14, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; dis. June 23, '65.

Collins, Barnard, 31; weaver, Fall River; Oct. 17, '61; desert. Dec. 11, '61.

Collins, Joseph A., 23; laborer, Salisbury; Dec. 5, '61; wd. June 5, '62, Tranter's Ck., N. C.; wd. May 14, '64; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Cook, William, 38; sailor, Beverly; Nov. 1, '61; d. of wounds, May 29, '64, Hampton, Va.

Coolidge, Oliver S., 36; wood-carver, Cambridge; Oct. 17, '61; dis. Oct. 17, '64, ex. of s.

Cranston, James R. (Corp.), 19; printer, Pittsfield; Sept. 9, '61; Sergt. Aug. 9, '62; dis. Feb. 17, '65, (Col. Higginson's book says, Aug. 31, '64), for Com. as Captain, 119th U. S. C. Infantry; later 2d and 1st Lieut. and Regimental Q. M. in 10th Infantry, U. S. A.; d. Aug. 23, 1888.

Crosby, Oliver, Jr., 28; farmer, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; d. Aug. 24, '63, Morris Island, S. C.

Crumley, George, 26; weaver, Lonsdale, R. I.; Sept. 19, '61; dis. Sept. 24, '64, ex. of s.

Cunningham, David H., 18; shoemaker, Danvers; Sept. 3, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Daley, John, 39; stone-cutter, Boston; Nov. 30, '61; d. May 16, '64, Hampton, Va.

Davis, John E. (Sergt.), 20; brick-maker, Somerville; Sept. 26, '61; wd. Aug. 26, '63, Vinegar Hill, S. C.; dis. Nov. 18, '64, ex. of s.

Davis, Stephen F. (R), 21; printer, Boston; Jan. 1, '62; Corp. Oct. 12, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 14, '64; Sergt. Nov. 18, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; 2d Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

Dempsey, Jeremiah, 33; tailor, Boston; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. Jan. 11, '65, a prisoner of war, Salisbury, N. C.

Derrick, William, 40; weaver, Roxbury; Oct. 1, '61; dis. Oct. 4, '64, ex. of s.; also borne as Dewick; dead.

Dolan, Felix, 37; laborer, Boston; Oct. 1, '61; d. Aug. —, '63, Morris Island, S. C.

Donovan, Timothy J., 19; printer, Boston; Oct. 7, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Driscoll, John (R), 19; brush-maker, Chelsea; Mar 19, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; had served in Co. G, 20th Mass. Infantry.

Duffy, John G., 23; painter, Boston; Nov. 30, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. Nov. 8, '64; Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Jan. 5, '01.

Dugan, Patrick, 31; laborer, Boston; Sept. 19, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 14, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Eayrs, Joseph H., 25; farmer, Needham; Nov. 18, '61; dis. Nov. 17, '64, ex. of s.; d. May 20, 1905, S. H.

Edgerly, Samuel A. (Sergt.), 22; carpenter, Salem; Oct. 15, '61; dis. Oct. 15, '64, ex. of s.

Fernald, John S., 18; painter, Boston; Nov. 18, '61; Corp. Sept. 1, '62; d. Sept. 11, '62, Newbern.

Fitzpatrick, David, 21; laborer, Chelsea; Dec. 5, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 14, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Fletcher, Reuben H., 20; clerk, Boston; Oct. 7, '61; re. Nov. 30, '63; cr. to Winchester; trans. to U. S. A. as Hospital Steward, Nov. 30, 1863.

Follert, John S., 21; sailor, ————; Dec. 5, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Salisbury; Corp. Aug. 18, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Fosberry, James, 18; shoemaker, Boston; Dec. 4, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 14, '64; dis. July 5, '65, disa.

Gaffney, James, 18; printer, Boston; Oct. '61; dis. Oct. 6, '64, ex. of s.

Gannett, John A., 33; merchant, Boston; Oct. 17, '61; dis. April 22, '62, disa.

Gardner, George L., 23; carpenter, Hingham; Sept. 30, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Garvey, John, 24; spinner, Fall River; Oct. 17, '61; d. Nov. —, '64, prisoner of war, Salisbury, N. C.

Gould, Ezra P. (Corp.), 20; student, Cambridge; Oct. 18, '61; dis. Dec. 20, '63, for Com. as 2d Lieut. in 55th Mass. Infantry; later Captain and Major in the 59th; trans. to the 57th and M. O. from the same, July 30, '65; d. Aug. 22, 1900; b. Mt. Auburn.

Gray, Wm. B., 18; shoemaker, So. Acton; Sept. 2, '61; dis. July 3, '64 for Com. in U. S. C. T.

Gurry, John, 21; lather, Roxbury; Nov. 26, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.

Haggerty, Barney, 26; teamster, Boston; Sept. 11, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; desert. Dec. 19, '65.

Hall, Edward H., 26; saw-manufacturer, Boston; Dec. 6, '61; dis. June 10, '63, disa.

Hathaway, George H. (R), 19; student, Boston; June 3, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Head, Guy C. (wagoner), 29; printer, Chelsea; Oct. 7, '61; dis. Oct. 8, '64, ex. of s.; d. May 14, 1890, Chelsea.

Heavy, John, 38; laborer, Roxbury; Oct. 16, '61; d. Aug. 7, '63, Morris Island, S. C.

Herk, James (R), 30; laborer, Saugus; Aug. 2, '62; wd. May 14, '64; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Hicks, Leander E. (R), 18; machinist, Winthrop; Aug. 5, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Cambridge; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Oct. 14, '88, S. H.

Hobbs, Joseph W., 18; teamster, Charlestown; Dec. 9, '61; re. 1st Sergt. Jan. 4, '64; prom. 2d Lieut. Co. D.

Hogan, Thomas M. (R), 23; gas-fitter, Boston; Mar. 18, '64; cr. to Chelsea; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Holehouse, John, 21; sailor, Fall River; Dec. 2, '61, dis. Dec. 3, '64, ex. of s.

Holmes, Thomas B. (mus.), 17; scholar, ————; Sept. 21, '61; dis. Sept. 24, '64, ex. of s.

Hutchins, Thomas R. (R), 19; laborer, Duxbury; Aug. 31, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Jennings, Wm. O., 24; farmer, So. Adams; Sept. 6, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; dead.

[N. E. G.] Jones, Wm. T. (1st Sergt.), 22; clerk, Boston; prom. Sergt. Major, (F. & S.), Aug. 9, '62.

Keenan, Charles H. (R), 26; sailor, Gloucester; Jan. 14, '64; cr. to Gill; desert. Aug. 1, '65.

Lee, John, 44; shoemaker, So. Reading; Oct. 31, '61; dis. Nov. 1, '64, ex. of s.

McPherson, Daniel (mus.), 21; farmer, So. Reading; Sept. 7, '61; principal musician of the regiment, May 1, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Boston; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as David.

McQuade, John, 33; machinist, Newton; Sept. 7, '61; dis. Sept. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Malcom, Thomas, 28; carpenter, Boston; Sept. 30, '61; d. of wounds, Aug. 28, '64, Point of Rocks, Va.

Martin, Wm. G. 22; servant, Boston; Oct. 1, '61; dis. Oct. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Moffitt, Bryan, 28; laborer, Boston; Nov. 21, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Moore, Charles E., 19; hostler, West Cambridge; Dec. 9, '61; Corp. Sept. 1, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. April 11, '64, Washington, D. C.; also borne as Charles J.

Murphy, John H., 19; weaver, Providence, R. I.; Dec. 2, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Boston; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Murphy, Patrick, 35; laborer, Boston; Sept. 26, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. April 30, '93, S. H.

Niland, Thomas A., 23; painter, Boston; Nov. 30, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.; later in Co. D, 48th Penn.; d. April 1, '97, East Boston.

Corp. J. B. O'Brien (E). Sergt. C. E. Grant (K). Sergt. E. H. Gilford (C).
Sergt. S. A. Edgerly (E). Sergt. A. H. Knowles (F). Corp. S. B. Crane (F).

Noonan, John, 32; laborer, Boston; Oct. 15, '61; d. Aug. 5, '63, Morris Island, S. C.

O'Brien, John B., 18; clerk, Boston; Oct. 5, '61; Corp. June 23, '62; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Oct. 5, '64, ex. of s.; d. May 6, 1900, Boston. No name on the regimental rolls better illustrates the saying that America is but another word for opportunity. Born in New Brunswick May 8, 1844, he came to the States when a child of two years. Enlisting at seventeen, he did his duty manfully, and was discharged from the hospital, where he had gone on account of wounds. In '65, entering the office of the sheriff as clerk, he remained till '72, when he was made a deputy, doing such excellent work that in 1883 he was elected sheriff, and so continued till his death. Faithful to the end might fittingly be inscribed on his tombstone.

O'Connell, Thomas, 36; laborer, Boston; Dec. 2, '61; d. Sept. 20, '64, prisoner of war, Andersonville, Ga.

O'Keefe, David, 18; type-founder, Boston; Dec. 3, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Palmer, George E., 29; mechanic, Newton; Nov. 29, '61; dis. Nov. 30, '64, ex. of s.

Palmer, Wm. H. H., 20; woodenware-maker, Boston; d. Sept. 30, '63, Hilton Head, S. C.

Patterson, Thomas, 23; mason, Boston; Dec. 2, '61; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Parker, Thomas E., 40; provision-dealer, So. Reading; Oct. 31, '61; dis. Sept. 24, '64, ex. of s.

Peasley, Charles E. (R), 18; brass-finisher, Cambridge; July 8, '62; dis. Dec. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Peterson, Henry T., 18; hatter, Boston; Dec. 2, '61; k. Nov. 2, '62, Rawles' Mill, N. C.

Reardon, John J., 19; laborer, Boston; Oct. 7, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Cambridge; Corp. July 30, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Reardon, Timothy, 24; molder, So. Adams; Oct. 1, '61; Corp. Oct. 12, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Pittsfield; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Jan. 14, 1893, Pittsfield.

Roach, John, 23; laborer, Boston; Sept. 3, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. Sept. 20, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Robinson, Albert M. (Corp.), 21; clerk, Somerville; Nov. 9, '61; dis. Nov. 8, '64, ex. of s.; d. Feb. 14, 1905.

Robinson, Tilon (R), 38; clerk, Boston; Aug. 7, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '63; dead.

Saunders, Thomas, 25; hostler, Andover; Sept. 2, '61; dis. June 10, '63, disa.

Scales, Henry E., 18; upholsterer, Boston; Oct. 23, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. April 12, '64; Sergt. Oct. 15, '64; 1st Sergt. June 30, '65; 2d Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Schriver, David, 20; tinsmith, Pittsfield; Oct. 17, '61; trans. V. R. C. Nov. 20, '63; also borne as Scriver.

Small, Francis E. (R), 19; clerk, Cambridge; July 29, '62; wd. June 3, '64, on Picket; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Small, George P. (Corp.), 21; clerk, Boston; Sept. 26, '61; Sergt. Aug. 1, '63; 1st Sergt. Oct. 12, '63; prom. 2d Lieut. Mar. 13, '64; declined; wd. May 14, '64; dis. Oct. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Stetson, Alston H., 19; mechanic, Marlboro; Sept. 12, '61; dis. May 12, '62, disa.

Stimpson, Charles L. (Corp.), 23; clerk, Boston; Oct. 2, '61; dis. Dec. 11, '63, to take Com.

Stoddard, Henry P., 18; farmer, Boston; Oct. 4, '61; Corp. Oct. 12, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Sullivan, John, 24; laborer, Boston; Sept. 19, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. of wounds, June 10, '65, Boston.

Sweet, Nathaniel O. (R), 26; machinist, Salisbury; Aug. 8, '62; d. of wounds, June 26, '64, Salisbury.

Thompson, William (R), 23; trader, Cambridge; May 23, '62; trans. to V. R. C.; d. Aug. 16, '64.

Townsend, George W. (Corp.), 34; shoedealer, So. Reading; Dec. 5, '61; wd. Mar 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Oct. 20, '62,

Lieut. Geo. H. Higgins (H). Corp. J. B. O'Brien (E). Capt. W. F. Wiley (K).

IN LATER YEARS.

disa.; had served 1st Sergt. in Co. B, 5th M. V. M. May 1—July 31, '61; later served as Sergt. Co. C, 59th Mass. Infantry.

Waitt, Horace A. (Corp.), 23; Oct. 17, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '64; absent on furlough.

Walker, Gilman S., (wagoner), 22; hostler, Chelsea; Dec. 5, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Walsh, Patrick E., 24; laborer, Boston; Sept. 12, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. Oct. 18, '64, prisoner of war, Salisbury, N. C.

Warner, James, 20; laborer, Boston; Nov. 30, '61; dis. Nov. 30, '64, ex. of s.

Washburn, Wm. S., 43; farmer, Falmouth; Nov. 1, '61; dis. June 10, '63, disa.

Whittemore, Wm. A. (R), 22; milkman, West Cambridge; Corp. May 10, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. Dec. 11, '65; also spelled Whitemore; dead.

Wilson, Andrew, 18; upholsterer, Cambridge; Oct. 23, '61; Corp. Aug. 9, '62; Sergt. Oct. 12, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. A.

Wilson, Frank, 18; painter, Tyngsboro; Oct. 15, '61; dis. May 10, '64, disa.

Wilson, John T. (Corp.), 21; clerk, Cambridge; Sept. 26, '61; Sergt. Sept. 1, '62; Sergt.-major (F. & S.), Aug. 1, '63; prom. 2d Lieut.

Woods, George T., 18; glass-blower, Cambridge; Nov. 29, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. of wounds, June 24, '64, Hampton, Va.

Wyman, Joseph H. (R), 18; clerk, Cambridge; Corp. Aug. 12, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

COMPANY F.

CAPTAINS.

Robert F. Clark, 22; merchant, Boston; Sept. '61; res. Feb. 5, '64. By occupation banker and broker, Captain Clark was the choice of Governor Russell as a member of the Police Commission for the city of Boston, in which capacity he served ten years, receiving a reappointment by Governor Wolcott, who made him chairman of the board.

John N. Partridge, Feb. 6, '64; from Co. D; wd. June 14, '64; dis. Sept. 27, '64, ex. of s. In 1882 and 3, Captain Partridge was Fire Commissioner of the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., and in 1884 and 5 was Police Commissioner, receiving both appointments from Mayor Seth Low. 1886 to 1897 he was President of Brooklyn & Newtown Street Railway Co.; in 1899 and 1900 he was Superintendent of Public Works, State of New York, appointed by Governor Roosevelt, being reappointed by Governor Odell, remaining in office till 1901; in 1902 he was Police Commissioner of Greater New York, appointed by Mayor Low. In 1868 he entered the Twenty-third Regiment of National Guard of New York, rising through successive ranks from second lieutenant to the

command of the regiment, holding the same for nine years, resigning in 1894. At present he resides in Westport, Conn.

John C. Jones, Sept. 2, '64; not mustered; dis. as 1st Lieut. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.

William J. O'Brien, Oct. 15, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Charles B. Amory, 20; clerk, West Roxbury; Sept. 2, '61; prom. Captain, Co. I.

Lieut. J. C. Jones.

Lieut. C. B. Amory.

Capt. R. F. Clark.

COMPANY F.

John C. Jones, Sept. 27, '62; prom. Captain.

William J. O'Brien (1), Oct. 14, '64; prom. Captain next day.

B. Frank Stoddard, Oct. 14, '64; from Co. C; prom. Captain, Co. G.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

John C. Jones, 19; ————, West Roxbury; Sept. 2, '61; prom. 1st Lieut.

Edgar Clough, Sept. 27, '62; k. May 16, Drewry's Bluff, Va.

William Thorne, July 21, '64; ————, Gloucester; d. Aug. 20, '64; from wounds rec'd at Deep Run, Va.

Thomas H. Dennis, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Atkins, Philip D., 33; painter, Augusta, Me.; Sept. 26, '61; dishonorably dis. Jan. 6, '64.

Atwill, James W. (Sergt.), 19; clerk, West Roxbury; Sept. 12, '61; dis. Oct. 29, '62, for Com. 1st Lieut. 1st N. C. Infantry; later, Captain, Major and Lieut. Colonel in same.

Barry, Robert E. (Corp.), 26; shoemaker, Randolph; Sept. 17, '61; dis. Jan. 25, '64, disa.; d. Nov. 10, '83, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Bates, Samuel H. (Corp.), 40; farmer, West Roxbury; Oct. 8, '61; dis. as 1st Sergt. for Com., 2d Lieut. 56th Mass. Infantry; dead.

Baxter, George H., 37; farmer, Newton; Oct. 19, '61; k. June 5, '62, Tranter's Ck, N. C.

Beggs, William (R), 38; laborer, Charlestown; July 21, '62; dis. Oct. 3, '62, disa.

Billings, Ernestine, 24; varnisher, Boston; Oct. 24, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; dis. Oct. 3, '62, disa.; d. Oct. 3, 1906.

Brady, Patrick (R), 25; laborer, Boston; Aug. 4, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Dorchester; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; dead.

Brady, Thomas, 38; mechanic, Neponset; Nov. 8, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Dorchester; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Braman, Frank A., 21; boatman, Boston; Sept. 9, '61; dis. Sept. 15, '63, disa.

Brothers, Joshua (R), 33; porter, Boston; Aug. 8, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Mar. 18, '98, S. H.

Brown, Frank C., 36; mason, Springfield; Sept. 12, '61; k. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern.

Buckley, Jeremiah C. (R), 21; bootmaker, Randolph; May 19, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. July 10, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Bullard, John E. (Corp.), 22; clerk, Boston; Sept. 13, '61; dis. as Sergt. Sept. 13, '64, ex. of s.

Callahan, Thomas, 40; farmer, Boston; Nov. 8, '61; dis. Nov. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Carey, Edward M., 18; cooper, Boston; Oct. 29, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Carr, Charles, 24; mariner, Chelsea; Nov. 23, '61; dis. April 19, '62, disa.

Clark, Robert, 35; cotton-dresser, Springfield; Oct. 24, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62 and Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.; dis. Oct. 24, '64, ex. of s.

Clark, William E., 33; salesman, Boston; Nov. 5, '61; dis. as Sergt. Nov. 4, '64, ex. of s.; d. Jan. 11, 1903, Togus, Me., N. S. H.; as "Knapsack" in the Boston Traveller, and Rix in the Lynn Reporter, Clark's letters in war times excited a deal of interest in the regiment, possibly all the more because of inability to find out who wrote them.

[N. E. G.] Clough, Edgar (1st Sergt.), 23; Sept. 2, '61; prom. 2d Lieut.

Cockley, William (R), 25; blacksmith, Boston; Jan. 21, '65; cr. to Hadley; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Colby, James L. (Corp.), 36; machinist, Framingham; Oct. 11, '61; dis. Oct. 11, '64, ex. of s.

Conway, Thomas, 19; groom, Hingham; Oct. 22, '61; dis. Oct. 22, '64, ex. of s.; d. July 23, '88, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Cook, Horace W. (R), 18; farmer, Claremont, N. H.; cr. to Charlestown, Jan. 26, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Corniffe, Patrick, 21; baker, Boston; Nov. 22, '61; desert. Dec. 12, '61.

Crane, Silas B., 18; japanning, Canton; Oct. 22, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. May 1, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Cronin, Maurice, 21; butcher, Boston; Oct. 1, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.

Croscup, Joseph, 20; shoemaker, Lynn; Oct. 14, '61; dis. July 27, '62, disa.

Croscup, Melbourne (Corp.), 21; morocco-dresser, Lynn; Sept. 27, '61; k. June 5, '62, Tranter's Ck, N. C.

Cummings, Horatio N. (Corp.), 34; mason, Chelsea; Oct. 14, '61; dis. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.

Cunningham, Wm. T., 30; dyer, Lawrence; Oct. 12, '61; dis. Jan. 5, '65.

Currier, Harrison, 19; clerk, Portsmouth, N. H.; Oct. 23, '61; d. Mar. 13, '62, on U. S. S. Vidette.

Damren, Robert D., 21; farmer, Maine; Sept. 30, '61; re. Jan. 4, '61; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Davenport, Charles, 30; Oct. 24, '61; dis. Oct. 30, '64, ex. of s.; d. Feb. 24, '81, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Dennis, Thomas H., 21; fisherman, Swampscott; Sept. 27, '61; Corp. Oct. 2, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; Sergt. July 15, '64; 1st Sergt. Dec. 6, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; prom. 2d Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

Donahue, John (R), 21; slater, Boston; July 22, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; desert. Dec. 26, '65.

Donnahy, Jerry, 37; laborer, Greenfield; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Sept. 30, '64, ex. of s.

Dow, James J. (R), 22; clerk, Boston; Aug. 15, '62; k. as Corp. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.; b. Mt. Auburn.

Downing, Edward (R), 25; carriage-painter; en. Bermuda Hundred, Va.; cr. to Roxbury, Jan. 15, '65; desert. Aug. 17, '65.

Doyle, James (R), 27; shoemaker, Boston; July 27, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. Nov. 15, '65, disa.

Bvt.-Maj. C. B. Amory. Capt. J. T. Prince (D). Capt. R. F. Clark (F).

1907.

Ellard, Owen (R), 37; tailor, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; cr. to Boston, Jan. 16, '65; dis. Jan. 15, '66, one year's man; d. Apr. 28, 1901, Dayton, O., N. S. H.

Ewer, Henry, 18; salesman, Boston; Oct. 14, '61; dis. Mar. 25, '63, disa.

Feather, George, 34; manufacturer, Boston; Oct. 30, '61; wd. June 5, '62, Newbern; dis. Sept. 22, '62, disa.

Ferguson, James, 40; laborer, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Lynn.

Figges, Thomas (R), 21; teamster, Chelsea; Jan. 3, '65; cr. to Blandford; desert. Oct. 16, '65.

Finnegan, Edward A. (mus.), 16; clerk, Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Sept. 18, '64, ex. of s.; dead.

Ford, Charles H., 37; farmer, Pembroke; Nov. 25, '61; dis. Nov. 25, '64, ex. of s.

Ford, Stephen (R), 24; clerk, Boston; Feb. 2, '65; cr. to West Boylston; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Foxcroft, George A., 20; salesman, Boston; Nov. 8, '61; dis. Nov. 7, '64, ex. of s.; had served in Co. D, 8th M. V. M., April 30—Aug. 1, '61; d. May 25, 1907, Winthrop.

Galvin, Timothy, 35; mason, Boston; Sept. 25, '61; dis. July 14, '62, disa.

Gilbert, George R. (R), 18; painter, Gloucester; July 28, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. Mar. 1, '65; Sergt. Sept. 2, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; dead.

Gilbert, J. Frederick, 21; sailmaker, Gloucester; Nov. 15, '61; dis. Dec. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Glassett, John, 30; laborer, Boston; Oct. 28, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; re. Jan. 4, '61; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Gould, Clement (R), 21; clerk, Orleans; Aug. 18, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; had served in the Navy.

Gould, Joshua (R), 23; tinsmith, Orleans; Aug. 18, '62; d. April 4, '64, Boston.

Gray, John A. (Corp.), 25; bookbinder, Boston; Sept. 13, 61; dis. as Sergt. Sept. 13, '64, ex. of s.; dead.

Grier, Thomas, 27; stone-cutter, Boston; Sept. 24, '61; d. May 13, '62, Newbern.

Grover, Andrew, 34; shoemaker, Stoughton; Oct. 11, '61; dis. Feb. 11, '64, disa.; d. Sept. 7, 1904.

Haggerty, John, Jr., 18; farmer, Springfield; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Sept. 10, '64, ex. of s.

Heafy, John, 27; laborer, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. of wounds, Sept. 14, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Henderson Roderick (R), 42; dyer, Lawrence; Nov. 24, '63; missing in action, Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.; had served in Co. F, 28th Mass. Infantry.

Higgins, George A., 18; teamster, Lynn; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. Oct. 13, '64; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. H.

Hilborn, Murray, 28; ————, Boston; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Oct. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Howarth, John (R), 19; polisher, New Haven, Ct.; Jan. 21, '65; cr. to Sunderland; dis. April 25, '65, O. W. D.

Howe, William, 32; laborer, Readville; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Sept. 16, '64, ex. of s.

Hubbard, Benjamin F., 34; engineer, Boston; Nov. 28, '61; dis. Nov. 28, '64, ex. of s.

Johnson, William J. (Sergt.), 22; mariner, Nahant; Sept. 11, '61; dis. July 31, '63.

Jones, Thomas B. (R), 21; grocer, Boston; Mar. 15, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Jones, William, 40; weaver, Boston; Oct. 11, '61; k. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern.

Keeling, George F., 18; seaman, Middleton; Oct. 22, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Canton; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Kelleher, Cornelius, 27; shoemaker, Randolph; Dec. 3, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Kelleher, James (R), 36; coachman, Boston; Jan. 21, '65; cr. to Ashfield; desert. April 17, '65.

Kemp, Arthur, 30; net-maker, Brookline; Nov. 2, '61; wd. May 16, '64; dis. May 3, '64, ex. of s.; d. Sept. 19, 1902.

King, George R. (R), 19; soap-maker, Boston; July 31, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. May 1, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64; Sergt. May 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Feb. 25, 1889.

King, Joseph, 18; lamplighter, Boston; Oct. 30, '61; wd. Oct. 13, '64; dis. Oct. 31, '61, ex. of s.; d. Sept. 28, 1906, Wilmington.

Knight, Charles A., 19; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 15, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; desert. Aug. 24, '65.

Knowles, Alfred H., 19; tinplate-worker, Orleans; Oct. 7, '61; Corp. Mar. 10, '62; Sergt. Oct. 1, '62; dis. for Com. as 2d Lieut. 54th Mass. Vols., Sept. 7, '63; 1st Lieut. Mar. 4, '64; Capt. Dec. '64; not mustered; wd. Dec. 9, '64; dis. Feb. 22, '65, disa.; later volunteer aide on the staffs of General J. G. Parke, 9th A. C. and General H. G. Wright, 6th A. C.; reached home finally, June 4, '65; was the first to enlist from Orleans, and the last to return.

Leighton, James G., 35; machinist, Augusta, Me.; Sept. 26, '61; dis. Sept. 26, '64, ex. of s.

Leonard, Jonathan W., 18; shoemaker, Pembroke; Nov. 25, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; desert. Aug. 17, '65.

Lines, Samuel, 32; Oct. 26, '61; k. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern.

Luzarder, John, 25; mariner, Quincy; Nov. 2, '61; dis. July 15, '62, disa.; later in Co. G, 42d and Co. D, 56th Mass. Infantry; also borne as Lewzarder; d. Aug. 21, 1891, S. H.

Lyon, William (wagoner), 28; teamster, West Roxbury; Oct. 2, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. May 20, '98, S. H.

Corp. J. Pendergast (F). J. E. Bullard (F). Corp. T. H. Dennis (F).

G. F. Keeling (F). R. Lawton (D).

Lyons, Michael, 24; laborer, Boston; Oct. 5, '61; wd. Aug. 14, '64; dis. Feb. 26, '65, O. W. D.; d. Feb. 6, 1875, Dayton, Ohio, S. N. H.

McCormick, Michael, 37; laborer, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; dis. Sept. 10, '64, ex. of s.

McElhenny, Frank, 18; teamster, Boston; Nov. 25, '61; shot for desertion, Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 8, '64.

McGeary, John, 22; laborer, Boston; Nov. 15, '61; dis. Nov. 15, '64, ex. of s.

McGovrin, Patrick, 30; laborer, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

McGrath, Michael, 42; laborer, Brookline; Oct. 11, '61; dis. Oct. 11, '64, ex. of s.

McIntire, James (R), 20; plasterer, Boston; Aug. 6, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Marshall, John, 30; plasterer, Boston; Nov. 16, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Oct. 29, '63, disa.

Morgan, William, 39; machinist, Cambridge; Oct. 21, '61; dis. Oct. 21, '64, ex. of s.

Neil, Lawrence, 21; laborer, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; cr. to Boston, Jan. 16, '65; dis. Jan. 16, '66, ex. of s.; one year's man.

Newbury, Henry, 26; farmer, Billerica; Nov. 22, '61; d. of wounds, Aug. 29, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Newcomb, Thomas J., 21; painter, Quincy; Oct. 19, '61; dis. Jan. 16, '64, disa.

Norcross, George W., 24; provision-dealer, Boston; Aug. 8, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

O'Brien, Michael, 29; fisherman, Boston; Nov. 29, '61; dis. Nov. 26, '62, disa.

O'Brien, Patrick, 39; laborer, Boston; Oct. 5, '61; dis. Dec. 6, '64, ex. of s.

O'Brien, Richard, 28; shoemaker, Randolph; Dec. 3, '61; dis. Aug. 27, '62, disa.

Ogden, F. Gilbert (Corp.), 23; clerk, Boston; Oct. 9, '61; dis. Mar. 8, '63 for Com. 1st Lieut. and Adjt. 48th M. V. M., and the same in the 58th Mass. Infantry; k. at Spottsylvania, May 12, '64.

Owens, Dennis, 19; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 18, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. as exchanged prisoner, June 17, '65, O. W. D.

Owens, Joseph (Corp.), 38; morocco-dresser, Boston; Oct. 2, '61; wd. May 16, '64; dis. Oct. 1, '64, ex. of s.

Packard, Herman E., 34; music-teacher, No. Bridgewater; Oct. 17, '61; dis. Aug. 31, '64, to re-enlist as Hospital steward.

Palmer, Charles O., 20; shoemaker, Lynn; Oct. 23, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; dishonorably dis. Nov. 18, '65; dead.

Parker, Charles I, 19; farmer, Stockbridge; Sept. 17, '61; dis. Sept. 5, '62, to take Com.

Pendergast, Jesse, 25; cabinet-maker, Truro; Nov. 18, '61; wd. June 17, '64, on picket; dis. as Corp. Nov. 18, '64, ex. of s.; d. Feb. 6, '97, Reading.

Pillan, James (R), 19; boatman, Troy, N. Y.; cr. to Ashfield, Jan. 14, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Pollard, James (R), 19; ————, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; Jan. 16, '65; dis. Jan. 16, '66; one year's man.

Powers, Jeffry (R), 36; laborer, Boston; July 27, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Rahel, John (R), 19; clerk, Boston; Jan. 31, '65; cr. to Lynn; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Roberts, Charles H., 22; mariner, Falmouth; Nov. 23, '61; desert. Dec. 25, '61.

Robinson, Charles G., 23; clerk, Chelsea; Oct. 22, '61; dis. Oct. 22, '64, as Corp., ex. of s.

Rolland, Jean (R), 19; sailor, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; cr. to Boston, Jan. 16, '65; M. O. Jan. 16, '66, one year's man.

Schneider, Jacob (R), 23; laborer, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; cr. to Boston, Jan. 16, '65; desert. Aug. 17, '65, en. for one year.

Schofield, Edward, 25; shoemaker, New York; cr. to Lynn; Jan. 30, '65; desert. Aug. 17, '65.

Seaman, George N. (mus.), 16; student, Boston; Sept. 17, '61; dis. Sept. 18, '64, ex. of s.; d. April 1905, St. Croix, Danish West Indies.

Seaver, Nathan H., 21; clerk, Roxbury; Oct. 29, '61; captured by the enemy May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff; recaptured by the Union forces, Dec. 28, '64, and sent to Alton, Ill.; finally dis. June 7, '65; dead.

Sheridan, Patrick, 37; laborer, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; d. July 31, '63, Morris Island, S. C.

Small, John V., 35; steward, Boston; Nov. 8, '61; dis. Nov. 5, '64, ex. of s.

Smith, Henry C., 36; carpenter, Boston; Nov. 20, '61; dis. Oct. 29, '62, disa.

Snell, George B., 18; laborer, Dedham; Sept. 4, '61; dis. Sept. 17, '64, ex. of s.; later in Co. D, 1st U. S. Vet. Vols.

Snow, Shubael (R), 28; May 22, '62; wd. Oct. 14, '64; dis. May 18, '65, ex. of s.

Sullivan, John (R), 25; farmer, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; cr. to Lowell, Jan. 16, '65; en. for one year; dis. Nov. 23, '65, S. O. No. 245, Headquarters, Dept. of the East, Dec. 6, 1870.

Sullivan, Timothy J. (R), 21; printer, Boston; July 22, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. as Corp., of wounds, Oct. 13, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.

Sweeting, Putnam J., 27; sign-painter, Weymouth; Oct. 25, '61; dis. Oct. 30, '64, ex. of s.

J. W. Leonard. C. O. Palmer. Sergt. G. R. King.

COMPANY F.

Taylor, Robert (R), 23; farmer, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; cr. to Boston; Jan. 16, '65; desert. Aug. 17, '65.

[N. E. G.] Thompson, George J. (Sergt.), 22; clerk, West Roxbury; Sept. 18, '61; dis. as 1st Sergt. April 18, '63, for Com.; 2d Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry; later 1st Lieut. and Captain in same; d. Sept. 26, 1882, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Thorne, William, —; ————, Gloucester; Dec. 4, '61; prom. 2d Lieut.

Tuttle, William Y., 42; baker, Bridgewater; Oct. 14, '61; dis. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.

Upton, George H., 22; shoemaker, Springfield; Oct. 21, '61; dis. Oct. 21, '64, ex. of s.

Vaughn, John (Corp.), 26; laborer, Dedham; Nov. 29, '61; wd. June 5, '62; dis. Mar. 8, '63, disa.; later in Co. A, 59th Mass. Infantry; d. Nov. 5, 1906.

Walton, Thomas, 27; machinist, Taunton; Oct. 30, '61; dis. Oct. 30, '64, ex. of s.

Wesley, Edward L., 21, clerk, Boston; Nov. 15, '61; desert. Dec. 25, '62.

Wherity, Nicholas, 20; fisherman, Scituate; Oct. 19, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Dec. 29, '92, Scituate.

Woolley, Lucien J., 22; clerk, West Roxbury; Aug. 11, '62; desert. July 18, '63.

COMPANY G.

On the merging, June, '65, of the remnants of the Twenty-fourth, Thirty-fourth and Fortieth regiments, 79 of the latter two organizations became a new Company G, while the men of the Twenty-fourth were transferred to Company D, and thence in due time were discharged.

CAPTAINS.

Edward C. Richardson, 21; merchant, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. Major.

Thomas F. Edmands, June 16, '64, from Co. B; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run; prom. Major.

James M. Barnard, Sept. 3, '64; dis. as 1st Lieut. Oct. 31, '64, ex. of s. Engaging in business with his former captain, E. C. Richardson, in Savannah, he continues to reside where the greater part of his active life has been spent.

B. Frank Stoddard, April 10, '65, from Co. F; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Albert Ordway, 19; student, Dorchester; Sept. 2, '61; prom. Captain, Co. I.

James M. Barnard, Feb. 6, '64; prom. Captain.

George W. LeFavor, from Co. H, Oct. 14, '64; prom. Captain, Co. I.

John W. Martin, from Co. D, Nov. 14, '64; res. Dec. 18, '65, from Co. D.

Jere Horton, June 16, '65; dis. Aug. 11, '65, O. W. D. Com. as Captain, June 17; not mustered.

Eben H. Dadd, from Co. H, Aug. 18, '65; appointed Quartermaster.

John L. Fox, Dec. 20, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

James M. Barnard, 21; clerk, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. 1st Lieut.

Jere Horton, teacher, Westfield; original 2d Lieut. Co. H, 34th Regt.; from the 34th, June 16, '65; prom. 1st Lieut.

John L. Fox, from 1st Sergt. Aug. 18, '65; prom. 1st Lieut.

Thomas Harty, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

Lieut. Albert Ordway.

Capt. E. C. Richardson.

Lieut. J. M. Barnard.

COMPANY G.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Atkins, Charles R., 26; musician, New Bedford; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Aug. 13, '62, disa.

Atkinson, John F., 23; bootmaker, Stoughton; May 23, '62; d. as Corp. Nov. 17, '63, St. Augustine, Fla.

Ballou, Darius A., 25; farmer, Wrentham; Nov. 15, '61; dis. Nov. 23, '64, ex. of s.

Bateman, Robert S. (Corp.), 18; farmer, Dedham; Sept. 12, '61; dis. Aug. 30, '63, disa.

Bates, James T. (Corp.), (R), 21; student, Massachusetts; date of first enlistment not given; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. April 8, '64, for Com. in U. S. C. T.; also James P. and F.

Beals, William W., 18; farmer, Williamstown; Oct. 13, '61; desert. Dec. 1, '61.

Blanchard, George N., 18; farmer, Easton; Sept. 24, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 24, '64, on picket; dis. from Co. D, Oct. 9, '65, disa.

Brittan, Richard, 42; farmer, Wrentham; Dec. 3, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Brown, Jeremiah N. (R), 21; farmer, Dighton; Corp. May 20, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; d. 1904.

Bullard, Frederic H., 18; shoemaker, Natick; Nov. 22, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Marlboro; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D; d. Aug. 9, '07, Cleveland, Tenn.

Burnham, Arthur, 27; painter, Boston; Oct. 28, '61; dis. Oct. 28, '64, ex. of s.

Carruthers, Robert (Corp.), 22; clerk, West Newton; Nov. 14, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Sergt.-major, July 1, '64.

Carter, Galen A. (R), 42; carpenter, Weymouth; Jan. 4, '64; d. of wounds, Sept. 18, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Cobb, Alfred O. (Corp.), 19; farmer, Wrentham; Oct. 12, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Cone, Washington S., 27, blacksmith, Williamstown; Oct. 17, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Conye, Patrick, 40; carpenter, Dedham; Sept. 20, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. Aug. 14, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D; d. Nov. 11, 1889, Dedham.

Crosby, Wm. H., 18; sword-polisher, Springfield; Nov. 6, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; desert. Aug. 17, '65, Richmond, Va., Co. D.

Cummings, Frederic S., 18; mariner, Berkley; date of first enlistment, not found; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Taunton; wd. May 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 4, '66, Co. D.

Dean, Abiathar, 31; molder, Taunton; Oct. 11, '61; dis. Oct. 12, '64, ex. of s.; d. Aug. 9, '06, Taunton.

Delva, James D., 23; lumberer, Warwick; Oct. 1, '61; d. of wounds, Aug. 25, '64, Beverly, N. J.

Dickerman, Irving, 18; shoemaker, Easton; Oct. 12, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Berkley; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Dorgin, Lawrence, 28; machinist, Sharon; Oct. 2, '61; dis. Oct. 2, '64, ex. of s.

Dorman, Darius C., 43; farmer, Williamstown; Oct. 13, '61; dis. Aug. 6, '62, disa.

Drew, Dennison S., 21; shoemaker, Easton; Sept. 24, '61; dis. Nov. 24, '62, disa.

Drew, Henry F., 29; farmer, Easton; Sept. 23, '61; d. Nov. 1, '63, Port Royal, S. C.; also Henry T.

Dusenbury, Robert O. (Corp.), 24; marble-cutter, Sheffield; Nov. 19, '61; d. April 6, '62, Newbern.

Eagleton, Charles, 26; blacksmith, Berkley; Nov. 14, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Andover; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Ellis, George W., 35; farmer, Freetown; Oct. 7, '61; dis. May 1, '63, disa.

Fairbanks, James M. (R), 21; painter, So. Reading; July 17, '62; accidentally shot in foot, June, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Fairbanks, Steven, 28; ————, So. Reading; Dec. 1, '61; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; also borne as Zeph. F.

Fales, Charles F. (R), 21; farmer, Taunton; May 20, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Dighton; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Fales, George (R), 28; machinist, Rehoboth; cr. to Marlboro, Feb. 20, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Ford, John J. (Corp.), 18; clerk, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

French, Edward M., 35; teamster, Braintree; Nov. 23, '61; dis. Aug. 4, '63, disa.; d. Dec. 6, '86, S. H.

Gilmore, Henry S. (Corp.), 23; molder, Taunton; Sept 12, '61, wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. April, '63 disa.

Gladding, Edward L., 30; hostler, Newport, R. I.; Oct. 3, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to West Roxbury; d. of wounds, Sept. 25, '64, N. Y. Harbor.

Gray, Edward M., 33; machinist, Boston; Nov. 14, '61; desert. Nov. 25, '61.

Grinnell, Isaac W., 25; farmer, Dartmouth; Oct. 7, '61; dis. Oct. 12, '64, ex. of s.

Grinnell, Oliver C., 21; farmer, Tisbury; Oct. 7, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Hadlock, Samuel (R), 38; farmer, Jay, Vt.; cr. to Boston, Feb. 5, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Hale, William, 25; carpenter, Boston; date of first enlistment not found; re. Jan. 4, '64; desert. Dec. 25, '65, Co. D.

Harmon, Martin, 18; farmer, Braintree; Nov. 13, '61; d. April 27, '63, Newbern.

Hartshorn, Henry L. (Sergt.), 19; farmer, Boston; Sept. 24, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Winchester; 1st Sergt. Jan. 4, '64; prom. 1st Lieut. Oct. 15, '64, Co. B.

Hayden, Loring N., 20; farmer, Braintree; Nov. 15, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. Oct. 15, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D; d. June 30, 1901, Braintree.

Heyward, Frederick (Corp.), 35; blacksmith, Taunton; Sergt. Sept. 17, '61; re. Jan. 4, '61; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Hobart, Abraham W. (R), 21; July 26, '62; lost left fore-finger, Dec. 14, '62; re. Jan. 4, '61; desert. Aug. 17, '65, Co. D.

Holt, Samuel (Corp.), 42; ————, Readville; Dec. 4, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Ashburnham; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Albert Alden (D).
H. H. Manning (G).

F. H. Bullard (G).
C. A. Fitch (D).

G. A. Howard (G).
Wm. Reynolds (D).

Howard, George A., 19; farmer, No. Bridgewater; Sept. 6, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. July 3, '64, fatigue; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Sept. 23, '65, disa.

Howard, Justin (Corp.), (R), 18; farmer, No. Bridgewater; July 24, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Hunt, William, 20; ————, Readville; Dec. 5, '61; dis. Oct. 1, '62, disa.

Hurley, David, 41; stone-cutter, Quincy; Sept. 19, '61; dis. Sept. 19, '64, ex. of s.

Hyde, Thomas, 27; laborer, Boston; Sept. 6, '61; dis. Aug. 1, '62, disa.

Jeffers, David W., 18; farmer, So. Adams; Oct. 15, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. July 28, '65, Co. D.

Jeffers, George W., 19; farmer, So. Adams; Oct. 15, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to No. Adams; dis. Dec. 25, '65, Co. D; d. May 26, '93, No. Adams.

Jennings, Rufus L., 19; farmer, Warwick; Oct. 1, '61; dis. Aug. 4, '63, disa.

Jewett, Joseph (wagoner), 43; ————, Foxboro; Sept. 5, '61; dis. Sept. 5, '64, ex. of s.

Johns, Stephen, 26; carpenter, Great Barrington; Nov. 8, '61; desert. June 20, '62.

Keating, William, 21; ————, Readville; Dec. 5, '61; Corp. July 23, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Dedham; Sergt. May 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Kennedy, William C., 25; shoemaker, Boston; Nov. 23, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Lake, George W., 25; farmer, Tiverton, R. I.; Sept. 16, '61; d. of wounds, July 20, '64, Philadelphia, Penn.

Lawless, Richard (Corp.), 34; stone-cutter, Quincy; Sept. 11, '61; k. Dec. 16, '62, Whitehall, N. C.

Lingham, George H., 25; stone-cutter, Quincy; Dec. 3, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Nov. 1, '62, disa.

Luce, Edward D., 25; sailor, Chilmark; Sept. 9, '61; dis. Aug. 22, '62, disa.

McCleave, Frederic W. (Corp.), 24; sailor, New Bedford; Sept. 9, '61; dis. Jan. 6, '63, disa.

McDermott, Martin, 30; stone-cutter, Quincy; Oct. 7, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 14, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D; also borne as McDarmot.

McGraw, Michael, 19; farmer, Sheffield; Dec. 3, '61; dis. Nov. 23, '64, ex. of s.

McIntire, Lewis G., 23; machinist, Quincy; Sept. 24, '64; re. Jan. 4, '64; had been prisoner, Aug. 15, '64; finger accidentally shot off; dis. July 20, '65, disa., Co. D.

McLane, John, 24; coaler, Williamstown; Oct. 18, '61; desert. Dec. 7, '61; apprehended Nov. 10, '63; sent to duty without trial, to forfeit all pay and allowance and to make good time lost by desertion; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Macomber, George F., 21; mariner, Berkley; Dec. 3, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D; dead.

Manley Alfred (or Andrew) S., 32; type-founder, Malden; Oct. 30, '61; dis. Oct. 29, '64, ex. of s.; d. Nov. 14, '97, Chelsea.

Manning, Henry H., 18; farmer, Warwick; Oct. 1, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. as Sergt. O. W. D. June 16, '65; had been prisoner.

Matherson, James, 21; machinist, Taunton; Oct. 24, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. Jan. 1, '64; Sergt. Mar. 11, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Moran, John, 23; stoker, Boston; Oct. 3, '61; dis. Oct. 12, '64, ex. of s.

Munroe, Frank, 26; farmer, Lowell; Nov. 30, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; dead.

Nightingale, Alonzo A., 18; teamster, Quincy; Sept. 10, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. June 16, '65, O. W. D. as 1st Sergt.; ex-prisoner.

Otis, Theodore C. (Sergt.), 19; gentleman, Roxbury; Sept. 9, '61; dis. Aug. 2, '62, for Com. 2d Lieut. in 41st Mass. Infantry; later 1st Lieut. in same.

Partridge, Charles (R), 26; machinist, Canton; May 28, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Partridge, Le Baron M., 20; farmer, Warwick; Oct. 1, '61; d. as Corp. Oct. 15, '63, Warwick.

Pettee, Benjamin (R), 22; clerk, Boston; Aug. 7, '62; dis. as Corp. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Phipps, Benjamin F., 19; varnisher, Dedham; Sept. 19, '61; dis. Sept. 5, '64, ex. of s.; d. July 17, 1866, Walpole.

Pittsley, John W., 26; farmer, Berkley; Oct. 7, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. April 15, '64, Washington, D. C.

Pratt, George H. (R), 21; bootmaker, Weymouth; Jan. 5, '64; wd. May 30, '64; dis. Dec. 16, '65, Co. D.

Riley, Charles, 19; sailor, Taunton; date of first enlistment not found; wd. Aug. 18, '62, near Swansboro, N. C.; re. Jan. 4, '64; desert. Sept. 6, '65, Co. D.

Riley, John, 30; blacksmith, Taunton; Sept. 18, '61; dis. Sept. 18, '64, ex. of s.; later in Co. B, 58th Mass. Infantry; d. Nov. '98.

Robertson, John A. (Corp.), 18; clerk, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; wd. May 14, '64; dis. Sept. 22, '64 ex. of s.

Rochford, James (R), 29; clerk, Holliston; Dec. 17, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Rowe, George T., 36; sailor, Gloucester; Nov. 14, '61; dis. Aug. 30, '62, disa.; served later in Co. G, 8th M. V. M. 100 days, '64, and in Co. B, 56th Mass. Infantry.

Shine, Martin (R), 24; laborer, Weymouth; Jan. 6, '64; rejected, Jan. 15, '64.

Smith, William H., 18; farmer, Blandford; Dec. 2, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; accidentally wd. April 9, '64; M. O. Jan. 30, '66, absent sick, hence delay.

Corp. L. N. Hayden (G).

Corp. R. Carruthers (G).

Corp. T. S. Frothingham (K).

Spencer, Ebenezer R. (R), 35; currier, Woburn; Dec. 29, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Stevens, Frederick L., 18; molder, Dedham; Nov. 7, '61; dis. June 9, '62, disa.

Stimson, Royal, 44; farmer, Warwick; Oct. 23, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '62, disa.; d. Oct. 21, '98, Athol.

Taunt, Seth, 22; farmer, Braintree; Dec. 8, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. July 14, '65, disa., Co. D.

Taunt, Wm. P., 33; ————, Readville; Dec. 5, '61; dis. April 23, '63, disa.

Thayer, George N., 27; teamster, Braintree; Sept. 16, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

Thayer, Nathaniel A. (R), 34; shoemaker, Weymouth; cr. to Boston, Feb. 22, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; Vet. of Co. E, 12th Mass. Infantry.

Thayer, Wm. F. (R), 21; bootmaker, Quincy; cr. to Boston; Jan. 18, '64; missing in action, May 16, '64, said to have died in Millen, Ga.; no data as to death; Vet. Co. C, 12th Mass. Infantry.

Thorne, John, 36; wool sorter, Salisbury; Sept. 29, '61; dis. Oct. 29, '64, ex. of s.

Towne, John H., 43; teamster, Dedham; dis. Aug. 13, '62, disa.

Trask, Henry, 18; engineer, Quincy; Sept. 24, '61; d. as Corp. June 3, '62, Newbern.

Waite, Henry S. (Corp.), 26; hair-dresser, Dedham; Oct. 19, '61; dis. May 23, '62, disa.

[N. E. G.] Wales, Nathaniel (1st Sergt.), 19; salesman, Dorchester; Sept. 6, '61; dis. July 15, '62, for Com. 2d Lieut. 32d Mass. Infantry; trans. to 35th Mass. Aug. 13, '62; Major, April 25, '63; Brev. Lieut. Col. and Col. U. S. Vols. Mar. 13, '65.

Wallace, Royal (R), 29; farmer, Jay, Vt.; cr. to Boston, Feb. 5, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D; absent, sick.

Webb, John A. (R), 20; blacksmith, Taunton; Mar. 1, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D; absent sick.

Weed, Willard S., 21; farmer, Stamford, Conn.; Sept. 16, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. Mar. 2, '64, when on furlough in Mass.

Welsh, William, 28; farmer, Royalston; Oct. 2, '61; d. Aug. 9, '63, Port Royal, S. C.

White, Jarvis (Corp.), 28; carpenter, Millbury; Oct. 14, '61; Sergt. July 11, '62; 1st Sergt. July 1, '63; re. Jan. 4, '64; prom. 2d Lieut. Co. I.

Whitney, Wm. H. (Mus.), 15; ————, New York; Sept. 20, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to West Roxbury; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.

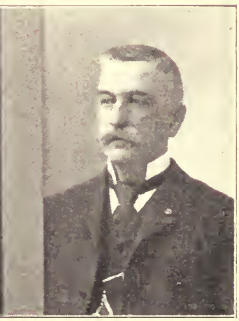
Wilber, Wm. S., 25; painter, Quincy; Sept. 10, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D; dead.

Wilkinson, Albert P., 18; card-maker, Chatham; Oct. 16, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Hancock; dis. Jan. 13, '66, to be retained in Government employ.

Williams, James, 21; sailor, Taunton; Dec. 1, '61; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Capt. J. M. Barnard (G).

Maj. E. C. Richardson.



Capt. J. N. Partridge (F).

[N. E. G.] Williams, Jesse S. (Sergt.), 19; clerk, Roxbury; Oct. 24, '61; 1st Sergt. prom. 2d Lieut. Co. E.
Witheroux, George, 44; farmer, Sheffield; Oct. 16, '61; dis. Aug. 1, '62, disa.
Wood, Albert, 19; wheelwright, Dedham; Oct. 7, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, Co. D.
Worcester, Henry (R), 20; clerk, Hollis, N. H.; Aug. 7, '62; dis. May 9, '63, disa.
Wright, Timothy M., 23; sailor, Shutesbury; Nov. 1, '61; d. Feb. 20, '62, Hatteras Inlet, N. C.

Enlisted men received from the Thirty-fourth Regiment, June 16, 1865, who thereafter constituted Company G of the Twenty-fourth while the original members of that company were transferred to Company D.

Angel, Nathan B., 39; laborer, Southbridge; Feb. 25, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Bancroft, Hiram A., 18; farmer, Greenfield; Dec. 26, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Corp.
Bancroft, Lovey I., 18, farmer, Greenfield; Oct. 27, '63; dis. Nov. 14, '65, disa.; also borne as Lorey.
Bliss, George, 19; teamster, Warren; Oct. 19, '63; trans. to V. R. C. and dis. July 20, '65.
Blood, Charles E., 21; farmer, Lancaster; Dec. 19, '63; Corp. July 1, '65; Sergt. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Briggs, Henry E., 27; farmer, Deerfield; Dec. 8, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Boyden, Charles, 21; farmer, Worcester; Dec. 2, '63; dis. June 23, '65; also borne as Bardan.
Brock, Andrew, 43; farmer, Buckland; Jan. 12, '64; dis. June 16, '65.
Burkhardt, Kaspar, 26; machinist, Deerfield; Jan. 26, '64; M. O. Jan. 20,' 66.
Campbell, Joseph H., 28; shoemaker, Greenfield; Nov. 5, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Comaford, Thomas, 37; laborer, Webster; Dec. 7, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as Comerford.
Curtis, Andrew J., 18; farmer, Warwick; Dec. 30, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Day, Andrew, 19; farmer, Colrain; Jan. 4, '64; dis. Sept. 26, '65, disa.
Day, Joseph N., 22; farmer, Lancaster; Jan. 4, '64; trans. May 2, '65, to V. R. C.

Deering, Joseph, 18; mechanic, Greenfield; Dec. 15, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Deland, Charles, 22; saddler, Hadley; Nov. 11, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Faron, Thomas, 27; molder, Millbury; Jan. 5, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as Farron.

Fellows, George N., 18; farmer, New Marlboro; Nov. 10, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Foley, John, 29; laborer, So. Hadley; Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Fox, John L., 21; clerk, Boston; Dec. 16, '63; 1st Sergt. prom. 2d Lieut.; d. Dec. 20, 1884.

Frank, Samuel, 29; seaman, Westfield; Nov. 28, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Gallagher, Thomas, 34; teamster, Clinton; Corp. June 16, '65; Sergt. July 15, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Harback, James B., 23; farmer, Warren; Dec. 26, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as Harbuck.

Harding, Wm. F., 21; stripper, Lancaster; Nov. 12, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Harty, Thomas (Corp.), 18; farmer, Phillipston; Feb. 15, '64; Sergt. Jan. 1, '65; 1st Sergt. June 16, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; prom. 2d Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

Haskins, William E., 30; shoemaker, Adams; Dec. 14, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Hogan, Michael, 18; laborer, Dudley; Dec. 15, '63; Corp. July 15, '65; Sergt. Sept. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Horton, George G., 18; farmer, Huntington; Jan. 4, '64; Corp. July 15, '65; M. O. Jan. 4, '66.

Houghton, James, 33; bootmaker, West Boylston; Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Hutchings, Ariel, 27; sailor, Springfield; Dec. 27, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as Asil.

Kennedy, Michael, 21; farmer, So. Hadley; Sept. 21, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

King, Henry, 28; shoemaker, Pittsfield; Dec. 20, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Kingman, David A., 34; bootmaker, Northfield; Dec. 31, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Knapp, George F., 21; farmer, Westfield; Dec. 29, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Knox, Henry F., 21; bonnet-presser, Worcester; Dec. 2, '63; dis. July 20, '65, disa.

Lynch, James, 18; card-cleaner, Pittsfield; Nov. 24, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Malcom, George, 18; operative, Pittsfield; Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also Malcomb.

Manning, Charles D., 25; farmer, Springfield; Dec. 30, '63; dis. July 5, '65, O. W. D.

Matthews, David W., 20; teamster, Lancaster; Sept. 12, '63; desert. Dec. 20, '65.

Moore, Charles, 20; upholsterer, Roxbury; Oct. 5, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Moriarty, Patrick, 29; laborer, Greenfield; Dec. 2, '63; dis. from V. R. C.

Morse, Andrew H., 20; farmer, Southbridge; Mar. 31, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Corp.

Morse, Wm. B., 21; painter, Southbridge; Dec. 31, '63; dis. on account of wounds, June 21, '65, Boston.

Onderdonk, Marion, 44; ship-carpenter, Granby; Jan. 4, '64; d. July 5, '65, Philadelphia; also Marvin.

O'Neal, John, 18; farmer, Warren; Dec. 26, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Corp.

O'Neal, Samuel, 18; laborer, Ashford; Jan. 12, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Philamon, Joseph, 29; mechanic, Deerfield; Jan. 2, '64; dis. Oct. 27, '65, O. W. D.; d. Mar. 4, 1905, S. H.; borne on the rolls of Co. K, 34th, as Philander; died, Fahrlander; a good illustration of the phonetic system.

Powers, David, 30; mechanic, Millbury; Dec. 29, '63; dis. July 20, '65, disa.

Quinn, Michael, 18; loom-fixer, Pittsfield; Nov. 24, '63; dis. July 20, '65.

Rice, George L., 18; farmer, Wendell; Dec. 8, '63; d. Nov. 3, '65, Richmond, Va.

Rivers, Lewis, 35; farmer, Southbridge; Mar. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Ryan, Lawrence, 26; laborer, Webster; Dec. 7, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Samuel, Frank, 19; seaman, Westfield; Nov. 28, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Sawyer, Henry (Corp.), 29; farmer, Hancock; Dec. 14, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Sheary, Patrick, 28, bootmaker, Lancaster; Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 4, '66; also borne as Sherry; d. Mar. 8, 1900, S. H.

Sibley, Philo, Jr., 27; farmer, Rowe; Dec. 15, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Skinner, John H., 24; teamster, Worcester; Jan. 5, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Smith, Dennis, 33; bootmaker, West Brookfield; Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Southwick, Henry E., 19; mechanic, Leicester; Jan. 1, '64; Corp. July 1, '65; Sergt. July 15, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Sprague, Joel, 19; farmer, Conway; Jan. 15, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Stafford, Chauncy, Jr., 22; farmer, Rowe; Dec. 8, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Stevens, Joseph H., 19; farmer, Hinsdale; Dec. 3, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as Jos. H.

Walker, Charles H., 18; teamster, Richmond; Jan. 4, '64; dis. June 16, '65.

Walsh, John, 29; tailor, Shelburne; Jan. 15, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Wiley, George E., 22; wheelwright, Lancaster; Jan. 4, '64; dis. June 26, '65, disa.

Wilson, Alonzo M., 39; teamster, Rowe; Dec. 8, '63; dis. Nov. 19, '65, disa.

Wood, Israel, 19; laborer, Conway; Jan. 15, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; absent sick at time.

Enlisted men transferred from the Fortieth Massachusetts, June 17, 1865:

Baker, Henry, 36; shoemaker, Pembroke; Dec. 31, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Crowther, Wm., 40; spinner, Andover; Nov. 23, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; had served in Co. D, 20th Mass. Infantry; d. May 11, 1895, Provincetown.

Goodwin, Asa A., 27; clerk, Montpelier, Vt.; cr. to Roxbury, Feb. 2, '64; dis. Jan. 16, '66.

Kilbrith, Freeman (Corp.), 38; shoemaker, Pembroke; Dec. 31, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Lothrop, Waldo P., 24; blacksmith, West Bridgewater; cr. to Dorchester, Dec. 8, '63; dis. July 28, '65, from Dale Hospital, Worcester.

Millerd, Alphonso A., 18; farmer, Lakeville; Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Moses, James, 24; shoemaker, Beverly; Mar. 23, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Nelson, David O., 18; farmer, Rowley; Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Corp.
Shaw, Walter G. C. C., 21; cordwainer, Salem; Feb. 24, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as Corp.
Sweeney, Dennis, 37; lithographer, Shelburne; June 23, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Symonds, Henry A., 18; shoemaker, Salem; Feb. 18, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.
Weeks, Stephen (Corp.), 19; glassblower, Taunton; Jan. 3, '65; dis. Jan. 3, '66, ex. of s.; one year's man.

COMPANY H.

CAPTAINS.

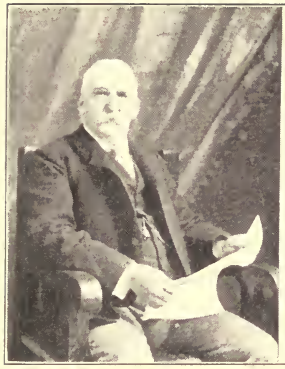
John Daland, 23; merchant, Salem; Sept. 2, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '64, ex. of s.
Robert Carruthers, Oct. 15, '64; res. Aug. 3, '65; Brev. Major Mar. 13, '65.
Andrew Wilson, Aug. 4, '65, from Co. K; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

James B. Nichols, 30; tanner, Salem; Oct. 14, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; prom. Captain, Co. D.
Charles G. Ward, June 27, '63; k. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
Parmenas E. Wheeler, Mar. 7, '64, from Co. I; dis. Nov. 12, '64, ex. of s.
Robert Carruthers, from Sergt.-major, Oct. 14, '64; prom. Captain.
George A. Higgins, from Co. F, Oct. 15, '64; res. Mar. 21, '65.

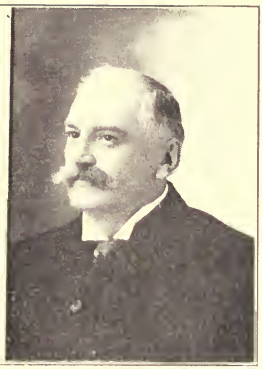
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Charles G. Ward, —; ————, Boston; Nov. 22, '61; prom. 1st Lieut.
Davis Foster, from 1st Sergt. June 27, '63, prom. 1st Lieut. Co. D.
George W. Hill, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.



Capt. John Daland (H). 1904.

Bvt.-Maj. R. Carruthers. 1882.



Capt. J. C. Jones (F). 1904.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Ahrens, Victor H. (Corp.), 20; clerk, Boston; Sept. 5, '61; d. July 26, '62, Newbern.

Alcott, Charles H. (Corp.), 33; upholsterer, Chelsea; Oct. 15, '61; desert. Aug. 6, '63.

Allen, Francis, 20; sailor, Freetown; Oct. 21, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Taunton; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Andrews, Daniel H., 29; shoemaker, Topsfield; Nov. 27, '61; dis. April 20, '63, disa.

Baker, Isaiah, Jr., 24; sailor, Boston; Oct. 21, '61; dis. Aug. 27, '62, disa.

Beattie, William (Corp.), 26; shoemaker, Reading; Sept. 20, '61; Sergt., dis. Sept. 24, '64, ex. of s.

Bense, George F., 19; painter, Boston; Oct. 19, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. Mar. '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Beresford, Wm. (R), 32; clerk, London, Eng.; cr. to Saugus; July 20, '64; wd. Oct. 13, '64; trans. to V. R. C. Mar. 26, '65; dis. Jan. 27, '66.

Berry, Daniel W., 19; farmer, Reading; Sept. 26, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. Mar. 24, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Blanchard, Wesley G., 21; grocer, Lewiston, Me.; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Boston; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Boston, Charles H., 39; stone-cutter, Boston; Oct. 29, '64; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. July 26, '65.

Brennan, John, 18; ————, Readville; Nov. 7, '61; dis. ————, '61, N. F. R.

Briggs, Edward E., 21; farmer, Attleboro; Oct. 4, '61; dis. Oct. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Brown, Oliver, 41; farmer, Salem; Oct. 30, '61; dis. Oct. 27, '64, ex. of s.

Buchanan, William, 32; tailor, Boston; Oct. 18, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Camp, James, 35; blacksmith, Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Sept. 24, '64, ex. of s.

Carney, Thomas F. (R), 21; laborer, Boston; July 25, '62; re. Jan. 20, '64; dis. Nov. 3, '65; d. Dec. 8, '97, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Chase, Joseph C., 22; mariner, Harwich; Oct. 28, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wounded; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Oct. 14, '96.

Clark, George W., 35; farmer, Attleboro; Oct. 28, '61; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Coates, Benjamin, 44; shoemaker, Saugus; Oct. 14, '64; ex. of s.; had served in the Mexican War, Co. K, 1st Mass. Infantry.

Converse, James W., Jr. (Corp.), 18; clerk, Jamaica Plain; Sergt. Oct. 2, '61; dis. Oct. 30, '62, for Com. 2d Lieut. Co. K, 47th Mass. Infantry; d. May, 1876; b. Mt. Auburn.

Cook, Jonathan, Jr., 30; shoemaker, Reading; Sept. 23, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. Dec. 5, '64, Annapolis, Md.; a paroled prisoner.

Coughlin, Thomas H., 21; teamster, Salem; Oct. 10, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66, as wagoner.

Cummings, Wm. H. H. (R), 22; gasfitter, Boston; July 28, '62; dis. June 8, '64, disa.

Curtis, James L. (R), 42; bootmaker, Braintree; July 29, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Randolph; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Dadd, Eben H. (R), 25; clerk, Boston; re. Jan. 4, '64; Commissary Sergt. Sept. 1, '64; Q. M. Sergt. Dec. 5, '64; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. G.

Dalton, James, 45; laborer, Sandwich; Sept. 16, '61; dis. Sept. 17, '64, ex. of s.

Davis, Prentiss H., 21; hatter, Dunstable; Oct. 17, '61; dis. Oct. 22, '64, ex. of s.

Dean, John (R), 20; machinist, Boston; July 25, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. as former prisoner, June 17, '65, O. W. D.

Dean, Albert D., 26; jeweler, Attleboro; Oct. 3, '61; dis. as Sergt. Oct. 8, '64, ex. of s.; d. Dec. 7, '82, Attleboro; also borne as Deane.

Dean, Charles F., 25; skirt-maker, Attleboro; Oct. 19, '61; dis. Oct. 22, '64, ex. of s.; d. April 24, '91, Attleboro; also borne as Deane.

Doherty, John F. (R), 24; printer, Springfield; July 29, '64; cr. to Lowell; wd. Aug. 14, '64; dis. July 29, '65, disa.

Draper, George L., 29; miner, Attleboro; Nov. 26, '61; dis. Oct. 28, '64, disa.; d. Oct. 25, '07.

Duffy, Neal, 32; marble-worker, Boston; Oct. 16, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Dunlap, Robert G., 33; porter, Boston; Oct. 18, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Edwards, Richard L. (R), 40; printer, Salem; July 28, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Ellis, John (Sergt.), 28; clerk, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; Com. Sergt. (F. & S.), Aug. '62; dis. Sept. 2, '64, ex. of s.; d. May 19, '98, Roxbury.

Field, James J., 23; farmer, Attleboro; Oct. 4, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. Aug. 14, '64; dis. as Corp. June 14, '65, disa.

Field, Richard, 21; farmer, Attleboro; Oct. 4, '61; d. Aug. 1, '62, Newbern.

Fisher, Benjamin F. (R), 18; farmer, Attleboro; Mar. 21, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Fisher, Joel A., 20; farmer, Attleboro; Oct. 2, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; dead.

Flowers, Amos K., 27; fisherman, Essex; Nov. 11, '61; dis. April 20, '63, disa.; served later in V. R. C.; d. Feb. 15, '06.

Ford, William A. (Corp.), 24; hack-driver, Boston; Oct. 28, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Foster, Davis (1st Sergt.), 27; upholsterer, So. Reading; Sept. 7, '61; prom. 2d Lieut.

Gardner, William F., 29; wheelwright, Attleboro; Oct. 29, '61; dis. Nov. 1, '64, ex. of s.

Giles, Edward, 25; fisherman, Marblehead; Oct. 31, '61; dis. Aug. 27, '62, disa.

Goff, William H., 18; farmer, Attleboro; Oct. 21, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. Sept. 2, '64; Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Gookin, George E. (R), 33; painter, Boston; July 29, '62; dis. Dec. 3, '64, ex. of s.

Gowdy, Alonzo, 32; sailor, West Windsor, Ct.; Oct. 8, '61; desert. Jan. 7, '62.

Graves, Edward, 18; clerk, Bridgewater; Oct. 18, '61; re. as Sergt. Jan. 4, '64; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. I.

Grey, Charles H., 18; clerk, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; dis. Sept. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Hall, Francis E. (Mus.), 16; ————, So. Reading; Oct. 28, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Hart, Andrew J., 34; farmer, Ipswich; Nov. 5, '61; dis. Nov. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Hart, David A., 18; farmer, So. Reading; Nov. 14, '61; trans. to V. R. C. July 9, '64; dis. from same, Nov. 3, '64, ex. of s.

Hart, John F., 21; farmer, So. Reading; Nov. 4, '61; desert. Dec. —, '61.

Hastings, Barney, 37; laborer, Boston; Oct. 9, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; accidentally k. Feb. 7, '64, en route to Boston on furlough.

Hill, George W., 24; hack-driver, Boston; Oct. 24, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. Oct. '65; 1st Sergt. Jan. 5, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; prom. 2d Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

Hogan, Edward, 34; harness-maker, Pawtucket, R. I.; Nov. 4, '61; dis. Nov. 3, '64, disa.

Hughes, Patrick F. (R), 31; shoemaker, Boston; July 21, '62; dis. July 21, '63, disa.

Ingalls, Stephen, 35; machinist, Boston; Oct. 28, '61; dis. April 23, '63, disa.; d. July 20, '95, S. H.

Jacobs, Edward S., 31; carpenter, Bridgewater; Sept. 8, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Jones, Benjamin F., 32; shoemaker, Foxboro; Nov. 4, '61; dis. April 24, '63, disa.; d. June 11, '97.

Jowders, Peter H., 35; shoemaker, Hamilton; Oct. 31, '61; dis. Oct. 30, '64, ex. of s.

Kelley, Oliver A. (R), 21; clerk, Winthrop; Aug. 6, '62; wd. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run; dis. as Corp. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; d. June 6, '68; b. Mt. Auburn.

Keyes, John, 22; gardener, Boston; Nov. 1, '61; desert. Dec. '61.

Kibble, Joseph, 30; printer, Charlestown; Oct. 21, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as Jos. A.; d. Feb. 5, '93.

D. W. Jeffers (G). D. H. Cunningham (E). G. W. Jeffers (G).
C. F. Dean (H). G. W. Allen (C). A. D. Dean (H).

Killdary, Michael, 30; laborer, Boston; Oct. 25, '61; k. Nov. 12, '62, Batchelder's Creek, N. C.

Knapp, Charles R. (R), 38; tinsmith, Boston; July 25, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. May 10, '94, S. H.

Leary, James, 33; molder, Boston; Nov. 5, '61; dis. Nov. 3, '64, ex. of s.

LeFavor, George W. (Corp.), 18; brass-finisher, Boston; Oct. 21, '61; Sergt. and 1st Sergt.; re. Jan. 4, '64; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. G.

Lilyecrantz, Herman W. (Corp.), 23; civil engineer, Boston; Sept. 5, '61; trans. to U. S. Signal Corps, Feb. 29, '64; dis. Sept. 22, '64, ex. of s.

Locke, Samuel A. (R), 35; roofer, Boston; Mar. 1, '64; dis. Feb. 17, '65, disa., through loss of left arm; had served in Co. E, 1st Mass. Infantry.

Lowell, John T., 27; farmer, Newburyport; Nov. 15, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Lucas, Andrew M. (R), 18; mariner, Gloucester; July 18, '62; d. May 28, '63, Hilton Head, S. C.

Lucas, Charles W., 38; fisherman, Gloucester; Oct. 23, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. July 9, '65, disa.

McCann, James (R), 20; coal-passer, Liverpool, Eng.; cr. to Boston, Roxbury; July 25, '62; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

McChester, Dwight (R), 19; laborer, Granville; cr. to Petersham; July 20, '64; dis. May 18, '65, ex. of s.

Mackin, James, 29; laborer, Cambridge; Oct. 9, '61; dis. June 25, '63, disa. through loss of left leg, Nov. 11, '62.

McKinley, Wm. C., 32; jeweler, Attleboro; Oct. 8, '61; dis. Oct. 28, '62, disa.

McLaughlin, James (R), 18; ship-carpenter, St. John, N. B.; cr. to Mansfield; Nov. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also borne as Israel.

McLaughlin, Michael, 23; shoemaker, Salem; Sept. 18, '61; dis. Sept. 17, '64, ex. of s.

Mann, Benjamin H., 19; ————, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; hospital-steward, Aug. 13, '62.

Martin, John L., 21; fisherman, Essex; Nov. 11, '61; d. April 3, '62; Newbern.

Mildam, Oren, 39; shoemaker, Wareham; Nov. 28, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Lynn; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Mills, David N. (R), 18; farmer, Charlestown; cr. to Attleboro; Feb. 8, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Mitchell, Wm. S., 22; shoemaker, Eastham; Sept. 10, '61; dis. April 23, '63, disa.; later Co. D, 58th Mass. Infantry.

Morris, David, 19; farmer, Hamilton; Oct. 7, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Muir, Robert A., 18; sailor, Boston; Oct. 14, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. Dec. 12, '64, for commission.

Muldoon, James (R), 22; painter, Boston; July 21, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; Corp. Sept. 8, '64; Sergt. Oct. 8, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Mullen, Patrick A., 32; currier, Salem; Oct. 12, '61; k. Aug. 14, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.

Munroe, Cornelius K., 18; sailor, Rockland, Me.; Oct. 22, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 8, '64, on picket; Corp. Oct. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Munsey, Henry (R), 18; mariner, Gloucester; July 18, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. April 11, '64, Alexandria, Va.

Murphy, Daniel (Mus.), 17; paper-stainer, Roxbury; dis. Sept. 24, '64, ex. of s.

Nichols, George W. (Sergt.), 21; farmer, Reading; Sept. 7, '61; 1st Sergt.; prom. 2d Lieut. Jan. 8, '64, Co. A; had served in Co. B, 5th M. V. M., May 1—July 31, '61.

Oakes, Benjamin F. (Corp.), 19; clerk, Boston; Sept. 28, '61; dis. as Sergt. Aug. 11, '63, for Com. Captain 36th U. S. C. T.

Owens, Patrick, 34; laborer, Lynn; Nov. 11, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Parker, Wm. D., 35; carpenter, So. Reading; Oct. 10, '61; dis. June 5, '63, disa.

Pierson, James W., 27; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 14, '61; dis. June 20, '65; had been prisoner of war; d. May 10, 1904, S. H.; also Pearson.

Randall, Ambrozine, 21; fisherman, Gloucester; Oct. 28, '61; dis. Jan. 2, '62, disa.

Rayner, Ozias (Sergt.), 33; cordwainer, So. Reading; Sept. 4, '61; dis. Sept. 4, '64, ex. of s.; d. Mar. 28, 1900, Athol; b. Townsend, Sept. 25, 1827; Co. A, Mass. Regt. Mexican War; three months' service, Co. B, 5th Mass., '61; also borne as Raynor.

Reed, George (R), 21; (real name Stephen Remington), farmer, Tiverton, R. I.; cr. to Taunton; Nov. 1, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Reed, George W., 26; sailor, Boston; Oct. 31, '61; dis. Oct. 15, '64, ex. of s.

Remington, Stephen; vide George Reed above.

Robinson, John (Corp.), 19; farmer, Weston; Oct. 23, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; k. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff.

Robinson, S. Cushing, 24, sailor, Fox Island, Me.; Oct. 23, '61; dis. Oct. 22, '64, ex. of s.

Sawyer, James, 21; cabinet-maker, Roxbury; Oct. 18, '61; desert. Aug. 29, '64.

Shattuck, James M., 28; shoemaker, Wenham; Nov. 18, '61; dis. Nov. 28, '64, ex. of s.; d. May 11, '93, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Shope, Philip C. (R), 18; clerk, Boston; May 5, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; wd. May 16, '64; dis. Oct. 1, '65, disa.

Shultz, William, 31; teamster, Boston; Oct. 14, '61; dis. May 28, '63, disa.

Smiley, John H., 33; painter, So. Reading; Oct. 3, '61; dis. April 20, '63, disa.

Chas. M. Duren (C). Corp. Geo. Hill (A). G. A. Loring (C). J. Howard (G). Lieut. E. Graves (I). Chas. Telles (H).

Smith, Daniel H. (Sergt.), 26; jeweler, Attleboro; Oct. 7, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. as 1st Sergt. Oct. 8, '64, ex. of s.

Smith, George H. (R), 18; farmer, Wickford, R. I.; cr. to Springfield; Nov. 4, '64; dis. Nov. 6, '65, ex. of s.; one year's man.

Spear, Daniel G. (Corp.), 19; sailmaker, Boston; Oct. 10, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; dis. as Sergt. Mar. 12, '64, for Com. 2d Lieut. 54th Mass. Infantry; died in Boston.

Stone, Charles H., 26; gasfitter, Boston; Oct. 21, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Streeter, Wm. H., 18; farmer, Attleboro; Oct. 15, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; k. as Sergt. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Sullivan, Jeremiah E., 18; shoemaker, Bridgewater; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Sept. 24, '64, ex. of s.

Sullivan, John, 21; laborer, Lynn; Oct. 21, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Cambridge; k. May 14, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.

Swears, Charles D., 22; sailor, Deer Island, Me.; Oct. 25, '61; desert. Dec. —, '61.

Telles, Charles, 23; clerk, Boston; July 26, '62; re. Jan. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66. His life in the army was only a continuation of the adventurous career he had followed as a whaler, having just escaped the Confederate cruisers on his way home in January, '62; as a soldier he served with his company till December, '64, when he was detailed as a teamster, and in that capacity was with the First Division, Tenth Corps; later his train was on the extreme left and so followed up to Appomattox.

Thompson, Thomas, 18; jeweler, Attleboro; Oct. 21, '61; dis. as Corp. Oct. 22, '64, ex. of s.

Twist, John H., 18; fisherman, Deer Island, Me.; Oct. 22, '61; d. May 4, '62, Newbern.

Wharton, Davis S., 19; fisherman, Swan Island, Me.; Oct. 23, '61; desert. Dec. 6, '61; served later in the Navy.

Winsor, James H., 24; machinist, Providence, R. I.; cr. to Attleboro; Feb. 8, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also Windsor.

Wrightington, Wm. B., 24; shoemaker, Bridgewater; Sept. 8, '61; re. Jan. 4, '64; d. of wounds, Sept. 8, '64, Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md.

COMPANY I.

CAPTAINS.

J. Lewis Stackpole, 23; lawyer, Cambridge; Sept. 2, '61; dis. Sept. 11, '62, for prom. as Captain and Com. of Subsistence, U. S. Vols.; later Major and Judge Advocate; brev. Lieut. Colonel, Mar. 13, '65; d. Jan. 2, 1904, Boston; b. Mt. Auburn.

Charles B. Amory, from Co. F, Sept. 27, '62; prom. Captain and Asst. Adjutant General, U. S. Vols., June 14, '64; res. May 9, '65; Brev. Major U. S. Vols., Mar. 13, '65. On page 107 may be found a brief outline of the services of the Amory family in the war; in addition, mention

should have been made of a brother-in-law, Lieut.-col. L. M. Sargent of the First Mass. Cav., k. at Bellfield, Va., Dec. 9, '64. A son of Major Amory, 2d Lieut. in the First U. S. Infantry, now serving in the Philippines, seems likely to pass on the military spirit of the family. Though long resident in New Orleans, immediately following the war, Major Amory returned to Massachusetts to become treasurer of the Hamilton Mills, one of the great corporations of Lowell, with offices in Boston. He is a Past Department officer of the Mass. Dept. G. A. R., Past Sen. Vice-commander of Post 113, and Past Commander of the Mass. Commandery, Loyal Legion.

Albert Ordway, from Co. D, June 15, '64; prom. Major.

George W. Le Favor, from Co. G, Dec. 14, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. April 6, '94, Roxbury.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

James A. Perkins, 25; merchant, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; k. Aug. 26, '63, Morris Island, S. C.; b. Mt. Auburn.

Thomas M. Sweet, from Co. D, Nov. 1, '63; Adjutant, July 21, '64; prom. Captain Sept. 3, '64, declined Com.

John T. Wilson, May 22, '64, from Co. E; wd. Aug. 16, '64; prom. Captain, Sept. 23, '64, not mustered; dis. Nov. 12, '64, ex. of s.

Edward Graves, from Sergt. Co. H, Oct. 18, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Elbridge Howe, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

William L. Horton, 23; merchant, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. A, and Adjutant.

Parmenas E. Wheeler, from F. and S. (Com. Sergt.), Aug. 1, '62; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. H.

Jarvis White, from 1st Sergt. Co. G, Feb. 6, '64; wd. Aug. 14, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; prom. 1st Lieut. Co. B.

George F. Sibley, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Adams, Artemas, 37; farmer, Brookfield; Oct. 9, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; wd. May 16, '64; k. in action, Oct. 13, '64, near Richmond, Va.

Adams, George, 24; farmer, Brookfield; d. May 24, Newbern, N. C.

Alden, Albert (Mus.), 16; hostler, Waltham; Sept. 21, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Allen, John C., 18; butcher, Cambridge; Sept. 10, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Anderson, Alexander, 34; laborer, Cambridge; Sept. 25, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Oct. 18, '62, disa.

Armstrong, Irwin, 33; laborer, Cambridge; Oct. 28, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Mar. 13, 1893, Cambridge.

Armstrong, James, 19; wire-temperer, Cambridge; Mar. 8, '64; Corp. Mar. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; had served in Co. A, 47th Mass.

Atwood, Daniel A., 22; oysterman, Boston; Oct. 2, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Chelsea; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Austin, Wm. H. (Corp.), 21; mechanic, Brookfield; Sept. 14, '61; dis. Oct. 13, '63, disa.

Bacon, Stillman (R), 35; farmer, Vermont; cr. to Ware; Feb. 21, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Baxter, Hugh, 35; laborer, Boston; Sept. 6, '61; dis. Sept. 6, '64, ex. of s.

Bean, James, 33; farmer, Boston; Sept. 14, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Roxbury; k. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.

Bean, William S. (wagoner), 32; baker, Kansas; Nov. 5, '61; wd. May 16, '64; dis. Nov. 5, '64, disa.

Bemis, Alvin, 21; farmer, Spencer; Sept. 19, '61; dis. April 15, '63, disa.

Blood, Alfred O., 21; farmer, Charlton; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Oct. 9, '64, ex. of s.

Bowen, George W., 17; farmer, Charlton; Oct. 9, '61; dis. Oct. 9, '64, ex. of s.

Brock, Orville, 19; ————, Blackstone; Oct. 9, '61; d. June 6, '62, from wounds rec'd at Tranter's Ck., N. C.

Campbell, John, 31; Oct. 8, '61; provision-dealer, So. Boston; re. Jan. 2, '61; trans. to V. R. C. June 30, '65; dis. Nov. 20, '65, from Co. C, 11, V. R. C.

Carpenter, Charles B. (R), 24; shoemaker, Brookfield; Aug. 28, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; dead.

Carr, Daniel, 33; clerk, Warren; Sept. 24, '66; dis. Sept. 24, '64, ex. of s.

Carroll, Thomas, 30; laborer, Cambridge; Nov. 11, '61; dis. Nov. 16, '64, ex. of s.

Clayton, Thomas, 32; mechanic, Boston; Sept. 10, '61; dis. Sept. 10, '64, ex. of s.

Clements, Wm. H. (Mus.), 17; bill-poster, Blackstone; Sept. 11, '61; dis. Aug. 22, '62; served later in Co. D, 43d Infantry, and Co. C, 2d H. Artillery; also found as Clemence.

Colvin, James W., 36; spinner, Blackstone; Oct. 2, '61; dis. June 5, '63, disa.; served later in Co. F, 4th H. Artillery.

Condon, John F. (R), 18; harness-maker, So. Boston; Aug. 5, '62; dis. Mar. 26, '63, disa.

Connelly, Francis, 18; laborer, Cambridge; Sept. 10, '61; re. Jan. 2, '61; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Connor, John, 35; laborer, Cambridge; Sept. 9, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; wd. at Drewry's Bluff; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. June 4, '99, S. H.

Conroy, Wm. N. (R), 18; laborer, So. Boston; Aug. 5, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Costeller, Edwin E., 28; stone-mason, Cambridge; Oct. 28, '61; dis. Oct. 28, '64, ex. of s.; also Costello.

Costello, John M., 25; iron-worker, Boston; Sept. 19, '61; dis. as Corp. Sept. 18, '64; d. Sept. 30, '64, Hampton, Va.

Costigan, John F. (R), 34; lather, Boston; July 19, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Cronin, Simon (R), 18; grocer, Boston; Mar. 15, '64; wd. May 7, '64, fatigue; k. Oct. 13, '64, near Richmond, Va.

Cross, William, 38; hostler, Boston; Oct. 22, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Wellfleet; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. 1901, Lowell.

Cummings, Wm. H., 21; mechanic, Charlton; Oct. 7, '61; dis. Nov. 19, '61.

Davis, Frederic, 18; farmer, Brookfield; Oct. 16, '61; dis. May 17, '63, Hilton Head, S. C., disa.

Delane, Nelson H. (R), 41; farmer, Charlton; Aug. 28, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s. as Corp.; also written DeLane.

Delane, Peter, 24; farmer, Brookfield; Sept. 28, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; also written DeLane.

Dickinson, Charles E. (Corp.), 18; operator, Brookfield; Sept. 14, '61; Sergt.; re. Jan. 2, '64; d. in hospital, Beverly, N. J., Oct. 9, '64, of wounds rec'd Aug. 16, '64.

Dickinson, Curtis (R), 41; farmer, Brookfield; Aug. 28, '62; wd. Oct. 13, '64; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; d. Nov. 2, '98, Worcester.

Doane, Lorenzo (R), 21; farmer, Brookfield; Aug 28, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s. as Corp.

Dolan, Patrick H., 26; tailor, Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. June 5, '63, disa.; served later in Co. F, 69th New York, as W. F. Mason.

Dunn, John, 24, cook, Boston; Oct. 19, '64; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Eagleson, Thomas, 40; cook, Cambridge; Sept. 21, '61; dis. Mar. 26, '63, disa.; also written Eagleston.

Eaton, George A. (Sergt.), clerk, Boston; Dec. 4, '61; dis. Dec. 18, '62, disa.; d. Jan. 10, 1905.

Feary, Wm. H. (R), 19; shoemaker, Sturbridge; cr. to Brookfield; Dec. 17, '63; dis. May 24, '65, absent in hospital and dis. from same; d. May 11, '93.

Finton, Isaac, 20; butcher, Cambridge; Oct. 19, '61; d. Sept. 23, '63; also Fenton.

Fitzgerald, Dennis, 35; laborer, So. Boston; Sept. 24, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Flaherty, Daniel, 34; rigger, Boston; Oct. 2, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Gambol, George, 25; gasworker, So. Boston; Oct. 16, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; k. Sept. 22, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Gilbert, Isaac H., 18; millwright, Warren; Oct. 10, '61; dis. May 26, '63, disa.; later in the Navy; also given as Israel.

Griffin, James, 24; currier, Boston; Sept. 30, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; Corp. April 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Hall, Patrick (R), 22, teamster, Lowell; July 21, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Hill, Edward (Corp.), 28; blacksmith, Boston; Sept. 18, '61; dis. May 28, '63, disa.

Holmes, Oren H. (wagoner), 40; ironworker, Wareham; Oct. 23, '61; dis. June 8, '63, disa.

Howard, George H., 21; lamplighter, So. Boston; Oct. 3, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '64, ex. of s.; d. Jan. 10, '94, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Corp. J. C. Cook (C). J. H. Atwood (K). | J. A. Miller (D). Sergt. W. H. King (D). | Corp. C. E. Weeks (D). N. H. DeLane (D).

Howe, Albert S., 20; farmer, Brookfield; Sept. 19, '61; dis. Feb. 23, '63; d. Sept. 24, 1905.

Howe, Elbridge (R), 23; trader, Brookfield; Aug. 28, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; Commissary-Sergt. (F. and S.), Dec. 6, '64; d. Nov. 7, '94.

Hoxie, Zenas (R), 21; farmer, Sandwich; cr. to Cambridge; Sept. 21, '64; dis. June 12, '65.

Huber, John (R), 33; nailer, Boston; cr. to Northampton; Feb. 16, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Ingraham, Sewall S., 24; cabinet-maker, Dorchester; Nov. 5, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Milton; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Irwin, John, 32; laborer, Cambridge; d. Dec. 18, '61, Annapolis, Md.; the first death in the regiment after leaving Massachusetts.

Jones, James H., 25; farmer, Barnstable; Nov. 1, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; wd. Oct. 13, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Jones, Lemuel S. (Corp.), 37; farmer, Barnstable; Oct. 25, '61; re. Jan. 2. '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. June 2, 1907, West Barnstable.

Jones, Thomas W., 18; farmer, Barnstable; Nov. 1, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Sandwich; wd. at Weir Bottom Church; trans. April 17, '65, to Co. B, 11th Regt., V. R. C.

Joslin, Leonard, 29; operative, Attleboro; Sept. 25, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Keene, William, 41; carpenter, Boston; Oct. 24, '61; wd. Oct. 13, '64; dis. Oct. 24, '64, ex. of s.

Kenney, John, 20; laborer, Boston; Sept. 24, '61; desert. Dec. 8, '61.

King, William H. (Sergt.), 25; carpenter, Charlton; Oct. 9, '61; dis. Jan. 1, '63, for Com. 1st N. C. Vols.

Lamb, William J., 26; shoemaker, Charlton; Oct. 7, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Oxford; wd. May 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Lathrop, Julius M. (Corp.), 22; clerk, Dedham; Nov. 4, '61; (Sergt.) dis. Aug. 26, '62, for Com. 1st Lieut. 38th Mass. Infantry; later Captain same; d. of wounds, April 25, '64; also found as Lothrop.

Lines, Patrick (R), 34; laborer, Weymouth; Jan. 6, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Lyon, Charles A. (1st Sergt.), 23; law-student, Brookfield; Sept. 6, '61; dis. June 1, '62, for Com. 1st Lieut. 1st N. C. Vols.

Lyon, Marcus E. (R), —; ————, enlist. Annapolis, Md.; Jan. 1, '62; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

McCarthy, Eugene (R), 44; laborer, Charlton; Jan. 4, '64; wd. at Proctor's Ck.; also May 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

McCourt, Charles (Corp.), 18; plumber, Cambridge; Sept. 10, '61; wd. Morris Island; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

McCoy, John, 19; brass-founder, Boston; cr. to Cambridge; Mar. 8, '64; wd. Deep Run, Aug. 16, '64; dis. June 30, '65, disa.

McDonald, Patrick, 35; farmer, Cambridge; Sept. 6, '61; dis. Sept. 6, '64, ex. of s.

McKean, William J., 32; dyer, Lawrence; Sept. 18, '61; d. Nov. 20, '63, St. Augustine, Fla.

McVay, Patrick, 35; laborer, Waltham; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '63, disa.; also found as McVey.

Marcy, Marvin G., 34; farmer, Brookfield; Oct. 31, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; cr. to Southbridge; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Markey, Henry J. (R), 24; painter, Boston; July 23, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; dis. Jan. 13, '66; d. Dec. 21, 1902, S. H.

Marsh, John H., 20; sawyer, Spencer; Sept. 23, '61; dis. June 29, '63, disa.

Maynard, George N., 22; molder, Brookfield; Oct. 12, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; wd. Oct. 13, '64, Darbytown Road; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Merrick, James F., 27; tinsmith, Boston; cr. to Concord; Feb. 11, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Merritt, Andrew J., 18; sleighmaker, Brookfield; Oct. 16, '61; k. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern.

Merritt, Edwin R., 21; sleighmaker, Brookfield; Oct. 14, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, also Oct. 7, '64; dis. Oct. 16, '64, ex. of s.; d. Dec. 15, '64, Hampton, Va.

Meyers, Joseph, 20; cigar-maker, Cambridge; Sept. 19, '61; dis. Sept. 18, '64, ex. of s.

Miller, John A. (R), 18; blacksmith, Boston; Aug. 6, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Miller, Thomas R. (R), 22; blacksmith, So. Boston; Jan. 1, '64; Corp. Oct. 9, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Nixon, Hugh, 24; laborer, Cambridge; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Sept. 20, '66, ex. of s.

Noonan, John, 21; laborer, Salem; Nov. 14, '61; dis. May 13, '64, disa. through wounds.

O'Brien, Jeremiah (R), 25; laborer, Boston; cr. to Brookline; Nov. 25, '64; k. Drewry's Bluff, May 16, '64.

O'Brien, Michael, 18; hose-maker, Boston; wd. Tranter's Ck., N. C., June 5, '62; dis. Oct. 3, '62, disa.

O'Brien, Thomas, 22; laborer, Concord; Sept. 10, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Aug. 17, '62, disa.

O'Brien, William J. (Sergt.), 19; clerk, Cambridge; Sept. 23, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; 1st Sergt. prom. 1st Lieut. and Captain, Co. F.

O'Connor, Dennis, 23; laborer, Cambridge; Oct. 19, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. May 25, 1904, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

O'Hearn, Patrick, 21; mason, Boston; Oct. 2, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; k. as Sergt. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

O'Niel, Dominick, 28; farmer, Boston; Sept. 20, '61; dis. Sept. 1, '64, ex. of s.

O'Niel, John (R), 22; cooper, So. Boston; Jan. 18, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Page, George H., 32; laborer, Connecticut; cr. to Sunderland; Feb. 9, '65; desert. Aug. 16, '65.

Page, Henry J. (Corp.), 23; shoemaker, No. Brookfield; Sept. 23, '61; dis. Aug. 30, '62, disa.

Pike, Horace S., 22; wheelwright, Charlton; Oct. 7, '61; dis. Oct. 7, '64, ex. of s.; dead.

Pond, Edward R., 18; varnisher, Dedham; Oct. 8, '61; dis. April 7, '63, disa.; later, Co. E, 17th Me.; d. Aug. 22, 1902, S. H.

Pratt, Charles E. (R), 24; music-teacher, Hartford, Ct.; cr. to Dedham; Mar. 28, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Prescott, Irving A., 18; seaman, Malden; Oct. 3, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Reed, Elijah R., Jr., 34; carpenter, Attleboro; Oct. 18, '61; dis. Oct. 18, '64, ex. of s.; d. Feb. 6, 1901.

Reed, Nathan H., 18; jeweler, Attleboro; Oct. 18, '61; dis. Oct. 18, '64, ex. of s.

Reed, Samuel, 31; laborer, Cambridge; Oct. 18, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; dead.

Reynolds, Nathan (Corp.), 30; farmer, No. Brookfield; Sept. 23, '61; dis. May 9, '63, disa.

Reynolds, William, 26; farmer, No. Brookfield; Sept. 23, '61; wd. June 5, '62, Tranter's Ck., N. C.; re. Feb. 28, '64; cr. to Dedham; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Riley, Charles, 29; blacksmith, So. Boston; Oct. 3, '61; k. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern.

Rogers, Henry D. (R), 19; shoemaker, Brookfield; Aug. 28, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.; dead.

Sawin, Sullivan O., 24; expressman, Cambridge; Nov. 5, '61; dis. Nov. 5, '64, ex. of s.

Severson, Wm. C., 21; (Sergt.), clerk, Boston; Sept. 21, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; dis. April 12, '64, as 1st Sergt. for Com. 2d Lieut., 56th Mass. Infantry; later 1st Lieut. and Captain in same.

Shannon, John (R), 20; sailor, St. John, N. B.; cr. to Boston; Mar. 10, '64; desert. Dec. 20, '65.

Shine, John, 25; painter, Boston; Oct. 31, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; dishonorably dis. Nov. 5, '62.

E. R. Merritt.
Curtis Dickinson.
Sergt. C. E. Dickinson.

L. S. Jones.
Jas. Armstrong.

J. H. Jones.
Sergt. J. E. Turner
after rebel prison life.

Sergt. E. M. Tucker.
Corp. W. H. Austin.
Sergt. J. E. Turner.

COMPANY I.

Sibley, George F. (R), 33; clicker, Brookfield; Aug. 28, '62; Corp. Jan. 1, '63; re. Jan. 2, '64; Sergt. Aug. 16, '64; 1st Sergt. Nov. 4, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; 1st Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered; d. April 6, '93, Worcester.

Sime, William, 28; blacksmith, Boston; Sept. 9, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; dis. June 19, '65, disa.

Slayton, George A. (R), 19; machinist, Brookfield; Aug. 28, '62; Corp. Mar. 22, '64; Sergt. Oct. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Slayton, Salem D., 19; shoemaker, Brookfield; Sept. 19, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; k. May 30, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.

Smith, Marshall E., 18; seaman, Smithtown, L. I.; Oct. 3, '61; re. cr. to West Roxbury; Jan. 2, '64; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Spooner, Luther, 33; shoemaker, Charlton; Aug. 28, '62; k. Aug. 26, '63, Morris Island, S. C.

Stanton, Thomas, 35; laborer, Boston; Oct. 19, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Stevens, James, 25; laborer, Barnstable; ——. ——; a deserter from Dec., '61, to June 6, '64; made good the time lost and was M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Stevens, Sylvester H., 21; farmer, Brookfield; Sept. 19, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; wd. Oct. 13, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Oct. 15, 1907, East Brookfield.

Stewart, James (R), 42; farmer, Plainfield; Feb. 20, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. June 18, 1906, Leyden, at 106 years; while there is uncertainty as to data, it is claimed that Stewart was born in Scotland, son of a lieutenant in the British army and had vivid impressions of the receipt of news from Waterloo.

Sweeney, John (R), 21; mariner, Charlestown; July 18, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. May 20, '65, disa.

Todd, Franklin (R), 23; laborer, Stockbridge; cr. to Cambridge; Mar. 22, '64; d. June 7, '64, from wounds, in the hands of the enemy, Petersburg, Va.

Travis, James, 28; waiter, Cambridge; Dec. 6, '61; d. May 16, '64, Ft. Monroe.

Tucker, Edwin M., 22; shoemaker, No. Brookfield; Sept. 23, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62; Corp. Oct. 1, '62; re. Jan. 2, '64; Sergt. Mar. 22, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66. After the promotion of Sergeant Hartshorn, Co. G, who had been the color-bearer, Sergeant Tucker was intrusted with the

duty and performed it to the end, his being the hands from whose keeping to that of the Commonwealth the colors passed on the return of the regiment.

Turner, John E. (Sergt.), 24; carpenter, Brookfield; Sept. 19, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; dis. June 24, '65, disa.

Wallace, George F., 18; machinist, Attleboro; Oct. 18, '61; re. Jan. 2, '61; cr. to Foxboro; Corp. Aug. 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Watson, Henry W. (Corp.), 17; shoemaker, Brookfield; Nov. 18, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; k. Oct. 13, '64, before Richmond.

Weeks, Charles E., 21; painter, Haverhill; Sept. 30, '61; Corp. Dec. 1, '63; re. Jan. 2, '64; Sergt. Oct. 9, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. May 8, 1901, Haverhill.

Whelan, Michael, 18; glass-blower, So. Boston; Sept. 14, '61; wd. at Proctor's Ck., also May 16. '64; re. Jan. 2, '64; trans. April 13, '65, to V. R. C.; dis. Nov. 15, '65.

Works, Frank P. (R), 29; shoemaker, Brookfield; Feb. 27, '64; wd. June 16, '64; dis. Sept. 15, '65, disa.

Young, Frederick E., 21; shoemaker, Charlton; Oct. 9, '61; re. Jan. 2, '64; k. Oct. 13, '64, before Richmond.

COMPANY K.

CAPTAINS.

J. Crosby Maker, 23; merchant, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; dis. Sept. 2, '64, ex. of s.; d. June 19, 1900, Melrose. Like some other officers of the Twenty-fourth, Captain Maker engaged in business in Savannah, Ga., but for more than twenty years before his death he was with the firm of Brown, Durrell Co., Boston, residing in Melrose, where he was ever interested in the public schools, for many years a member of the school board. June 19, 1900, the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion presented a fine bronze tablet to his memory, placing the same on the walls of the Melrose High School.

William F. Wiley, Oct. 15, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66. Always an Essex County man, Captain Wiley is and long has been the efficient postmaster of Peabody. At the same time he is one of the most prominent and devoted members of the local post of the Grand Army.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Mason A. Rea, 34; ————, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; k. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; b. Mt. Auburn.

Frank H. Shepard, May 17, '64; dis. Oct. 16, '64, ex. of s.; d. April 26, 1881.

William F. Wiley, from Co. B, Oct. 14, '64; prom. Captain.

Andrew Wilson, from Co. A, June 16, '65; prom. Captain Co. H.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Thomas F. Edmands, 20; ————, Boston; Sept. 2, '61; prom. First Lieut. Co. B.

Charles T. Perkins, from 1st Sergt. Co. C, Aug. 27, '62; prom. First Lieut. Co. A.

Frank H. Shepard, from Sergt. Co. A, Dec. 28, '62; prom. First Lieut. Co. K.

Amos W. Bridges, Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Adams, George R., 22; farmer, Newton; Oct. 18, '61; re. Dec. 29, '64; cr. to Boston; Corp. Oct. 13, '64; Sergt. Oct. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Adams, John, 19; hair-dresser, Boston; Oct. 4, '61; had been prisoner of war, taken May 18, '64; dis. July 6, '65, ex. of s.; d. Sept. 1900, Holbrook.

Akerman, William (Mus.), 18; store-boy, Boston; Sept. 17, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Anderson, James H. (R), 22; cordwainer, So. Reading; July 18, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Appleton, Samuel F., 38; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 8, '61; dis. Aug. 27, '62, disa.

Atwood, James H. (R), 22; porter, So. Boston; Aug. 9, '62; re. Dec. 29, '63; wd. Morris Island and Deep Bottom; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Bates, George E. (R), 18; laborer, So. Weymouth; Mar. 14, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Beers, Charles F. (Sergt.), 23; printer, Boston; Sept. 3, '61; dis. April 6, '63, disa.; d. Feb. 14, '94.

Bennett, Jeremiah S., 36; shoe-manufacturer, Lynn; Nov. 28, '61; dis. Nov. 28, '64, ex. of s.

Blaisdell, John, 36; ————, Springfield; Nov. 22, '61; re. Dec. 29, '64; cr. to Salisbury; d. Sept. 12, '65, Richmond, Va.

Bliss, Edward, 26; shoemaker, Lee; Jan. 2, '65; cr. to Dracut; desert. Aug. 15, '65.

Bowley, Albert R. (or A.), 34; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 25, '61; dis. June 5, '63, disa.; d. April 16, 1900, Lynn.

Boynton, Benjamin F. (R), 44; heeler, Lynn; Mar. 21, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Bridges, Amos W., 19; milkman, Cambridge; Nov. 25, '61; re. as Corp. Dec. 29, '63; Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; 1st Sergt. Sept. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; 2d Lieut. Jan. 20, '66; not mustered.

Brotherson, Andrew J. (R), 24; sailor, Halifax, N. S.; Jan. 7, '65; cr. to Conway; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Brown, John H., 18; farmer, Medford; Oct. 18, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Oct. 18, '64, ex. of s.

Bullock, William H., 19; blacksmith, Palmer; Oct. 23, '61; captured Dec. 30, '63, St. Augustine; d. May 10, '64; a prisoner in Andersonville, Ga.

Case, Daniel (R), 21; clerk, Boston; cr. to Gill; Jan. 13, '65; dis. May 19, '65, disa.

Carter, Horatio (Corp.), 26; farmer, Newton; Sept. 19, '61; dis. as 1st Sergt. Sept. 19, '64, ex. of s.

Cawley, Thomas (R), 29; teamster, Boston; July 9, '62; dis. July 9, '65, ex. of s.

Codyer, Peter, 27; paper-maker, Boston; Oct. 14, '61; dis. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s., as Corp.

Connelly, John, 18; clerk, Boston; Nov. 14, '61; d. May 13, '63, Annapolis, Md.; supposed to have been a prisoner.

Connelly, Patrick (R), 30; laborer, So. Boston; Aug. 7, '62; re. Dec. 29, '63; k. Oct. 7, '64, before Richmond.

Connor, Andrew J. (wagoner), 41; painter, Roxbury; Sept. 12, '61; dis. Sept. 12, '64, ex. of s.; d. Oct. 25, 1902, S. H.

Connors, Thomas (R), 20; brushmaker, Boston; cr. to Easthampton; Jan. 12, '65; desert. June 27, '65.

Conroy, George H., 21; upholsterer, Boston; Sept. 22, '61; dis. Sept. 23, '64, ex. of s.

Conroy, William, 22; tailor, Boston; Nov. 19, '61; dis. Nov. 19, '64, ex. of s.

Lieut. M. A. Rea (K). Capt. J. C. Maker (K).
Capt. G. W. Gardner (B).
Dr. Hall Curtis (N. E. G. uniform). Lieut. T. F. Edmands (K).

Dacy, Michael, 21; laborer, Newton; Sept. 16, '61; re. Dec. 29, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Davis, Henry F., 18; painter, Lynn; Nov. 27, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; wd. Aug. 16, '64; Corp. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. July 23, 1888, Boston.

Dennis, John F., 18; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 13, '61; d. April 26, '62, Newbern.

Dennison, David, 21; laborer, Boston; Sept. 28, '61; re. Dec. 29, '64; Corp. Mar. 1, '65; Sergt. Sept. 1, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. May 8, '83, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Dodge, Isaac K., 21; farmer, Hamilton; Nov. 27, '61; d. May 12, '62, Newbern.

Dresser, James, 21; porter, Boston; Aug. 9, '61; re. Dec. 29, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; dead.

Dunster, Samuel K., 29; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 26, '61; re. Dec. 29, '64; cr. to Cohasset; prom. hospital-steward, F. and S.

Eaton, Lowell M., 18; shoemaker, Lynn; Dec. 29, '61; trans. to V. R. C., Sept. 1, '63; dis. Sept. 28, '63.

[N. E. G.] Edmands, J. Cushing (1st Sergt.), 19; clerk, Newton; Oct. 4, '61; dis. Aug. 25, '62, for Com. Captain, Co. K, 32d Mass. Infantry; later Major, Lieut.-Colonel, Colonel and Brev. Brig.-General; died, Boston, Dec. 28, 1879; b. Mt. Auburn.

Egan, Andrew A. (Corp.), 27; painter, Boston; Sept. 17, '61; wd. Oct. 13, '64; dis. Sept. 17, '64, ex. of s.

Estes, Jacob S., 23; shoemaker, Lynn; Oct. 21, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Evans, John A., 26; teamster, Boston; Aug. 1, '62; re. Dec. 29, '63; dis. Aug. 5, '65.

Frothingham, Thomas S., 28; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 28, '61; dis. Nov. 28, '64, ex. of s., as Corp.

Gaffey, Michael, 35; currier, Roxbury; Nov. 4, '61; dis. Nov. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Gannett, George W. (Sergt.), 24; seaman, Boston; Sept. 4, '61; dis. June 11, '63, for Com. 2d Lieut.; later 1st Lieut. and Brev. Captain, 55th Mass.

Gaskin, George (R), 20; laborer, Boston; Aug. 7, '62; re. Dec. 29, '63; k. Oct. 13, '64, before Richmond.

Gill, Austin, 37; tailor, Boston; Nov. 14, '61; k. June 5, '62; Tranter's Ck., N. C.

Glancey, Peter, 22; cotton-spinner, Taunton; Oct. 28, '61; dis. June 5, '63, disa.

Graham, Charles H. (R), 23; mechanic, Newark, N. J.; cr. to Hadley; Jan. 5, '65; dis. May 19, '65, disa.

[N. E. G.] Grant, Charles E. (Sergt.), 20; ————, Boston; Sept. 22, '61; dis. May 25, '63, for Com. 2d Lieut. 55th Mass. Infantry; later Captain and Brev. Major.

Green, Thomas, 37; blacksmith, Newton; Oct. 7, '61; dis. Jan. 8, '63, disa.; later in the Navy.

Griffiths, Griffith H., 24; paper-hanger, Boston; Sept. 14, '61; dis. June 18, '64, disa.

Griffiths, John, 27; painter, Boston; Nov. 23, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; k. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.

Grogan, Michael, 35; shoemaker, Newton; Sept. 17, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. June 10, '63, disa.

Hagar, Foster, 27; hatter, Boston; Oct. 28, '61; trans. as Corp. to Signal Corps; dis. Nov. 2, '64, ex. of s.

Hallows, James, 43; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 30, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; d. of wounds, Nov. 6, '64, Hampton, Va.

Hardy, George H., 22; farmer, Malden; Oct. 14, '61; dis. as Corp. Oct. 14, '64, ex. of s.; d. May 14, 1902.

Haskell, Warren, 22; Dec. 3, '61; d. of wounds, Aug. 29, '64, Beverly, N. J.

Hasson, Patrick J. (R), 20; porter, Boston; Aug. 6, '62; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s. as Corp.; also borne as Hanson.

Hayes, Patrick E. (R), 35; laborer, Lynn; cr. to Hadley; July 8, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. Oct. 25, '94, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Hill, William G., 32; brick-maker, Boston; Nov. 28, '61; dis. Nov. 28, '64, ex. of s.; d. Sept. 6, '95, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Holbrook, James, 34; ————, Readville; Nov. 18, '61; N. F. R.

Holland, James J., 35; hostler, Boston; Nov. 20, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; wd. Aug. 16, '64; desert. Aug. 5, '65.

Hollis, Benjamin W., 36; fish-dealer, So. Boston; Nov. 27, '61; trans. Aug. 15, '64, to V. R. C.; M. O. Dec. 3, '64.

Hope, John, 42; laborer, So. Weymouth; Oct. 14, '61; wd. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern; dis. Sept. 22, '62, disa.

Horrigan, Thomas, 35; laborer, Boston; Nov. 20, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; wd. Aug. 16, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Howarth, Frederick (R), 23; sailor, England; cr. to Conway; Jan. 7, '65; d. July 23, '65, Richmond, Va.

Jager, Joseph, 41; cotton-carder, New Bedford; Nov. 26, '61; dis. May 12, '62, disa.

Jelly, William, 32; painter, Newton; Sept. 11, '61; wd. July 27, '64, skirmish line; dis. as Sergt. Sept. 11, '64, ex. of s.

Johnson, George (R), 19; sailor, Pictou, N. S.; cr. to Hadley; Jan. 4, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Keefe, John J. (Corp.), 23; trunk-maker, Boston; Sept. 19, '61; dis. as Sergt. Sept. 19, '64, ex. of s.

Kelty, James O., —; ————, Boston; Oct. 29, '61; dis. Oct. 29, '64, ex. of s.

Kimball, Joseph M., 43; painter, Boston; Sept. 12, '61; dis. Sept. 12, '64, ex. of s.; d. April 15, '94, S. H.

Knights, George F., 18; clerk, Boston; Oct. 15, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; dis. Aug. 5, '65; dead.

Lewis, Benjamin A., 23; shoemaker, Lynn; Oct. 14, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. July 27, '84, Togus, Me., N. S. H.

Lord, Noah B., 31; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 5, '61; dis. Nov. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Lyon, Edgar B., 21; clerk, Newton; Oct. 3, '61; dis. Oct. 3, '64, ex. of s.

McCawliffe, Patrick (R), 21; laborer, Boston; July 10, '62; dis. July 20, '65, ex. of s.

McDonald, Cornelius, 32; mason, Marblehead; Nov. 5, '61; dis. Nov. 4, '64, ex. of s.

McDougall, Peter, 35; carpenter, Boston; Oct. 12, '61; dis. Oct. 12, '64, ex. of s.; later in Co. K, 61st Mass. Infantry.

McElwain, George, 25; machinist, Chicopee; Oct. 11, '61; dis. Oct. 11, '64, ex. of s.

McElwain, Henry, 20; weaver, Chicopee; Oct. 5, '61; dis. Oct. 5, '64, ex. of s.

McQuade, William, 24; seaman, Roxbury; Nov. 4, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; wd. Aug. 14, '64; d. May 15, '65, Worcester, Mass.

Mahenny, Daniel, 21; painter, Orange; Nov. 24, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Nov. 24, '64, ex. of s.; d. June 11, '97, Orange.

Malady, Michael, 43; mason, Roxbury; Nov. 29, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Nov. 29, '64, ex. of s.; also Mallady; d. Aug. 3, 1906, aged 100 years, the oldest resident of Roxbury; born in Ireland, he came to America, 70 years ago; a stone-mason by trade, he was also a contractor and builder, and laid the foundations of the Boston and Providence Station, Park Sq., and had the contract for the old Brookline reservoir; while himself in the army, he had a grandson in the service.

Meader, Horace P. (R), 23; teamster, Boston; Aug. 9, '62; re. Dec. 29, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; dead.

Millett, Benjamin H. (Corp.), 21; currier, So. Danvers; Dec. 4, '61; dis. Dec. 9, '62, disa.; had served in Co. H, 5th M. V. M., May 1 to July 31, '61.

Moreland, James, 36; tailor, Boston; Oct. 8, '61; k. Mar. 14, '62, Newbern.

Morrissey, Patrick (R), 20; laborer, New Haven, Ct.; cr. to Hatfield; Jan. 10, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

O'Connor, James, 37; wheelwright, Boston; Nov. 13, '61; k. Oct. 7, '64, Four Mile Ck., Va.

O'Connor, Michael, 21; farmer, Boston; cr. to Dorchester; Feb. 29, '64; d. of wounds, Dec. 22, '64, Beverly, N. J.; was a veteran of the 20th and 45th Regts.

Orpin, Richard, 35; Oct. 13, '61; k. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff.

Orr, Charles H., 24; shoemaker, Lynn; Dec. 4, '61; dis. May 19, '63, disa.

Parker, George W., 28; shoemaker, Lynn; Dec. 3, '61; dis. Dec. 3, '64, ex. of s.

Parrott, Otis, 44; shoemaker, Lynn; Dec. 3, '61; dis. June 10, '63, disa.; served later in V. R. C.

Paul, Henry K., 21; clerk, Newton; Oct. 30, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Oct. 30, '64, ex. of s., as Sergt.

Pearson, James A., 28; carpenter, So. Boston; Dec. 3, '61; dis. June 5, '63, disa.

Phillips, William W., 19; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 23, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Nov. 22, '64, ex. of s.

Pruden, Edwin, 28; seaman, So. Boston; Nov. 28, '61; dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Quinn, William N., 24; shoemaker, Swampscott; Nov. 25, '61; dis. Nov. 28, '64, ex. of s.

Randall, Asahel J., 26, printer, Boston; Nov. 13, '61; missing in action after Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Redwood, Moses H. (R), 19; tailor, Boston; Feb. 29, '64; Corp. Aug. '65; Sergt. Jan. 1, '66; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Riordon, Patrick (R), N. F. R.; save that he was dis. Dec. 4, '64, ex. of s.

Ring, John, 19; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 1, '61; re. Dec. 29, '61; cr. to Fall River; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Ryan, Patrick (R), 23; molder, Springfield; cr. to Conway; Jan. 5, '65; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Ryans, John, 20; shoemaker, Lynn; Nov. 11, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Sanborn, Loammi B., 26; car-driver, So. Boston; Oct. 17, '61; wd. Feb. 14, '62; dis. Oct. 8, '62, disa.

Sears, Joseph S. (or M.), 39; painter, Newton; Dec. 3, '61; wd. Aug. 16, '64; dis. Dec. 3, '64, ex. of s.

Shaw, Hezekiah (R), 33; shoemaker, Lynn; Mar. 21, '64; M. O. Jan. 20, '66; d. 1901, Lynn.

E. B. Lyon (K). S. A. Edgerly (E). J. H. Atwood (K).
Cyrus Getchell (D). A. J. Vining (K).

IN LATER YEARS.

Smith, James W., 23; seaman, Eastham; Nov. 22, '61; d. April 3, '62, Newbern.

Stark, Kirk (Sergt.), 28; painter, So. Danvers; Dec. 4, '61; dis. June 10, '63, disa.

Stark, Nelson, 21; painter, So. Danvers; Dec. 2, '61; dis. Dec. 3, '64, ex. of s.

Sullivan, James (R), 22; sailor, Nova Scotia; cr. to Ashford; Jan. 7, '65; dishonorably dis. July 24, '66.

Sullivan, Jeremiah, 28; laborer, Boston; Sept. 5, '61; d. Jan. 30, '62, Annapolis, Md.

Sullivan, Timothy, 36; laborer, Boston; Sept. 13, '61; dis. Oct. 2, '62, disa.

Taylor, Bangs, 21; seaman, Orleans; Nov. 1, '61; dis. June 12, '65, O. W. D.; had been a prisoner; captured, Dec. 30, '63, St. Augustine.

Thompson, Cyrus, 21; barber, So. Danvers: Dec. 5, '61; desert. Nov. 29, '62.

Thurber, James W., 35; teamster, Boston; Nov. 22, '61; re. Feb. 15, '64; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Tiernan, Thomas (R), 22; laborer, Bermuda Hundred; cr. to Boston; Jan. 16, '65; desert. Aug. 5, '65.

Truax, Allen C., 24; farmer, Orange; Nov. 25, '61; dis. Aug. 5, '63, disa.

Vining, Andrew J. (Mus.), 17; farmer, So. Weymouth; Sept. 11, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; M. O. Jan. 20, '66.

Waite, George C. (R), 21; teamster, Boston; Aug. 6, '62; dis. Oct. 3, '62, disa.

Walsh, James, 36; laborer, Boston; Nov. 13, '61; dis. Oct. 2, '62.

Walsh, Robert, 29; shoemaker, Marblehead; Dec. 3, '61; re. Dec. 29, '63; wd. Oct. 13, '64; dis. as 1st Sergt. by reason of consolidation June 10, '65; d. Nov. 28, '93, Marblehead.

Ward, Gustavus A., 30; shoemaker, Lynn; Dec. 3, '61; dis. June 10, '63, disa.

Warren, Charles (R), 20; seaman, N. Y. City; cr. to Hadley; Jan. 7, '65; desert. Nov. 17, '65.

West, Edward S., 40; shoemaker, Manchester; Nov. 27, '61; k. Aug. 16, '64, Deep Run, Va.

Whelan, Timothy (R), 22; boatman, N. Y. City; cr. to Gill; Jan. 15, '65; desert. Aug. 5, '65.

Whitton, Albert G., 26; hostler, Newton; Dec. 3, '61; dis. Dec. 3, '64, ex. of s.

Wilson, Edward C., 21; waiter, Boston; Sept. 16, '61; dis. as Corp. Sept. 11, '64, ex. of s.

Wogan, Michael, 42; teamster, Boston; Nov. 20, '61; d. of wounds, Nov. 12, '62, Newbern.

Wood, William H., 43; carpenter, So. Boston; Dec. 4, '61; dis. June 5, '63, disa.

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

The following list includes the names of men who enlisted, but for all sorts of reasons were rejected. As may be supposed the principal cause was bodily weakness. In many cases the records are exceedingly meagre, but the data given are all that the State House documents afford. They are printed without further explanation:

Adams, George F., 27; clerk, Belmont; June 2, '62; dis. June 17, '62, for Com. 2d Lieut. in 33d Mass. Infantry.

Albert, Frederick, 24, painter, Germany; Dec. 20, '62; not mustered; deserted.

Andrews, Daniel H., 30; shoemaker, Boston; Dec. 6, '64; cr. to Franklin; not mustered; dis. Dec. 28, '64; rejected recruit.

Black, John, 22; shoemaker, Boston; N. F. R.

Booth, James, 21; laborer, Hingham; May 16, '62; N. F. R.

Bowen, Wm. D., 18; farmer, Charlton; Jan. 2, '64; rejected, Jan. 8, '64.

Brown, Robert, —, Dec. 29, '62; N. F. R.

Brown, Wm., 34; weaver, New York; May 27, '62; deserted, May 27, '62.

Burton, Joseph, 33; stocking-maker, Lawrence; May 13, '62; deserted May 25, '62.

Campbell, John, 19; laborer, Greenfield; cr. to Ware; Feb. 20, '65; dis. May 6, '65; unassigned.

Carpenter, Charles B., 24; shoemaker, Charlton; Aug. 28, '62; N. F. R.

Carr, Alexander; enlisted Dec. 29, '62; N. F. R.

Carter, Frederick; enlisted Dec. 29, '62; N. F. R.

Casey, Joseph, 22; bricklayer, Ireland; Dec. 20, '62; deserted.

Cassady, John; Dec. 29, '62; N. F. R.

Doney, John or Joseph, 25; laborer, Boston; July 22, '62; N. F. R.

Dougherty, Frank, 36; colorer, Scotland; Nov. 18, '64; cr. to Groton; dis. Dec. 2, '64, unassigned.

Farralasco, John, 30; soldier, Boston; Oct. 27, '62; N. F. R.

Fleming, Gerald, 26; printer, Boston; May 17, '62; deserted, May 22, '62.

Furlong, James, 24; painter, Springfield; Jan. 9, '65; cr. to Florida; N. F. R.

Goodwin, Lorenzo, 26; bootmaker, Quincy; Jan. 4, '64; cr. to Weymouth; deserted Jan. 22, '64.
Gray, Thomas N., 18; surgeon, Boston; July 15, '62; N. F. R.
Haggart, James, 23; bleacher, Chelsea; July 29, '62; N. F. R.
Halpin, Frederick, 19; shoemaker, England; Dec. 18, '62; deserted.
Hill, John, 29; butcher, Springfield; Dec. 20, '62; deserted.
Howard, F. B., 22; farmer, Canton; May 28, '62; N. F. R.
Ipser, Frank, 32; tailor, Boston; July 24, '62; N. F. R.
Jones, James M., 18; mechanic, Randolph; June 9, '62; dis. Oct. 27, '62.
Leahy, Timothy, 35; laborer, Boston; July 24, '62; N. F. R.
Lewis, Francis, 35; painter, Boston; July 24 '62; N. F. R.
Linehan, Michael, 21; laborer, Lawrence; cr. to Boston; Mar. 19, '64; N. F. R.
Lovely, James, 21; farmer, Boston; Aug. 19, '62; N. F. R.
McCarthy, Jeremiah, 21, laborer, Ireland; June 25, '62; deserted June 27, '62.
McGowan, Wm., 23; printer, Boston; July 28, '62; N. F. R.
McGrath, 27; laborer, Maine; June 2, '62; N. F. R.
Martin, Harry, 23; baker, Springfield; cr. to Ludlow; April 9, '64; N. F. R.
Mears, James S., 23; bootmaker, Stoughton; May 28, '62; N. F. R.
Muldoon, Henry, 23; silver-plater, Boston; May 28, '62; deserted, June 8, '64.
Myer, John, 36; farmer, Boston; July 19, '62; N. F. R.
Norris, Wm., 22; carriage-maker, Canada; Aug. 2, '62; N. F. R.
O'Brien, Michael, 23; laborer, Rochester; Mar. 12, '64; deserted Mar. 18, '64.
Oliver, Thomas, 26; engineer, England; Dec. 20, '62; deserted.
Parker, Charles, 18; shoemaker, Boston; July 21, '62; N. F. R.
Pell, Benjamin, 21; farmer, Lake George, Canada; Dec. 18, '62; deserted.
Pell, Wm., 29; farmer, Lake George, Canada; Dec. 18, '64; deserted.
Phinney, Ezra, 18; sailor, Dedham; Feb. 27, '64; trans. to the Navy, April 2, '64.
Powers, Wm., 21; sailor, Ireland; Dec. 18, '62; deserted.
Quigley, John, 29; boiler-maker, Ireland; Dec. 20, '62; deserted.

Quinn, John, 28; blacksmith, Boston; July 12, '62; N. F. R.
Ratto, Joseph, 35; machinist, Boston; Oct. 27, '62; N. F. R.
Reynolds, Joseph; Dec. 29; N. F. R.
Reynolds, Thomas, 23; sailor, Holliston; Dec. 16, '61; N. F. R
Rush, Patrick, 44; farmer, Boston; Feb. 5, '64; rejected Feb. 5, '64.
Russell, John W., 37; sail-maker, East Boston; cr. to Westfield; d. Mar. 30, '65, Gallop's Island, Boston Harbor.
Stewart, John; Dec. 29, '62; N. F. R.
Stuart, George A., 34; carpenter, Boston; cr. to Monson; dis. May 6, '65.
Sullivan, Thomas, 44; laborer, Boston; Jan. 5, '64; rejected Jan. 7, '64.
Towle, John A., 27; shoemaker, Abington; Jan. 4, '64; rejected Jan. 22, '64.
Walsh, John, 28; tailor, Sunderland; July 1, '63; rejected Oct. 21, '64.
Waters, Charles, 26; plumber, Boston; July 30, '62; N. F. R.
Wayne, Wm. P., 22; sailor, Boston; cr. to Winthrop; Mar. 15, '64; N. F. R.
Wilkins, Richard, 29; spinner, Boston; July 21, '62; N. F. R.
Williams, John; Dec. 29; N. F. R.
Wilson, Wm., 22; baker, N. Y. City; Dec. 20, '62; deserted.
Witham, Jeremiah D., 24; shoemaker, Roxbury; Mar. 24, '64; N. F. R.
Young, Wm., 25; shoemaker, Boston; July 22, '62; N. F. R. Seventeen deserted.

"And the bugle's lure while the years endure,
Will coax them to the line,
For the lilting strains o'er hills and plains,
Still echo far and fine;
But the suits of blue, and the sabres too,
And the worn and battered caps
Will tell some maid what the bugle played,
When it sighed the song of taps."

"As we gaze at their tatters, what battle-fields rise,
Fields flashing in deeds of sublimest emprise!
When earth rocked with thunder, the sky glared with fire,
And Havoc's red pinion dashed onward in ire!
Deeds deathless in glory!"

FROM THE HALL OF FLAGS, STATE HOUSE.

TABLE OF AGGREGATES.

	Whole number belonging.	Killed, died of wounds or other violence.	Died in rebel prison or parole camp.	Died.	Wounded.	Discharged for commission in other branches of the service.	Re-enlisted.	Deserted.
FIELD AND STAFF,	21				1	6		
Non-Com. Staff,	20					2		1
Gilmore's Band,	25			1				
COMPANY A.								
Officers,	12					1		
Enlisted Men,	127	9	1	7	7	2	48	11
COMPANY B.								
Officers,	9	1						
Enlisted Men,	123	8		9	9	2	55	7
COMPANY C.								
Officers,	8			1		1		
Enlisted Men,	119	10	1	8	18	3	49	6
COMPANY D.								
Officers,	15	1						
Enlisted Men,	141	6		20	25		28	8
COMPANY E.								
Officers,	9							
Enlisted Men,	116	8	4	12	19	3	39	5
COMPANY F.								
Officers,	9	2						
Enlisted Men,	134	11		4	18	4	26	12
COMPANY G.								
Officers,	11							
Enlisted Men,	117	6	1	11	17	3	47	8
COMPANY H.								
Officers,	10	1						
Enlisted Men,	125	10		7	12	3	45	7
COMPANY I.								
Officers,	12	1				2		
Enlisted Men,	138	17	1	5	27	4	52	3
COMPANY K.								
Officers,	8	1						
Enlisted Men,	129	14	2	7	16	3	26	6
Unassigned recruits,	66			1		1		17
Total	1497	106	10	93	169	40	415	91

In these tables no consideration is given to the members of the 34th and 40th regiments, who were added in June, 1865, thus giving 90 additional names to Company A, and 79 to G, but in no way did they participate in the active career of the regiment, hence their omission. From the total, 1497, should be subtracted 76, representing the names of officers used more than once in their successive promotions, in some cases as many as five times, leaving the actual number of names borne on the rolls 1421. Should the 66 unassigned recruits who never saw the regiment also be omitted, the aggregate would be reduced to 1355, which number really represents those who made the regimental record.

In the desertion column, were those omitted who left after the end of the war and in whose behalf the government issued the order for reinstatement together with the unassigned recruits, chiefly "bounty jumpers," the summary would be lessened by 52, thus leaving 39 as the number of real deserters from the Twenty-fourth, a very small percentage of the entire organization.

INDEX.

The following index contains all names found in the narrative portion of the history together with important subject items. Small capitals indicate divisions of the story. Letters and reports are given chronologically, while portraits, of which there are above one hundred and fifty, are indicated alphabetically. As the names of all enlisted men are printed alphabetically by companies in the Roster, no attempt is made to reproduce them here save for some individual reason. As officers' names are given according to rank, they are reprinted. In naming regiments from the several states, full-faced numbers designate regiments, others the pages.

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